THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° MDCCXXVIII by Benj. Franklin

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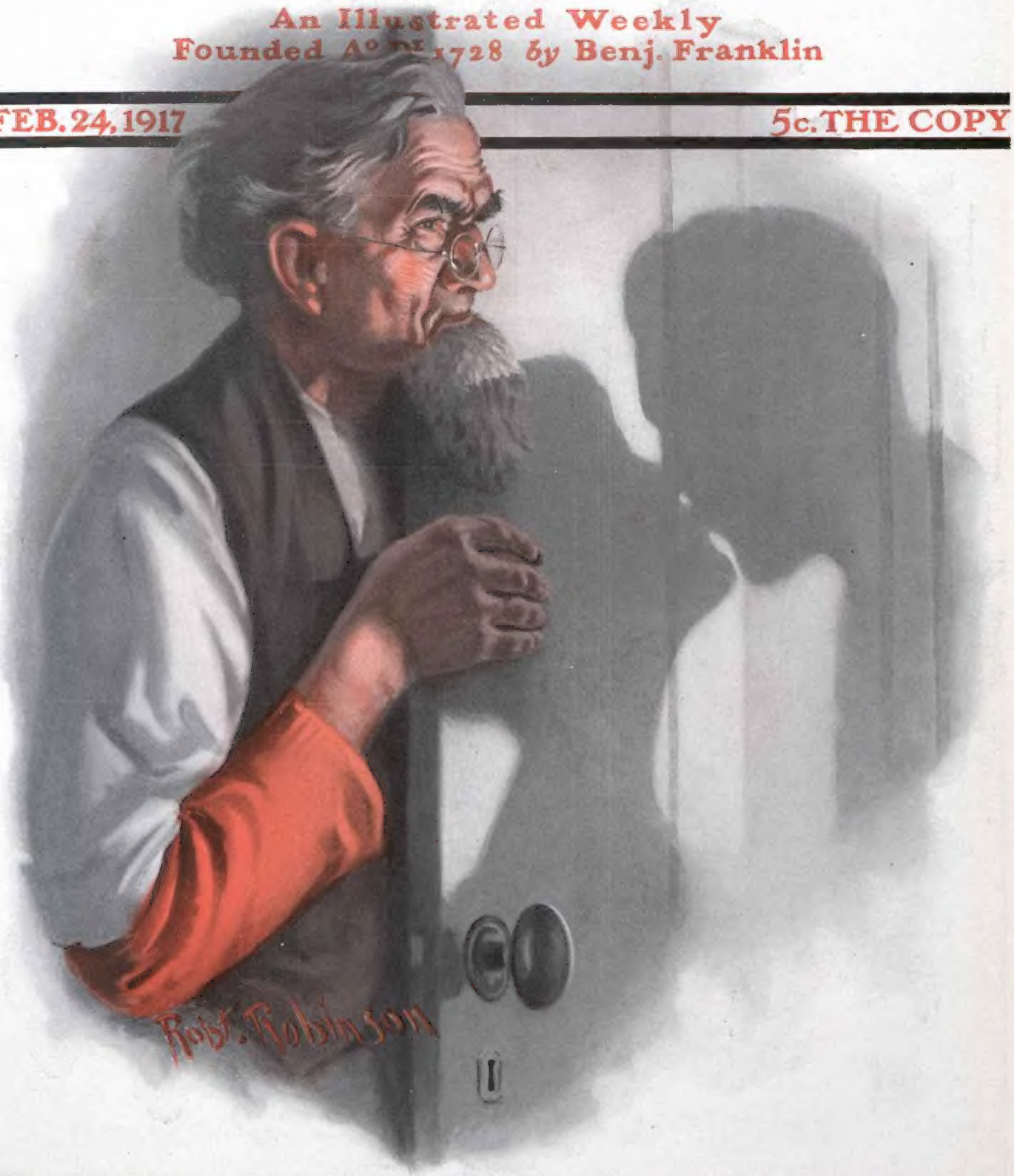

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Extravagant Performance With Economical Operation

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"All that the name implies"

NO longer need you forego—for reasons of economy—the pleasure of owning a big super-powerful car of the utmost class and distinction.

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It has a total range of performance which hitherto has been possible only in totally different and opposite types of cars—both highly desirable but not previously to be had in combination.

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In its "loafing" range the Peerless Eight gives you that quiet, smooth, flexible, distinctive performance which you would expect of a car of real class.

But in this "loafing" range it is operating on half rations—consuming fuel so sparingly as to put many a lesser powered six to shame, even many a four.

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And when you want or need super-power or emergency speed, it's yours in this same Peerless Eight which serves your ordinary requirements with such grace, distinction and economy.

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Roadster	*$1890*	*Sedan*	*$2750*	*Roadster*	*$1980*	*Sedan*	*$2840*
Sporting Roadster	*$2250*	*Limousine*	*$3260*	*Sporting Roadster*	*$2250*	*Limousine*	*$3350*

Peerless Eight

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The Customary Two Weeks

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS Vibert's boast that when it came to firing an employee he never shirked, sparred or minced the ultimatum. Therein Carl Vibert differed from most office managers; for

it is one thing to take your pencil in hand and figure deadly percentages against the poor devil who isn't making good, and quite another thing to call that same poor devil in and pin the blue badge of freedom to his lapel. Such a job takes away the average man's appetite and gives him middle-aged nerves. Somebody has to do it, to be sure. Likewise, somebody has to turn the switch that connects with the electric chair; but you don't notice any pushing or shoving or standing in line for the position.

But Vibert liked it. And whether he admitted it or not, it would have been clear enough. Something triumphant and even malicious spelled itself on his lips when he fired a man. It was as though he was enforcing a superiority—publishing it; and making his power felt. And, worse than all, he usually passed the high sign with a kind of sneer.

"George! I Know You Don't Mean What You Say. But We Must Go—at Once!"

The office of the Eclipse Tool Company was in the north end of the factory. It was a succession, on two floors, of little boxes, built when wood partitions were cheap and nobody dreamed of opening up a whole floor and letting the manager have a look. On the lower floor, east, was the office of the president, Harry Burnhart. The president's office was locked whenever golfing was good; and for a man who has the carfare there are few days in the year when golfing isn't good somewhere in the United States. Directly overhead was Vibert's office. Somebody called it the "dark room," and the name stuck.

The dark room it was, though it had four windows. It had in it the shadow of hatred—the hatred, unspoken but as living as the radio, of the office force for the manager. It had Vibert's own dark, suspicious eyes, and over them Vibert's heavy black eyebrows and hair. He usually wore dark clothes.

There was one bright spot in the room. It was the gleam of a lamp in a cellar. She sat directly facing Vibert, and her gorgeous hair, shading to a gold that you sometimes see at sunset, and her bright, witty eyes fought the somber shadows across the desk—and won. It was only truly the dark room when Muriel Clemm was away.

It was the best stenographic job in the office, so she had been glad to get it, in spite of Vibert's personality. To do him justice, he evidently tried to be wholly decent to her. But Extell, the advertising manager, who worked in the adjoining room, suspected him of deep motives, and was in a jealous rage half the time.

Located, as the Eclipse people were, in a town where the factory was practically the whole town life, it was almost pathetic to observe the isolation of Carl Vibert. As he walked back and forth from his boarding place to the factory four times a day, the office force passed him with scarcely a nod of recognition. Some of the younger girls deliberately crossed the street when they saw him coming. In the office they were bound to be respectful; outside they felt they could do as they pleased.

Now all this is on the minus side of Vibert. A man doesn't hold a job, under any régime, on the minus side. There must have been something plus—and there was. When Vibert fired a man he had two justifications. One was that he was acting, as he saw it, in the best interests of the firm. There wasn't a question of his sincerity on this point. The other was, as he once loosened up and said, that when the time came for him to get his own medicine he wanted it handed to him in exactly the same manner. He may have been equally sincere about this. Still it was rather an easy thing for him to say, after all. He felt secure, with a lot of years ahead of him. Just as you sometimes hear lusty gentlemen talking about the advantages of euthanasia for the unfit.

But Vibert was a plugger. He was a glutton for work. You could see a light in that corner upstairs office when the Montreal sleeper roared across the bridge just under the windows, about half past ten at night. He had that patient, persistent kind of mediocrity that had made a deep impression on Harry Burnhart, soon after Old Man Burnhart died and the youngster took charge. He knew how to dictate a straightforward, minutely detailed letter to Harry Burnhart, that the latter, reading on the veranda of a Palm Beach hotel, construed almost as a personal compliment. He was a driver, with the defect of a driver—that when he let the reins go loose for an instant the horses slowed up. He was a martinet, with the defect of a martinet—that he got the hand without the spirit. He had a great head for details, with the defect that goes with this merit—that when you look for little things you often miss the big. He was the sort of man that could pick out Keokuk on the map of Iowa at a glance—and never see the big IOWA that stretched across the state.

Unloved, then, was Vibert; but nobody hated him quite so bitterly as George Extell. Had there been no other reason, this would have been enough: Muriel Clemm was Vibert's stenographer, and George Extell was in love with Muriel Clemm.

"Pop" Grinnell was the oldest old employee. He must have been in the game from the day Old Man Burnhart started making tools in a room over the wheelwright's—of ancient memory. He started as a woodworker, became a correspondent, and remained one. The old man would have cut off his right hand, on principle, before he would have ever let Pop go. He ought to have left Pop a few thousand when he died; but he forgot that. Young Harry ought to have pensioned Pop when he took hold; but he didn't. And so Pop was left to the mercies of Vibert, who had no sentimental interest in him, and watched the old fellow's honest efforts with a hawklike eye.

One day Pop Grinnell went into Vibert's office—and when he came out he staggered like a drunken man. His clean old face and bald head were as white as paper, and the tears were in his eyes. He went to his desk, fell into the chair, tried to clean the pigeonholes, failed, and dropped forward on his arms and wept like a child.

George Extell, looking in at the door, saw the old man, went over to him and shook him.

"What's the matter, Pop?"

Pop raised his head, gulped and said:

"I'm through, George. I—I've been discharged." He looked vacant a moment, and then went on as though talking to himself: "I—I've been expecting it. No surprise. But it was the way he said it, George."

Extell asked with a burning sensation in his throat:

"What did he say, Pop?"

"Oh, it was the way he said it," repeated the old man. "The cur—the cur grinned at me. 'You're not live enough, Pop,' he said. 'You can have the customary two weeks.' That's all he said: 'You can have the customary two weeks.'"

George Extell exploded with the lyddite of youth.

"He said that, Pop?" he cried. "You're right, he is a cur! Pop, don't you worry! Harry Burnhart'll never stand for that, never in the world. Vibert'll find out he isn't quite the whole show, Pop. You wait. Don't you pack up a single thing. I——"

Somebody gently touched Extell on the sleeve. He turned and faced Muriel Clemm, who was looking earnestly at him and shaking her head, with a finger at her mouth. But Extell was angry, angry on account of the old man, angry, no doubt, on his own score.

"Don't you move a single thing, Pop!" he went on, lowering his voice.

"Please, George!" whispered Muriel Clemm.

The young fellow looked into the clear eyes, hesitated, and then went into his own room.

She followed him, probably afraid he wouldn't understand her motive. With an uneasy glance at the door she hurried over to his desk, where he had sat down, and whispered:

"I mustn't be here but a minute, George. I didn't want you to misunderstand me. To make a scene—that would hurt both you and Pop. I—I feel just as you do about Pop Grinnell. It's a shame. But——"

"I'm going to see Harry Burnhart," interrupted Extell belligerently. "If he thinks anything of his father he won't stand it. Why, Muriel, Pop Grinnell was working faithfully here when that pup——"

"Please, please, George!" the girl begged.

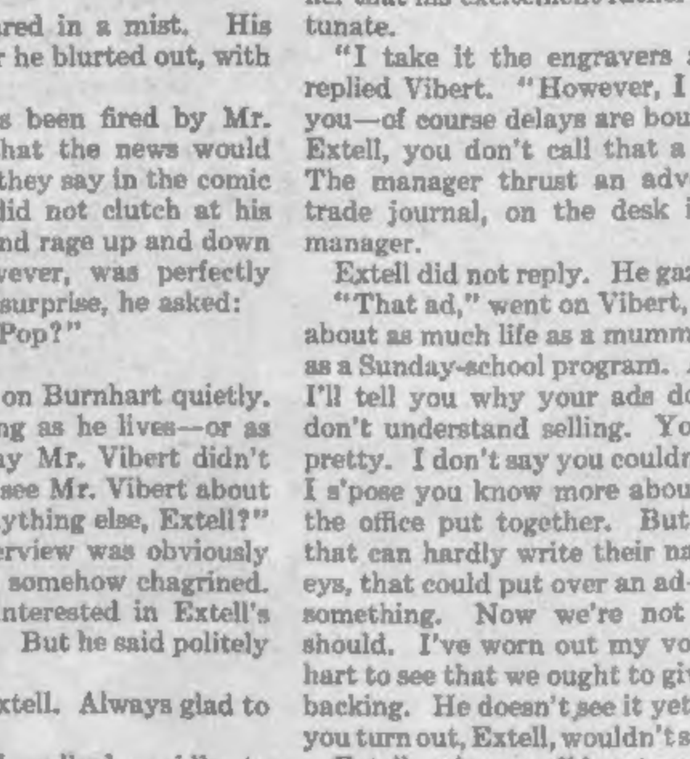
She was looking into the young fellow's face with her full red lips parted and her eyes a little moist with solicitude.

"I am going to see him," he reiterated rather unnecessarily.

"Do so then," said Muriel Clemm. "Do as you think best, George. But do be sensible—here."

She hurried away and left Extell stewing. He picked up some page proof sheets of a new catalogue and tried to read them. His hand shook with excitement and he couldn't fix his mind on the printing. The catalogue should have been sent out two weeks before. It was no fault of Extell's; the printer and the engraver had dawdled; but Extell, as advertising manager, was responsible. Yet he felt that this afternoon he couldn't be trusted with any work. He closed his door, strode over to the window and stood for a long time looking out.

That night after supper he went to see Harry Burnhart, who was making one of his brief visits to Milledgeville. With the dramatic spirit of youth—Extell was turned twenty-four, but from having never been away from Milledgeville for more than two weeks at a time he was quite lacking in sophistication—the advertising manager rehearsed his little speech as he made his way toward the big Burnhart mansion on a maple-shaded street near the outskirts of the village. Without once suspecting it his vanity was fairly oozing from him. He honestly thought that he was making a vicarious sacrifice for Pop Grinnell; yet in the back of his head, all the while, there was the thought that Harry Burnhart would be impressed with the magnanimity of Extell's conduct. The young president of the Eclipse Company would undoubtedly sound him for details as to the management of the office. Extell would tell him straight from the shoulder, without fear or favor. Incidentally he would tell him what sort of man he had as a manager.



He Began to Hang Round the Mansion House, Planning How He Should Some Day Get Even With Vibert

He went up the broad steps of the veranda and rang the bell. Through the long side windows he could see the magnificent hall and stairway, finished in polished hardwood, and to the right a library with elegant leather furniture. His confidence deserted him for a moment. Then the door opened. He went in, after telling the maid who he was, and stood crumpling his hat with nervous fingers. A moment afterward the owner of the Eclipse Company came toward him. Harry Burnhart was an athletic, clean-cut fellow, only three or four years older than Extell. The usual type of college-bred man, of the kind who has lived on the Gold Coast at Cambridge and never known the want of a roadster of foreign make, there was still nothing of superiority in his tone and manner in greeting Extell. On the contrary, he showed clearly that he had taken to heart his father's democratic attitude toward the men who worked for him. He held out his hand and gripped Extell's frankly.

"Come right in, Extell," he said. "Sit down. You smoke, don't you?"

A moment afterward George Extell was on the excusably wrong end of a cigar, and wondering how to begin. His host waited discreetly.

Extell's prepared speech disappeared in a mist. His errand was the gainer for the fact, for he blurted out, with unquestionable honesty of purpose:

"Mr. Burnhart, Pop Grinnell has been fired by Mr. Vibert!" If Extell had expected that the news would make the president "take a fall," as they say in the comic movies, he was disappointed. He did not clutch at his heart with emotion, nor did he rise and rage up and down the room. What he did say, however, was perfectly genuine. In a tone that showed his surprise, he asked:

"You don't mean it, Extell? Not Pop?"

"Yes, sir; this afternoon."

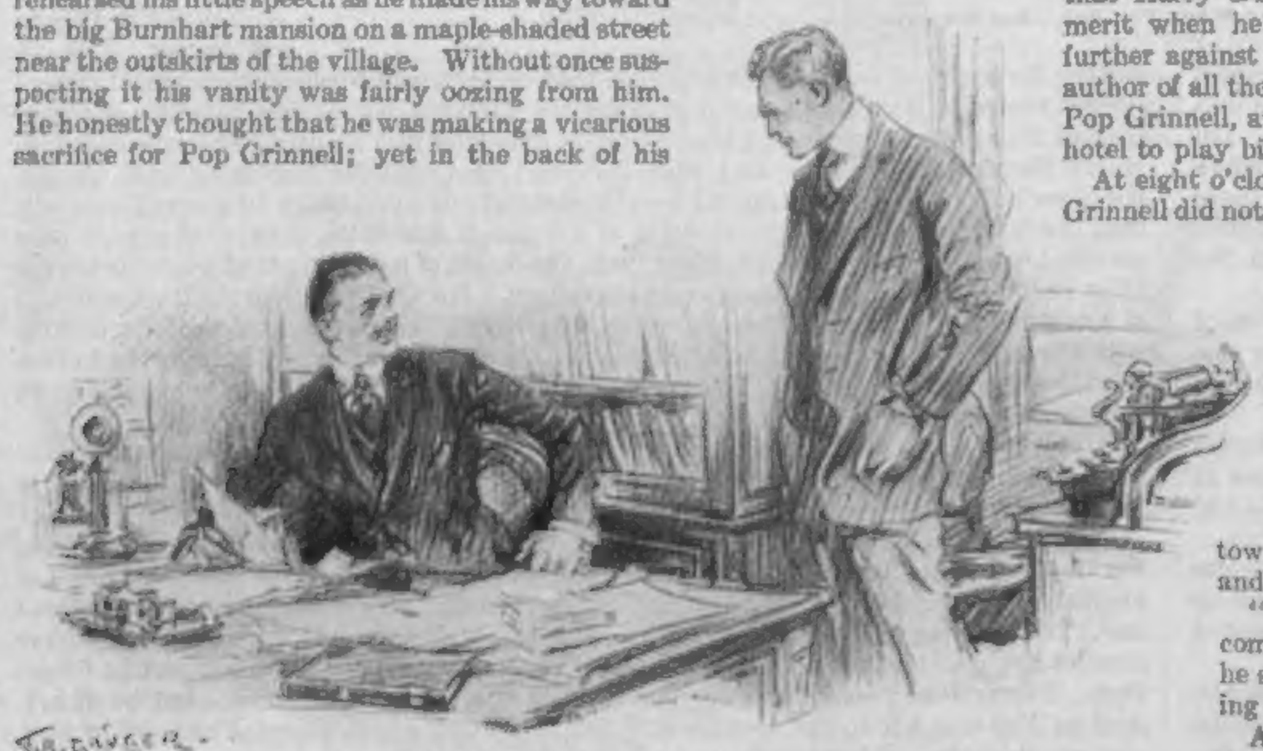
"There must be a mistake," went on Burnhart quietly. "Of course Pop stays with us as long as he lives—or as long as he wants to stay. I dare say Mr. Vibert didn't think about Pop's long services. I'll see Mr. Vibert about it in the morning. Er—was there anything else, Extell?"

There was nothing else. The interview was obviously at an end. The young fellow rose, somehow chagrined. Burnhart didn't seem in the least interested in Extell's ideas as to the conduct of the factory. But he said politely as he went to the door with him:

"Thank you for coming up, Mr. Extell. Always glad to see you. Good night!"

From the Burnhart house Extell walked rapidly to Muriel Clemm's. He was wounded in his *amour propre*, and he was feverish to be consoled. Mrs. Clemm, a sweet-faced woman of fifty with snowy hair, greeted him with almost maternal affection, and told him that Muriel had gone out without saying where she was going. But would he come in? Perhaps Muriel would be back soon.

Extell turned away with undisguised petulance. He muttered "Never mind" ungraciously, and started away. He felt that the world had turned against him. He was angry with Muriel for being away; disillusioned in his belief that Harry Burnhart could discern merit when he saw it; and enraged further against Vibert for being the author of all these shocks. He forgot Pop Grinnell, and went down to the hotel to play bid whist.



"I Won't Keep an Incompetent and I Won't Keep a Drone. That's All"

At eight o'clock next morning Pop Grinnell did not ring in as he had done for so many years. Neither did Extell, who got in half an hour later, looking sleepy in the corners of his eyes. Extell rang the clock and looked into Pop's room as he passed. Then he looked toward the corner room and grinned.

"There's something coming to you, Mr. Man!" he said to himself, thinking of Vibert.

At one o'clock Pop Grinnell returned to the office with a look of mingled fear and joy on his face. He brought with him the little bundle of personal effects which he had taken away, and started in with his patient, slow, and not absolutely sure instruction to travelers.

Extell, coming back from lunch ten minutes late, saw Pop in his room, waved his hand at him meaningly, and went to his own desk to gloat. He had not been indulging in that pastime long before Vibert entered. Extell's heart beat fast as he saw the manager. He felt sure that he had come to talk about Pop Grinnell.

He would give him as good as he sent!

But Vibert said nothing about Pop. Instead, he pulled up a chair, favored Extell with a ghost of a smile that made the young fellow's spine cool, and began blandly:

"About that catalogue, Extell? You know we want to use it this year."

"It isn't my fault, Mr. Vibert, if the engravers can't get out the half tones on time," began Extell with a manner that his excitement rather than his intent made unfortunate.

"I take it the engravers aren't running this office," replied Vibert. "However, I don't want to be unjust to you—of course delays are bound to happen. By the way, Extell, you don't call that a very snappy ad, do you?" The manager thrust an advertisement, clipped from a trade journal, on the desk in front of the advertising manager.

Extell did not reply. He gazed at his work wonderingly.

"That ad," went on Vibert, "from my point of view has about as much life as a mummy. It hasn't as much punch as a Sunday-school program. And I'll tell you why, Extell. I'll tell you why your ads don't pull. It's because you don't understand selling. You want to write something pretty. I don't say you couldn't write swell poetry, Extell. I s'pose you know more about grammar than the rest of the office put together. But I've had travelers, Extell, that can hardly write their name, ignorant as horse jockeys, that could put over an ad—dictate it—that would sell something. Now we're not doing the advertising we should. I've worn out my voice trying to get Mr. Burnhart to see that we ought to give our men on the road some backing. He doesn't see it yet—but he will. But the stuff you turn out, Extell, wouldn't sell peanuts to the bleachers."

Extell, crimson, did not reply. He wondered how he was able to restrain himself from choking this malefactor. After a moment's pause, to let the words sink in, Vibert rose and stood at the door. Then he added:

"Another thing, Extell. I wish you would get round to the office the same hours as the rest of us. Look at your card for this half month. It looks like the social visits of a banker. It won't do, Extell. Think it over."

When Vibert had gone out Extell sat stunned. He felt as though he had been deftly relieved of all his vital organs; in the pit of his torso there was a gnawing void. Nobody had ever talked to him like this before. True, Vibert had mentioned the matter of Extell's being late once or twice, but not in a way to carry conviction to a young man who had been more or less the petted child of the office.

Extell had gone directly from high school into the employ of the Eclipse people. His father had been a friend of Old Man Burnhart, and his way had been made comparatively easy. And, inasmuch as John Burnhart, founder of the business, had held the old-fashioned view of advertising—that it was a sort of necessary evil—Extell had had no criticism worth the name.

The young fellow had considered his advertisements exceedingly fine. He used hackneyed catch phrases with a naïve belief that the waiting world would find them seductive. He had begun by toiling ardently over his copy, but during the past two years he had been loafing, partly without knowing it. It wasn't entirely his fault—the office simply hadn't taken the job of advertising manager seriously.

As to being late at the office, he had to admit the validity of that charge. But he had come to endow himself with a sort of artistic temperament—he felt a little beyond the rules.

If it had been truly an awakening—if Extell could have seen that Vibert, no matter what his underlying animus, was really telling the simple truth—the young fellow might

have avoided what followed. But he phrased the thing just as he saw it when he went over to Muriel Clemm's that night and purred himself into a sleepy self-content:

"Vibert didn't know of any other way to get back at me for going over his head in regard to Pop Grinnell, Muriel. So he had to try to find a flaw somewhere."

To a young man not befogged by indulgence toward himself, the girl would have appeared doubly charming that night. For she showed not only the tenderness she felt for Extell, but the solid common sense with which she could temper that affection. She looked at him with eyes full of wistful interest; and she let her hand lie between his with this unspoken thought—which she prayed he could read: "Here is my hand, dear boy. But—make me think of you as dearly as I feel toward you."

He couldn't read that. He was too engrossed in the subject of Vibert's ill-will toward him. He rattled on, painfully cocksure:

"He'd fire me tomorrow, Muriel, if he dared to. But he knows that Harry Burnhart wouldn't stand for it. I do my work, and he knows it. If I don't happen to get to the office just on the dot——"

"George," interrupted the girl in her deftest manner; "don't be angry, will you? You want me to be reasonably frank with you, don't you? I think—you ought to get in on time. I really think you should. It's true, it isn't the most important thing in life; but don't you think, by letting little things like that slide, people grow slack in others?"

He saw it. He replied thoughtfully:

"You're right, Muriel. I'll make an effort to be on time. But Vibert needn't think it's because I'm afraid of him!"

She took confidence from this.

"And about Mr. Vibert, George," she went on cautiously: "I wonder if perhaps you don't think too much about him. Please don't think I'm defending him. Some ways I think just as you do. I—I like you more for the thing that prompted you to go to Mr. Burnhart about dear old Pop; in a way, I was glad you did it. And yet just think—put yourself in Mr. Vibert's place. You went over his head. Of course he wouldn't like it. No, please don't interrupt; you went over his head, and somehow—somehow nobody ever quite forgives that. Do they?"

She knew, in her wise young head, that this sort of shoulder talk must be accompanied by a special display on the personal side; and she put her head close to Extell's, as they sat on the sofa, and breathed her fragrant loyalty upon him.

The young man had not come to be enlightened. He had come to be stroked. The richest nuggets of wisdom looked like iron pyrites to him just then. The inherent good nature and rugged sense and boyish ingenuousness—all those things in his character that had given him the preference in the girl's heart—deserted him.

"I should think you might see my side a little more clearly, Muriel," he said.

She sighed. All her caution and pains had been wasted. He went away peeved, and she saw him go with a sharp pain in her soul.

He went down to the hotel and played bid whist savagely, not dreaming that a certain pretty and much-desired girl was rocking back and forth in her room and sobbing impotently, sobbing partly for a reason unknown, and partly because she loved a young man who chose to ride on a toboggan.

That night Extell met a crew of good fellows at the hotel, who were going up-river in a launch in the moonlight. He went along and got to bed at quarter to four in the morning. He had the fervent notion, as he took off his clothes, that he would just take a nap and be at the office at eight sharp. He woke up at eleven, fell asleep again, and woke up again at half past twelve. By going without his luncheon he was at the office at one.

Extell's interior telephone rang. Vibert would like to see him. He went to the corner room with a combination of misgivings and defiance.

The office manager was brief. And he accompanied what he said by that peculiar half-sneer that had made him a hated man. He said:

"Extell, you were probably sick this morning?"

The young fellow didn't choose to lie. He replied that he was not sick; but he advanced no reason for his absence.

"A sort of sleeping sickness," went on Vibert ironically. "I haven't been hasty with you, Extell. Some ways you're a likable chap. But I won't keep an incompetent and I won't keep a drone. You can have the customary two weeks. That's all."

The Young Fellow Looked Into the Clear Eyes, Hesitated, and Then Went Into His Own Room

Extell looked at the manager with wild incredulity. The customary two weeks! Those words—to him! Without explanation! Without preamble! The stern stuff of self-respect that was in him told Extell to supply a smile, say "Very well, sir," and quit the office. But he weakened again and justified Vibert's sneer to some extent as he said with feeble defiance:

"We'll see about that, Mr. Vibert!"

Vibert went on writing without replying. He knew the strength that lay in silence, if Extell didn't.

Before he had reached his own room Extell had made up his mind just what to do. But he stopped in the hall, just in front of his door, as Muriel Clemm came along toward him with her hands full of letters. She saw his white face and guessed unerringly. Her breath came fast as she whispered "What is it, George?"

Extell gulped as he replied with an assumed airiness:

"Oh, Vibert thinks he's fired me. He thinks so. He thought he fired Pop Grinnell; but it turned out he hadn't. Next thing he knows he'll fire himself."

The silken eyelashes closed over the wistful eyes, and opened wet. She shook her head, not trusting to words, and started along. But she turned and whispered:

"It's the best thing that could happen. You will win, George."

He thought she meant that he would be able to defeat Vibert's purpose, and it gave him confidence. If he had known what she really meant, he would have collapsed.

Extell found that Harry Burnhart was leaving for French Lick at five o'clock. He went up to the house as soon as he could pull himself together. The president of the Eclipse was obviously surprised to have the same visitor again so soon; but he greeted Extell just as cordially, and at once said:

"Oh, that's all right about Pop Grinnell, Extell. I saw Mr. Vibert, and Pop is reinstated. Didn't you know it?"

Extell went scarlet. Somehow the platform fell from under his feet when Harry Burnhart assumed that he came again philanthropically. But he had to say something now. He stammered:

"It wasn't about Pop I came this time, Mr. Burnhart. I—I have been unjustly discharged by Mr. Vibert. He has never liked me, and since I came to you about Pop Grinnell——"

Harry Burnhart's lips came together with a different expression. He regarded Extell in a not unfriendly way, something of pity and a little of contempt in his glance. But he shook his head and replied:

"I'm sorry, Extell; but you've created a bad situation. I don't mean I blame you, because I don't know the facts; but I mean that you've somehow managed to raise an issue between Mr. Vibert and yourself. Now in such a case as this one or the other always goes. I don't want to let Mr. Vibert go. I hire him to run the business. In Pop Grinnell's case—well, that was almost a family affair. I say, Extell, you're young! Jump out and show Mr. Vibert that he made a mistake—eh? Nobody dependent on you, is there? Well, well, Extell, hit the trail for the West and make good. This town's half asleep anyway. If I can be of any assistance, let me know. I'll give you a good recommendation—but recommendations are no good. Good-by and good luck!"

Extell found himself halfway to his room before he wholly came to his senses.

"The dirty crowd!" he kept repeating to himself. "The dirty crowd!" What galled him most was that Vibert had beaten him. It was evident that the manager had apprised Harry Burnhart of his intention. At half past five he went down to the office, bundled up a few things of his own, rolled up his linen duster and jammed it into his pocket, and left the place without telling anyone that he was through. It gave him a measurable satisfaction to believe, as he passed Pop Grinnell's door, that he was martyred to save Pop. He couldn't help wondering if Pop appreciated it.

The next day was Saturday. Extell had to go to the office to draw the customary two weeks' salary to which he was entitled by Vibert's sardonic custom. It was a perfect day. Extell and Muriel Clemm had planned, the previous week, to go canoeing up-river in the young fellow's canoe. They were both skillful paddlers, and this was one of their most joyous diversions on the Saturday half-holidays.

The excursion proved to be only the skeleton of a pleasure that was. After a period of straining to speak of other things than this biggest thing, they both broke down and faced the necessary. Halfway to their destination Extell steered in toward the bank, and they pulled the canoe up under a canopy of hemlocks that grew down to the water's edge. Then they sat down on the brown carpet. She spoke first.

"Tell me," she said, looking at Extell anxiously, "what you are going to do."

"Oh, I'll find another place easy enough," he replied.

Reflectively the girl lifted the folds of her blue-dotted skirt and smoothed them all out. She was looking down at the ground now. Finally she went on:

"If I didn't know that you would do something worth while, George, of course I couldn't care for you as I do. I'm glad you are out of this—this office. I keep my eyes open, George, and I can see that the Eclipse isn't making a bit of progress. I wouldn't tell that to anyone else in the world, and you mustn't say a word. But since John Burnhart died everything has been going backward. You'll say it's Mr. Vibert's fault. I don't know—but I don't think it

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HIGH FINANCE'S RECRUITS

By WILL PAYNE

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Charles Steele, the Late J. J. Hill and George F. Baker

AT THE beginning of the year a new member was admitted to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. This new partner, Thomas Cochran, was born in St. Paul forty-six years ago and grew up there to the age of sixteen, when he went to a preparatory school; then to Yale. At college he was more distinguished, in good healthy fashion, by devotion to athletics and ingenuity in pranks than by feats of scholarship.

In his third year at college a crisis overtook his father's business. When the word reached young Cochran he dropped his studies and hurried home to lend all the help he could. In the final casting up of accounts some debts were left unsatisfied, which the college student romantically assumed. As his economic status at the moment was that of a liability rather than an asset, one may surmise that the creditors derived little comfort from his assumption of the debts.

He returned to New Haven, applied himself diligently and completed his course; then went to New York and turned his hand to teaching—tutoring candidates for Yale—as the readiest means of making a living. Presently he went back to St. Paul and took a job in a wholesale hardware house, where he remained about six years, until he found a more promising opening.

That opening brought him to a small town in New York State, where he had charge of the construction of a trolley line. Seventeen years ago he went to New York City, without money or influential connections, and there presently was employed by a real-estate company, of which he became the treasurer at a modest salary.

All the while he had actually been hacking away at those assumed debts, and a few years after going to New York he paid off the last of them. As treasurer of the real-estate company he had the handling of certain realty that brought him into contact with downtown bankers. Among those whose acquaintance he formed were Henry P. Davison, a vice president of the Liberty National Bank, and Thomas W. Lamont, a vice president of the Bankers Trust Company. Ten years ago these two were interested in the organization of a new banking institution, the Astor Trust Company. They needed officers for the new concern and by that time they thought very well of Mr. Cochran; so he was put in as a vice president, at the age of thirty-six.

Buying for the Allies

NATURALLY he made more influential acquaintances; impressed more people with his character and ability. Some years later there was a shift in the management of the Liberty National Bank and Cochran was elected president. Meantime his friends, Davison and Lamont, had been made partners in the Morgan house. The business of that house has expanded rapidly of late—with these boom times and especially with the enormous war financing and munitions purchasing which it handles for the Allies. It has taken in three partners since July, 1914, and six since the beginning of 1911. Wanting another man who measured up to its requirements, it took in Mr. Cochran.

That is the way high finance gets its recruits. It is getting them all the time. They come from all parts of the country. Almost invariably they are men who have made their own way from just about the average fairly comfortable American lot—not really poor, but with little or no inherited advantage of money and influential connections. Almost invariably they are men of abundant physical vigor and have won a big job while round the age of forty—somewhat before that age oftener than somewhat after it.

A few months before Mr. Cochran was taken into the Morgan firm, Edward R. Stettinius was made a partner. He was born in St. Louis, where he attended public school and began rustling for a livelihood at the age of eighteen. Presently he was taken into a small manufacturing concern that made water-tube boilers. O. C. Barber, president of the Diamond Match Company, was interested in this concern. In 1906 it went into a consolidation, and the same year Mr. Stettinius was made a vice president of the Diamond Match Company. Three years later he was elected president. He spent considerable time in New York, and people who became acquainted with him got an impression of force, ability, and extensive experience in merchandising.

War came along and the Allies began buying supplies of all sorts on an immense scale in this country. There was a good deal of confusion, lost motion and waste—perhaps with one Ally bidding against another, and so on. So a great part of this huge business was put in the hands of J. P. Morgan & Company—undoubtedly the greatest job in its line ever handed over to a private concern. Of course it needed capable supervision, and the firm picked Mr. Stettinius to do the supervising. He must have done it to their satisfaction, for after about a year he was made a partner in the house. He was fifty-one then; but he had held a big job for at least eleven years.

Technically he was an employee of the firm at the time, and this is the only instance in which an employee has been made a partner; but he was an exceptional employee, and the circumstances were altogether so exceptional that his case can hardly be regarded as breaking the rule—if it can be said there is a rule.

Probably there is not exactly a rule. The firm takes in a new partner because it wants additional horse power of talent and energy. Of course if a man is employed by the house it already has his horse power of talent and energy. Possibly—though nobody in a position to speak with authority would dream of admitting it for publication—there is a somewhat aristocratic flavor in this institution, and it would just a little rather have an outsider than an employee at the table.

But, though it certainly has not been the rule to promote employees to membership, it is a fact that employees rarely leave to go into any other similar institution. It pays, on the whole, no higher salaries than other big banks. Perhaps salaries in some others are even rather higher. But there are many pleasant conditions of employment.

In the first place, the house gives its employees a substantial bonus at the end of each year. At the end of this last prosperous year every man got seventy per cent of his year's salary; and it is said a few higher employees got considerably more. There is no announced rule about it. The bonus may be only thirty per cent. But the employee knows he is going to get a very tidy Christmas present, its size depending on the year's profits.

Handing the bonus money over in a lump at the end of the year is a better encouragement to thrift and saving than apportioning it out monthly or weekly during the year.

Working conditions are probably as agreeable as any conditions that involve clerical toil can be. This sanctum of high finance, a biscuit's toss from the feverish Stock Exchange, with Broad Street surging and shouting on one side and Wall Street swarming and sweating on the other, is as quiet as a village store on a rainy Monday morning. Going through the glass doored vestibule, you run plump into two very tall and brawny gentlemen in everyday clothes, your first step inside bringing you figuratively right into their arms. They are very courteous, smiling in the most affable manner as they inquire whom you wish to see, take your card, and show you to a seat—the seat being directly under their amiable eyes.

Nothing could be more polite. All the same, you perceive they are there to discourage any mere wandering about. As a matter of fact, there is little coming and going; no confusion; you may listen many minutes and hardly hear a sound. It impresses you as being a snug, undistracted sort of place in which to work. And the house, in fact, takes very good care of its men.

But it goes outside for partners. Running over the list shows where they come from and indicates how. Two years before Mr. Stettinius was made a partner, Dwight W. Morrow was admitted to the firm. He was born in a Pennsylvania town, his father being a school principal. He went to Amherst; then through the Columbia Law School; and was engaged by a big New York law firm that did a good deal of business for Morgan & Company. At forty-one he was made a partner in this law firm.

The 1911 Crop of Partners

FOR some years Charles Steele has been the lawyer member of the Morgan house. Of late he has not been so active as formerly, and the law business has grown along with other branches. So in July, 1914, Mr. Morrow—already for some years member of a law firm that did much business for the house—was made a Morgan partner, going in rather as a lawyer than as a banker.

In 1911 three members were taken in—Thomas W. Lamont, William H. Porter and Horatio G. Lloyd. Mr. Lamont was born in a New York village, went to Phillips Exeter and to Harvard, struck into the banking business in New York City, and advanced rapidly. He was made a Morgan partner at forty-one and had been a man of weight in the financial district for several years before that. Mr. Porter was born in a small town in Vermont; went through high school and to an academy. His first employment in New York was in the office of a small railroad; then he went into the Fifth Avenue Bank, as a clerk, at the age of eighteen. Seven years later he went to the Chase National in a much more responsible position, and at thirty-eight was made a vice president of that big bank. Mr. Lloyd came from Philadelphia. While working there as a clerk he studied law in the University of Pennsylvania and was admitted to the bar. He was a clerk in a trust company, and after a while was made secretary of the company. A new trust company was organized. He was elected treasurer, then vice president, then president of it; and so progressed into partnership in Drexel & Company, which is the Philadelphia connection of Morgan & Company.

In 1909 Henry P. Davison was made a Morgan partner. He was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, and went to a preparatory school, but not to college. He taught school at

sixteen and worked on a farm during vacation while he was in the preparatory school. After a little experience in a country bank he went to New York City and got a job as messenger in a bank there. He worked up to paying teller and resigned to take the job of receiving teller in a small uptown national bank. He got to be paying teller of that bank and at the age of twenty-seven was made an assistant cashier of the Liberty National Bank. The next year he was made cashier; then vice president; then president, at the age of thirty-two. From that vantage ground he went on to the Morgan partnership.

Older members of the firm are E. T. Stotesbury and A. E. Newbold, of Philadelphia, Charles Steele, the lawyer, and W. P. Hamilton, son-in-law of the late J. P. Morgan. Of the twelve partners, only the head of the house inherited a position in high finance; and if he had not measured up to the opportunity either he would not be head of the house or the house would not be the important affair it is. The two newest partners were brought up in the West—Minnesota and Missouri. Five others were born in country towns. All of them won an important position round the age of forty—under that rather than over it. Eight of them were college men and four were not.

How did they get to this top story of high finance? Upon what principle or according to what formula were they invited to seats at the first table?

The Stuff Bankers are Made Of

TO GET an answer we might look a little farther than the Morgan firm. Twelve national banks and trust companies in Wall Street hold assets that foot up three billion dollars and a half. They, with the big private houses and various collateral institutions, are about what people usually have in mind when they speak of high finance.

To take them in the order of size we should begin at the National City Bank, with assets of six hundred million dollars. Its president, Frank A. Vanderlip, was born at Aurora, Illinois; went to public school and for a time to the University of Illinois; worked in a machine shop and while so engaged taught himself shorthand. Going to Chicago, he got a job as a newspaper reporter, and presently won the position of financial editor of the Tribune. That naturally brought him into frequent contact with bankers. One of them was Lyman J. Gage, then a vice president of the First National Bank. President McKinley appointed Mr. Gage Secretary of the Treasury; and a Secretary of the Treasury must have a private secretary. Among many young men whom he knew, and who might be expected to fill that comparatively easy position satisfactorily, he chose Mr. Vanderlip.

That was not because the candidate had had any experience as a private secretary. It was not because he knew anything in particular about the duties of a private secretary to a Secretary of the Treasury. If the award had been made on the Civil-Service plan, with a lot of candidates answering carefully prepared questions, which were designed to bring out their knowledge of the business that goes on in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, some other candidate would undoubtedly have got the job. It was on an all-round impression of the man.

Frank A. Vanderlip

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Gates W. McGarrah

First of all, without doubt, it was because Mr. Gage personally liked this particular young man and thought he would be an agreeable person to associate with. It was because he perceived in this young man a certain weight and force which impressed itself upon the people he came in contact with, along with a cordiality that made friends readily and kept them. He struck Mr. Gage as a person having the knack of dealing with men.

No doubt successful men of affairs instinctively know their own kind—the sort of well-oiled, aggressive ability that can make its way among men with the maximum of speed and the minimum of friction. Some time before this a company of Chicago's weightiest captains of industry made an excursion to the South. So much of the city's commercial leadership could not be permitted to go off on a special train by itself. The press must have a representative along, and the young man on the Tribune was at once chosen for the post. Any company of successful business men, having to choose one among the reporters known to its members, would quite certainly have picked him.

As private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Vanderlip so well satisfied his chief that in a year or so Mr. Gage had him appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The Treasury Department always has more or less dealings with Wall Street, as the center of the country's banking system; so the new assistant secretary began making acquaintances among bankers there. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, was one of those whose acquaintance he made, and the qualities that had recommended him to Mr. Gage also recommended him to Mr. Stillman, who presently invited him to become a vice president of the bank.

Again, it was not because Mr. Vanderlip knew anything about the banking business in detail, for he had never been behind a bank counter in his life—except possibly as a visitor. It was not primarily because he understood the theory of banking and the principles of finance. In the economic departments of our colleges Mr. Stillman might easily have found fifty men who could talk circles all round Mr. Vanderlip on the theory of banking and the principles of finance—and it is safe to say the president of the City Bank would have been aghast at the suggestion of appointing any of those men a vice president of his institution.

It was because he liked this Assistant Secretary of the Treasury personally, and saw in him the sort of genial, forceful ability that attracts men, makes friends, impresses itself. He judged that Mr. Vanderlip would be a useful instrument in extending the reach and influence of the National City Bank; not because of his exact, technical knowledge of banking—much less because of his money, for, as he had been employed all his life at a modest salary, first as newspaper reporter, then as private secretary and assistant secretary, there can be no disparagement in guessing that he had none to speak of—but because of his personal qualities.

Henry P. Davison

In fact Mr. Vanderlip himself has confessed that when he went into the bank as a vice president he found to his surprise that there was nothing in particular for him to do.

He had a fine job at a fine salary, and his only definitely appointed duty consisted in drawing the salary. Evidently it was just a personal equation that Mr. Stillman had wanted in getting him into the bank. In order to get himself anything in particular to do the new vice president had to strike out on his own motion and organize a bond department.

For some time before Mr. Stillman retired from the presidency it was a foregone conclusion and an open secret that Mr. Vanderlip would succeed him. Now, as chief mover in the City Bank, the City Company, the fifty-million-dollar American International Corporation, and other enterprises, he is picking out young men for seats up near the front, in the same way that Mr. Gage and Mr. Stillman picked him.

There are thirteen vice presidents of the City Bank, most of whom Mr. Vanderlip has selected—four from the Middle West, a couple from the Southwest, and so on. He picked them because he liked them personally and found in them certain forceful, genial personal qualities that are easy enough to recognize but hard to describe. Whether they knew anything in particular about banking was a secondary consideration, and whether they had any money to speak of was no consideration at all.

Next in size after the City Bank comes the Guaranty Trust Company, with half a billion dollars of assets. Its president, Charles H. Sabin, was born in a town in the Berkshire Hills and went to school there, but not to college. At seventeen he went to work with a concern that dealt in flour, but two years later started in banking, as a clerk, in Albany, New York. Two years more and he was promoted to the teller's cage, and at thirty was elected cashier. A few years later he moved up to a vice presidency. The next step was to the vice presidency of a comparatively small bank in New York City; but he kept on going.

Thomas W. Lamont

James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce, which counts for about three hundred and fifty million dollars, was born at Tarrytown, New York, and began his business career at eighteen as a clerk in the bank there. Two years later he went down to the city as a clerk in the big bank of which he is now president. It was not until he was thirty-four that he won his first official position—an assistant cashiership. Since then he has moved up steadily to the top.

This, it will be noticed, is about the traditional case of the young man who starts at the bottom of the ladder and works his way up step by step until he arrives at the topmost rung of the identical ladder on which he began.

Great Men's Orbits

A SOMEWHAT similar case is that of James N. Wallace, president of the Central Trust Company. He was born in a Connecticut village and went to work at the age of fifteen in a private banking house of which F. P. Olcott was a member. Mr. Olcott, an eminently successful and finally very rich banker, took a liking to the lad and, when he was made president of the Central Trust Company, carried young Wallace along with him as a sort of personal office boy. Mr. Olcott's liking continued and the youth had the stuff of success in him; so at the age of thirty-nine, Mr. Olcott retiring, Mr. Wallace was made president of the big concern.

But these traditional cases are exceptional. In most cases there is considerable skipping about from one ladder to another. There is Seward Prosser, president of the Bankers Trust Company, a creation largely of the late J. P. Morgan. He was born in Buffalo; but his parents moved to Brooklyn, where he attended public school. He went to work for a life-insurance company and after a while formed a partnership for the purpose of writing life insurance. He made acquaintances among influential men, who thought highly of his capacity; and at the age of thirty-six he was elected a vice president of the Astor Trust Company. A few years later he was made president of the Liberty National Bank, and from that went to the Bankers Trust.

The Morgan influence is powerful in the Bankers Trust Company; in fact, it is usually called a Morgan concern. It may be noted that Mr. Cochran, the new Morgan partner, graduated into his present position by way of the Astor Trust Company and the Liberty National Bank; and that Mr. Lamont, another Morgan partner, also came from the Liberty National Bank. Neither the Astor Trust nor the Liberty Bank is among the bigger financial institutions, but the cases of Messrs. Prosser, Cochran and Lamont suggest how the lines of promotion run. It is primarily a question of making the right impression upon a man who has high financial positions to dispose of, which means that you must somehow get into the great man's orbit. If you are so fortunate as to be in an institution that is in his orbit your chance of advancement to high command is that much better.

To illustrate another point we may take two more big bank chiefs. First, Gates W. McGarrah, president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, whose assets foot up a quarter of a billion dollars. He was born in a small

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THE LAST THROW

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

JUST after the market's opening on the day preceding the big boom in Furnace Common, the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage house framed for a few brief moments a scene surprising even for a locality where surprises are a daily event. Startled by the happening, the crowd seated before the quotation board turned in their chairs to stare.

There were two principals in the affair. The first was Mr. Buck Rooker, the head partner of the firm; the other was a tall, shabbily dressed person, a visitor whom the crowd recognized as once having traded in the place. Emerging abruptly from his private office at the rear, Mr. Rooker was seen to be propelling the caller rapidly toward the street door.

"Beat it!" he directed; and, giving the man another energetic shove, Mr. Rooker added heatedly: "You come in here again—you panhandler—and I'll turn you over to the cops!"

Rising idly, Mr. Pincus as idly yawned.

"Vell," he remarked, the remark addressed to no one in particular, "I guess I go up to Frank's place and buy myself a cigar." Then he yawned again.

For years Mr. Pincus had been a trader in the place. He was a short and stout nearsighted gentleman, with Oriental features, whose specialty was deals in Chicago futures—pork ribs and shoulders, as a rule; and that he was a person of ironclad calmness and repose he had shown clearly during the commotion. Perched on a stool before the stock ticker, Mr. Pincus had sat there coolly scanning the tape. A bronze Buddha, squatted on a mantelpiece, could not have seemed less concerned.

The man, that visitor whom Rooker had ejected, was not the first, however, Mr. Pincus had seen thrown out of a brokerage office. In his years of experience in Wall Street, more than once he'd beheld that sight. Usually when the market cleaned out some dabbler the victim went quietly enough; but now and then one of the unfortunates made a row. Whatever the case, though, whether the victim went passively or had to be escorted to the door, Mr. Pincus made it a point to ignore the happening; in fact, to remain calm, not to say unfeeling, was invariably his pose. "Business is business!" was Mr. Pincus' favorite remark; for, as he said, if a fellow was playing the market the market needed all his mind.

Not that Mr. Pincus professed a love for the market, though. It was a "bum *Geschäft*" he'd tell you; and all he asked was a chance once to make a killing—then to get out of it for good. Whenever he said this, however, the men about him invariably winked. Pincus give up trading? "Rats!" was the usual remark.

But once Mr. Pincus had nearly quit the market. What's more, it was willy-nilly too. Only chance, it seems, had saved him; and curiously—all the more curious in view of his present calmness, his air of easy aplomb—that chance had come through the very man Rooker had just ejected.

Blake was his name. Blake had lent Mr. Pincus the money to tide him over the crisis; and now, indifferent, unmoved apparently by what was going on, Mr. Pincus had sat there stolidly, idly scanning the tape. It was callous. It was, indeed, so callous that, even in face of the fact that indifference was invariably Mr. Pincus' pose, one would have marveled at the gentleman's inhumanity.

Again yawning, he was moving toward the street door when the man nearest him, a Mr. Thurlow, nudged him in the ribs. Something in the scene of that recent happening seemed to have tickled Mr. Thurlow's risibilities, for a grin was spread on his face.

"Say, did you see that, Pink?" he tittered.

Mr. Pincus gazed at him queerly. Mr. Thurlow, too, had long been a trader at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, but in that time cordiality between the two had never been what one would call effusive. It was Mr. Pincus' opinion of Mr. Thurlow that he was "A couple of two-spots, just."

"Did I see vat?" he interrogated.

"Why, that fellow Blake," returned Mr. Thurlow; "he's back again, trying to get in on the market. He wanted Rooker to stake him."

Mr. Pincus' eyes narrowed slightly.

"Stake him for vat? A haircut or a shave?"

This, though he didn't say so, was Mr. Pincus' estimate of the extent of Rooker's liberality. What Blake, however, had asked was that Rooker should stake him to a hundred shares of something or other on margin. It was a last chance, a final effort for the man to get on his feet again; and, having related this, Mr. Thurlow giggled:

"Think of that sucker trying to break in again!"

"Sure!" nodded Mr. Pincus. "All the suckers wish to come back. When you bust you'll want to too."

Mr. Thurlow scowled sharply.

"Hey?" he inquired.

Mr. Pincus, however, having briefly sucked his teeth, was now staring at the floor; so, after the scowl—that and a sudden glance—Mr. Thurlow shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he drawled, "I've got no time to waste over any has-been like Blake."

Then, having added sagely that Wall Street was too full, anyway, of hobos and down-and-outs to worry about, Mr. Thurlow changed the subject. Had Mr. Pincus noted the activity in Furnace Common? Mr. Thurlow had a tip on it. The tip was a hot tip. He had it direct from a friend who got it direct from another friend. This friend of his, it appeared, was a director in Ingot Furnace Company; and, if Mr. Pincus was willing to do "the regular thing," Mr. Thurlow might be willing to let him in on it.

For some reason, Mr. Pincus did not seem to hear him. He was gazing at the street door, the exit through which Blake had just departed; and, thoughtful now, his air reflective, he was uneasily scratching his chin. After waiting a protracted moment, Mr. Thurlow began to betray a hint of annoyance.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Vell, vat?" returned Mr. Pincus.

"I said," rejoined Mr. Thurlow, "that if you were willing to come across—pay me a percentage of what you win, you know—I'd let you in on the tip I have."

"Oh, you got a tip, have you?" remarked Mr. Pincus.

A grin lurked on his jaw. Mr. Pincus, in fact, had his opinion of tips and tipsters; a view that more than once he had aired in the customers' room. If only you asked for it, he'd said, you could get a tip on anything—the next dividend on Bay State Gas; the millennium, either; or when they'd cut a melon in Hocking or retire Rock Island's bonds. Perhaps Mr. Thurlow now recalled this, for he began to color pinkly.

"Say, this ain't the sort of tip you think it is!" he said sharply. "I got it straight from the inside, I say."

"Sure!" nodded Mr. Pincus genially. "That's where they all come from—the inside. Blake, when he gets cleaned out last year, he gets a tip from the inside, too, I guess."

"Blake? What's Blake got to do with it?" demanded Mr. Thurlow bewilderedly; and Mr. Pincus grinned.

"It's a secret—nothing! Only all of us gets cleaned out some time; and mostly it's off a tip. I get cleaned out—well, maybe; and you get cleaned out—yes; for sure. Then we hunts up a job; or, if we don't get it, some two-spot of a crab has a chance to call us a loafer or a street bum. Sure; for a tip, yes!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Say, what're you driving at?" demanded Mr. Thurlow darkly; and, again sucking his teeth, Mr. Pincus once more idly smiled.

"I was saying it was a fine weather for ducks—some ducks," he replied; and, abruptly turning on his heel, Mr. Pincus left Mr. Thurlow snorting indignantly, and hurried toward the cashier's cage at the rear.

Beeks, a round-faced, pudgy personage, the office manager, was standing there, laughing and joking with the cashier; and, his air insinuating, Mr. Pincus nudged him on the arm.

"Say, Handsome," said Mr. Pincus, "what's this that feller Blake now asks Rooker to stake him for? A hunnerd shares of something, was it?"

Beeks nodded indifferently.

"That bum? Oh, sure! It was a hunnerd shares, first; but before Rooker threw him out it was a meal ticket and the price of a room he was begging."

Mr. Pincus gave a start.

"Vat? He don't eat, and he sleeps in a park, maybe?"

It was so for all Beeks knew—all Beeks cared, either, one had thought. Rooker, Burke & Co.'s was not a tramps' lodging house; besides, Rooker was tired—sick and tired of supporting panhandlers like Blake. Enlarging on his topic, the subject of his employer's open-handed liberality, Beeks was telling how, only the Saturday before, they'd slipped Blake a couple of bones; and here the hobo was back for more—when all at once Beeks woke to the fact that he was addressing empty air. Mr. Pincus had departed.

Of a sudden that air of his, that show of easy, idle indifference, had seemed to vanish; and, with a muttered exclamation—"*Himmel!*"—that and an agitated grunt, Mr. Pincus had darted across the office, bolting through the throng to the street door.

The next instant, jamming his hat down on his ears and without umbrella or overcoat to protect him, Mr. Pincus scuttled up New Street in the rain.

It was true, indeed, that Blake—now a wreck, a battered stray—had once saved Mr. Pincus from disaster. But for him, Mr. Pincus' day in Wall Street would have come to a sudden end.

Mr. Pincus did not wish it to end. Least of all did he wish it to end like that. His plans, like the plans of every dabbler, involved a different, more exhilarating exit. This was the killing he talked about; but even then, even if he did make this killing, the clean-up that all the dabblers dream of, that did not of necessity mean he'd quit the Street for good. If he liked he could still take an occasional flyer. The flyer would be just for amusement, of course—just to pick up a little lunch money or to buy his wife a Christmas present. But to go broke, to be chucked out, penniless—that was different!

The calamity, as expressed, however, was not limited only to this. In Mr. Pincus' mind it seemed to invoke in train certain reflections concerning the Bleecker Street dress-linings trade, a business, it appeared, with which Mr. Pincus once had been connected. Somehow, the mere thought of it made him shudder. Return to that! Go back to that grubby place, the loft in Bleecker Street!

"*Ach!*" ejaculated Mr. Pincus, the grunt expressive.

It had been touch and go, however. Only chance had saved him. Just when Rooker, Burke & Co. had been about to sell him out, Blake had come to his rescue. The loan he had made Mr. Pincus voluntarily had saved the day for Mr. Pincus.

"It's All Right, Joe!" She Cried. "Everything's All Right!"

But chance, it appeared, a stroke of strange good fortune, had not intervened for Blake. A year later Blake himself had been cleaned out. Mr. Pincus had been absent at the time—away at Atlantic City, where every year at Eastertime Mr. Pincus, accompanied by Mrs. Pincus, took the air. When he'd returned Blake was gone. Even so, Mr. Pincus had only nodded.

"Vell," he'd said cynically, "the feller goes back to his job now, vat?"

Briefly Blake's job had been that of New York agent for a large manufacturing concern in Ohio. In salary and commissions the firm had paid him twenty thousand dollars a year; and as Mr. Pincus said: "If twenty t'ouzand a year a feller has, for him to play the market he is a sucker!"

But Blake, it appeared, had not gone back to his job. He had no job. His employers having heard of his speculations, Blake had been discharged. Here he was, now, walking the streets, a tramp.

"*Himmel!*" exclaimed Mr. Pincus; and, jamming his hat down farther on his ears, he sped on his way up New Street.

The man, the fellow he pursued, had just turned westward into Wall Street. His clothes, half rags, flapped and fluttered in the gusts that came whooping down the hill; and as Mr. Pincus scuttled after him he eyed the clothes and wondered how long their wearer had slept in them in the park. There was something else, too, that Mr. Pincus wondered. It was: What had become of the scarecrow's wife? Where was Mrs. Blake?—for, as Mr. Pincus knew, there had been a Mrs. Blake. Had she, too, been sleeping in the park?

"Hey, you!" cried Mr. Pincus.

With a sudden spurt he ranged alongside and gripped the man by the arm; and Blake, at the touch, leaped as if he had been struck.

"Leggo! I ain't done anything!" he vociferated, his voice a startled whine. Then another cry escaped him. His captor he had recognized. "Pink!" he gulped. "Oh, Pink!"

Mr. Pincus gazed about him uneasily.

"Sure, it's Pink," he acknowledged; "only for you don't yell it so loud." Explaining apologetically "Should they hear you, somebody thinks Pincus himself is carrying the banner too!" he beckoned Blake into a near-by doorway. There, after a brief glance at Blake's attire, Mr. Pincus sucked his teeth. "Vell, how's tricks?" he inquired casually.

Blake all at once began to shake. The once dapper, pleasant fellow Mr. Pincus once had known was hardly recognizable. His hands outstretched, convulsed and trembling, he begged wildly for a quarter—a dime even; the price of a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. Mr. Pincus scowled.

"Say, nix on that panhandle stuff!" he directed roughly. "Nix on that dime-for-a-cup-of-coffee game! I don't fall for that!"

Blake gave a gasp.

"Pincus!" he ejaculated.

Again Mr. Pincus shook his head; and Blake gave another cry.

"You won't?"

"I vill not!" said Mr. Pincus.

Then, having sucked his teeth a moment, Mr. Pincus gave Blake a dig in the side with his elbow.

"No; I don't give you no dime," said Mr. Pincus; "but what'd you say to a nice fat sirloin and fried *kartoffel?*—them and a few cakes, hot, right off the griddle, vat?"

But Blake seemed to have forgotten the hunger gnawing at him.

"Listen, Pincus!" he babbled hoarsely. "Listen!"

Mr. Pincus paused.

"Vell, I'm listening."

Blake clawed at him with trembling paws.

"Do you want to be rich? Rich!" shrilled Blake.

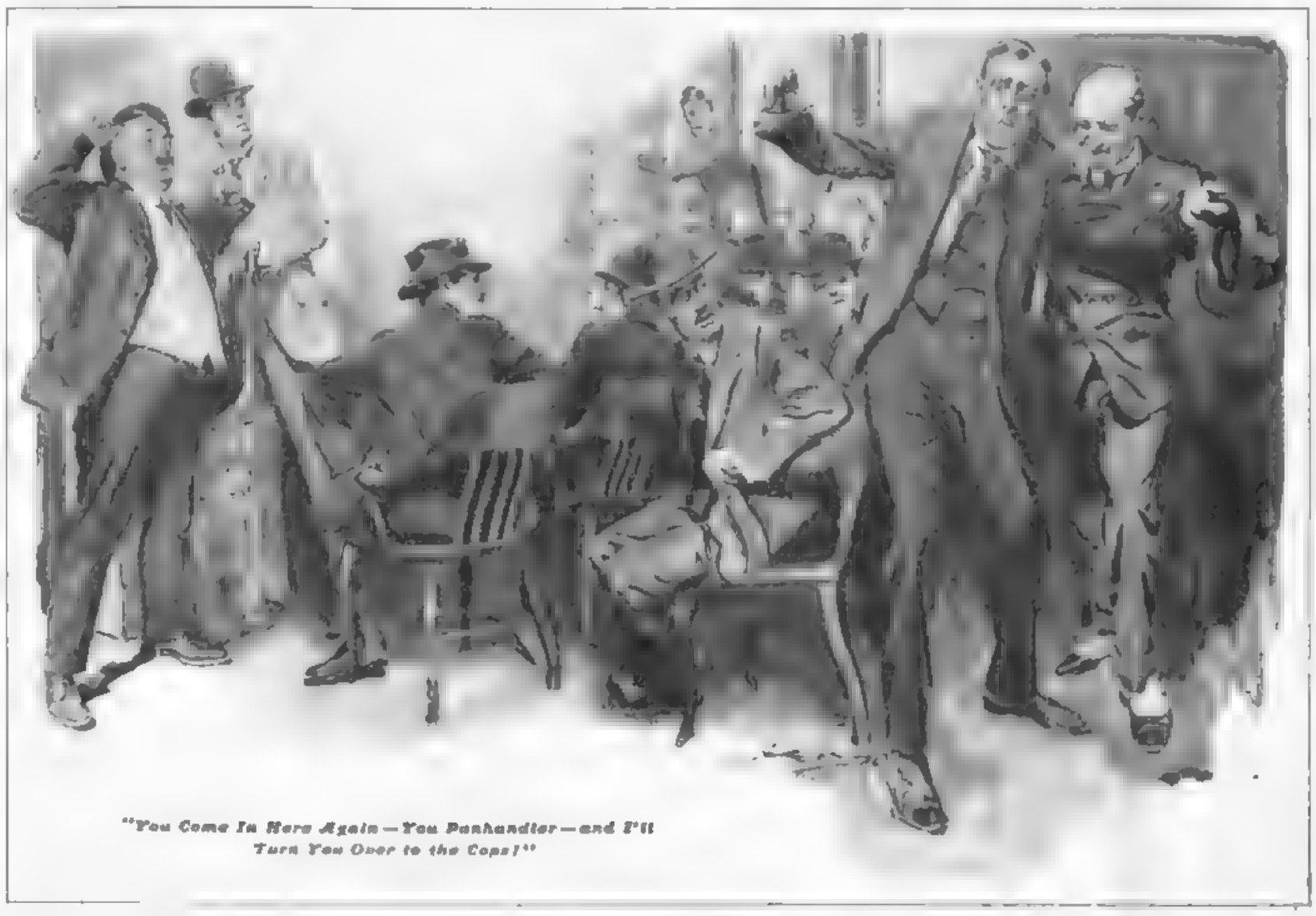
"Do I vant to be vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

"Rich! Rich!" shrilled Blake. When Mr. Pincus, grinning slightly, lightly admitted he had no objections, Blake pawed at him again. "I can do it, Pink! I can make you rich!" cried Blake again; and, sniffing slightly, Mr. Pincus took him by the arm.

"Come along, feller; you feel better after you eat," he was saying, when Blake snatched his arm away.

"Say, listen! D'ye hear?" snarled Blake. "I mean it!"

His eyes fierce, roaming everywhere as if he feared someone might hear his secret, for a full minute he poured into Mr. Pincus' ears a flood of fierce, impassioned words.



"You Come In Here Again—You Panhandler—and I'll Turn You Over to the Cops!"

Idly Mr. Pincus listened. It was as if he humored Blake, placating him as anyone would placate a man crazed by his privations. All at once, though, Mr. Pincus' air of bored benevolence suffered a sudden change.

"Vat?" he ejaculated.

Again Blake poured into his ears the fire of his impassioned eloquence; and, with a gasp, Mr. Pincus gaped. Blake again went at it. He was in the midst of it once more when, with a start, another ejaculation, Mr. Pincus gripped him all at once by the arm.

"Vat!"

"I pledge you my word!" said Blake; and, at that, excitement seemed to burst within Mr. Pincus' breast.

"Here!" he cried; and, shoving a hand into his pocket, Mr. Pincus dragged out a single rumpled bill.

The bill was a dollar bill; and, this in hand, he was thrusting it on Blake, bidding him to go eat; he must get a jump on and get back to Rooker's; there was not a moment to lose. Mr. Pincus was darting away, when he paused, with a sudden cry. It was a loud cry too. The bill falling from his hand, fluttered to the floor.

"Why, what is it?" ejaculated Blake.

His face blank, his air of a sudden abject, Mr. Pincus bent down and picked the bill from the floor.

"Oh, nothing," drawled Mr. Pincus, and he sighed—"nothing; only I guess for you and me, Blake, we go jump off the dock in the river!"

"What's wrong?" Blake demanded hoarsely.

Mr. Pincus told him:

"I'm bust, Blake! I ain't got a cent in the world! This week again the market cleans me out."

It was so. Once more Mr. Pincus was on the rocks. That was why, when Blake, desperate, had appealed to Rooker, and Rooker had thrown him out, Mr. Pincus had sat there, to every appearance callous and indifferent. He could not help Blake. He could not even help himself. Bleecker Street and the fancy dress-linings trade beckoned him anew.

What is more, it beckoned when, with a little cash, a little capital, Mr. Pincus could have saved himself. With money to back him, he could have jumped into the market and made a clean-up—that killing he so long had dreamed about. For Blake's tip was a knock-out. It was one tip in a thousand!

How Blake, too, had come by the tip was as much a nightmare as all the rest of it.

Blake, it seemed, had fallen very low. Unable to find work—the sort, at any rate, he was suited for—the man had gone from bad to worse. Finally, to save himself and his wife from want, he had become a porter in a downtown office building. There he had swept out offices and emptied wastepaper baskets. There, it happened, too, he'd fallen on his tip.

One night, broom in hand, Blake had opened an office door. To his surprise, he'd found the room filled with men. It was a directors' meeting, Blake had seen; and at the meeting something big was happening. An hour later, after they'd gone, he'd slipped back to the room; and there the papers in a scrapbasket had given him his clew. The meeting was a meeting of the Ingot Furnace Company. Blake's tip, in fact, was on the same stock that Thurlow, that "two-spot," had been tipped.

There was this difference, though: Thurlow had been tipped to sell. Blake's tip was to buy! In other words, the company's directors, getting together, planned that well-known financial diversion—namely, jobbing the stockholders out of their stock.

Armed with the tip, for five days Blake had hurried from place to place, hunting up former friends and begging each for a loan. To each he had told his tip and each had laughed in his face. Buy Ingot Common? Put money into a cat-and-dog like that? Desperate, Blake at last had gone to Rooker. In turn, Rooker, too, had laughed at him; after which Rooker had thrown him out of the place.

Mr. Pincus, however, had not laughed. Instantly he had grasped the significance of what Blake had told him. It was to little purpose, though. Mr. Pincus was broke—"bust," indeed, as he'd expressed it. Unless luck, another chance, happened to save him, one sure thing stared him in the face. It was Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade.

Late that night, long after dusk had fallen and an hour or more behind the time he usually arrived at home, Mr. Pincus climbed the stairs of the modest West Side flat house where he dwelt; and, arriving at his door, for a moment he halted irresolutely, his latchkey in his hand. Doubt, an air of unwonted concern, seemed at the moment to engulf him; and, gazing at the door, he took off his hat and scratched his head reflectively. He looked, in addition, a little feverish.

All that day, his eyes afire and the fever growing in him, Mr. Pincus had been rushing about the town. Like Blake, he, too, had sought out friends of his, begging and beseeching them to advance him enough to play the tip on Ingot Steel. Most of the friends were centered in a certain quarter—Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade; and each of the friends, as was also the case with Blake, had laughed in Mr. Pincus' face. What! Lend money to dabble in stocks? Lend money, especially, to play that cat-and-dog Ingot Furnace Common? Pincus must be crazy with the heat!

That gentleman, however, had one string left to his bow; and jamming on his hat, with a sudden air of resolution, he opened the door and stepped boldly into the hall.

At once a voice as well as a gust of aromatic vapor came wafting toward him from the kitchen, at the rear. The vapor was that of fried fish and cauliflower, while the voice was that of his wife. Instantly an artful smile spread on Mr. Pincus' face.

"Vell, Minnie?" chirped Mr. Pincus dulcetly.

"Vell, Benny?" responded his wife.

Like her husband, the lady was short and rotund—roly-poly, in fact, with a round, smiling face at once as shrewd as it was good-natured. As she came down the

hall, wiping her hands on her apron as she came, the good nature was for the moment uppermost. It was only for a moment, though. Reaching up, Mrs. Pincus delivered a chaste salute on Mr. Pincus' still artfully beaming countenance, after which she backed off a step, her air of a sudden shrewd. "Vell?" she inquired.

"Vell, vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

In response Mrs. Pincus put out her hand, its palm open.

"Fifty-fifty, Pincus!" she directed; at which instantly the smile was stricken from Mr. Pincus' face.

He seemed to grasp clearly what she meant. The fact is, few knew better than Mrs. Pincus the hazardous nature of her husband's occupation; so for several years now, every night when he came home, his wife had made it her habit to extract from him a certain percentage of his winnings. What he gave her, of course, was not the fifty-fifty she demanded; but often she got ten per cent, and sometimes even twenty. Lately, however, it appeared, Mr. Pincus had given her little.

A grumble escaped him; and he was turning away when, with a deft movement of her upturned palm, Mrs. Pincus jabbed him in the waistcoat.

"You don't win something again?" she demanded.

Mr. Pincus' look grew uneasy. Evidently, this reception was not at all as he'd planned it; and he was mumbling uncomfortably, his manner awkward, when Mrs. Pincus returned to the charge.

"If you don't win something," she demanded, "how is it I should pay bills for the house, I ask you? Is it on wind, Pincus? Vat?"

At once a crafty look leaped into Mr. Pincus' eye.

"Vell, you got that nest egg, ain't you?" he suggested.

It was true that Mrs. Pincus had a nest egg. From what she'd extracted from Mr. Pincus she had laid by three thousand dollars in the bank. The reference to it now, however, seemed to produce in her an effect that also was not in the least as he'd anticipated.

"Sure, I got it!" she returned; adding instantly: "That nest egg, too, stays where it is—right there on the nest!"

Starting violently Mr. Pincus blinked.

"Vat! You mean you don't loosen up from it nohow?"

"Not a stitch!" affirmed Mrs. Pincus flatly; and Mr. Pincus gasped.

"Yes; but what if it was to help out a feller, y'r husband?" he persisted. It was all one to Mrs. Pincus.

"You c'd holler y'r head off!" she replied.

What! Give up her nest egg? Give up that money she'd scrimped and labored to save? Snorting indignantly she went off down the hall, her shoulders working expressively.

Mr. Pincus, however, was not one to submit readily to defeat. All that evening, the fever glittering in his eyes, he sat gazing appealingly at his wife. But Mrs. Pincus did not seem to heed him. She was engaged, it seems, in turning a last-year's hat into a this-year's model.

This she managed by pulling out the feather, which was upright, and, with a pair of shears, cutting off the brim. Then, when she had crushed the crown together, afterward denting in the top, Mrs. Pincus sewed the feather on it lengthwise, its end sticking out behind. The effect it gave was Scottish; and, remarking this, she was again admiring herself in the glass, when Mr. Pincus rose abruptly. As if unable to restrain himself further, he suddenly threw out both his hands.

"Minnie," he appealed, "you c'd be a good feller, couldn't you?"

Mrs. Pincus gave the hat another dig.

"I could not!" she replied; and emotion at this point got the better of Mr. Pincus.

His arms waving and speech bursting from him in a flood, he poured forth into Mrs. Pincus' ears all he had learned that day from Blake. The Ingot Company was booming. War orders were what had done it—the company, with these orders behind it, was working day and night; and now, having cleared millions, the directors were about to cut a melon.

What a chance! What an opportunity! With Minnie's money, the three thousand she had in the bank, Mr. Pincus could make a clean-up, a killing epic in its slaughter! There were thousands in it—"T'ouzands *und* t'ouzands!" Mr. Pincus averred; and, his face aflame, his arms all the more wildly waving, he vowed that if Minnie only this once would "loosen up" he would quit the Street, give up dabbling for good, never again take a flyer in stocks.

He was in the midst of it when a grunt escaped Mrs. Pincus.

"Vat? You quit stocks?" she echoed.

"I swear it!" cried Mr. Pincus; and again Mrs. Pincus gave her hat a dig.

"'*Raus mit* you!" said Mrs. Pincus brusquely. "Ven you quit it is because you are dead or you go bust, either." And Mr. Pincus, gaping, stared at her.

"Vat? You don't loosen up then, Minnie?"

It was so. Not even if from Rockefeller himself he'd had that tip would Mrs. Pincus do so; and, hearing this, Mr. Pincus threw all caution to the winds.

"If you don't," he cried, "all that happens is, we bust!"

The prophecy—a threat, rather—seemed to fall as flat as his appeals.

"No; we don't," retorted Mrs. Pincus. "You bust, maybe; but we—we don't bust." Then, giving the hat feather another yank, the hat itself another dig, Mrs. Pincus again calmly glanced at herself in the glass. "And ven you bust, too, Pincus," she added blandly, "you go back to work that's all!"

A muffled cry leaped from his lips.

"Vat! Go back to the fancy-linings trade? A feller c'd be dead as well!"

"Makes no difference, Pincus," she rejoined. "Better you are a nice funeral than you waste my money and your time down in that loafer business, Wall Street. As well you c'd play *Stütz* or pinochle for a living, dealing cards, as to gumble in them stocks—yes! . . . Vell," added Mrs. Pincus vehemently, "for seven years you hang out in that feller Rooker's place; and for seven years your wife, which is me, she tries to get you out of it. Now she does it—that's all!"

"Yes; but that tip!" cried Mr. Pincus frenzied. "T'ouzands! T'ouzands *und* t'ouzands! And we lose 'em!"

"Makes no difference," answered Minnie; and a last, a despairing cry burst from Mr. Pincus.

"You von't, Minnie?"

"Not if you was to choke, Pincus!" was her reply.

Mr. Pincus indeed choked. An hour later, tossing fitfully among the feathers, he was, in fact, still choking. Then a curious thing occurred. A groan, a hollow note of despair, had just escaped him, when a hand reached out and jabbed Mr. Pincus in the side.

"Listen, Pincus," said Minnie; "if you gamble, playing stocks, how much is it them fellers, your broker, charges you?"

"Vat?" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

Minnie repeated the question; and, startled, a gleam of hope springing into his heart, Mr. Pincus babbled the information. What a broker charged was an eighth for each transaction. Also, with three thousand dollars, one could margin three hundred shares. Eloquent now, his fever rising anew, Mr. Pincus gave her all the details. Then, his heart in his mouth, hope trembling high, Mr. Pincus wet his lips.

"Vell, you make me a check out, vat?" he suggested.

A grunt was heard.

"Gotosleep, Pincus," directed Mrs. Pincus.

"Vat? You make a fool of me, then?" roared Mr. Pincus.

Minnie only gave another grunt.

"If you are a fool, Pincus," she replied calmly, "that is your affair."

Then, turning her back to him, Mrs. Pincus slept.

The tip, that pointer worth a fortune, was destined, it seemed, to die on Mr. Pincus' hands.

Instantly an Artful Smile Spread on Mr. Pincus' Face. "Vell, Minnie?" He Chirped

Those familiar with the doings of that crop of singular securities, the War Babies, to which Wall Street has of late given birth, will recall that it was on a Tuesday morning, just after the market's opening, when Ingot first began to splutter and buzz. That day more than one fortune was made in Wall Street. In train with this, more than one fortune was lost there too.

But then, that is always true of Wall Street. What one man wins is of necessity what some other man has lost. Only a few, however, the chosen few, had ever won anything on Ingot. Almost invariably outsiders always had lost.

Always in trouble, the quarry always of that Wall Street wrecking crew, who feast and fatten on disaster, the concern's career before the war was a succession of refunding, receiverships and reorganizations. Now, however, the war had changed all that. The Ingot Company was about to cut a melon. However, before the melon was cut, the directors meant first to secure for themselves the largest, the most juicy of the slices. Consequently, having picked up almost every share available, the instant the news broke the stock soared skyward with a rush.

At ten o'clock the market opened. Ingot was the first quotation. Having closed at 34 bid, a quarter asked, it opened with a whoop. The first transaction, a block of two hundred shares, was snapped up at 35. The next transaction was another three-quarters up. Five minutes later uproar raged in the market. The whole Street fought to get aboard; and in every brokerage office—Rooker, Burke & Co.'s among them—the uproar on the Stock Exchange was instantly and as wildly reflected.

"Ingot, a half—three-quarters! Five hundred Ingot at seven-eighths! Ingot, thirty-nine! A quarter! A half! Five hundred Ingot at forty! Ingot, forty-one!"

Mr. Thurlow, his mouth agape and his face now of a startling pasty pallor, stood gaping at the quotation board. The day before the gentleman's mood had been merry. When Blake, that stray, that has-been, had been ejected from the place, Mr. Thurlow had lightly laughed. But then, why not? Had not Mr. Thurlow had a tip? Was not the tip a hot tip too? In anticipation of the money, the riches that would accrue from it, there had been every reason why Mr. Thurlow should take things pleasantly. Now, however, the dream seemed somehow to have been shattered.

Tipped to sell, Mr. Thurlow had sold. That, in fact, was what the Ingot Company's director had expected when he'd given out the tip. Consequently, having sold at 34, Mr. Thurlow now looked as if he meant to faint.

His face moist and his lips wetting themselves together, he was still staring at the quotation board when Rooker tapped him on the shoulder.

Rooker's face wore a smile. The smile, however, was purely professional.

"Say, Thurlow," he said, "if it's convenient, I'd like a little check from you."

When Mr. Thurlow, a bit whiter, mumbled he'd let him have the check the next day, Mr. Rooker shook his head. He must have a check at once, he said; and, his face convulsed, Mr. Thurlow made an exclamation.

"What! You'd close me out?" he cried.

It was as he said. Unless he came across at once with a check, the firm indeed would close him out; and, his voice rising, Mr. Thurlow began to protest. It was not for long, however. "Here, you," ordered Rooker, his jaw ugly; "if you have any squealing to do you can't do it in here!"

Mr. Thurlow, however, did not heed. He had raised his voice even higher, shrill now in his misery, when Rooker, assisted by Beeks, the office manager, briskly escorted him to the door. Exit Mr. Thurlow, still squealing.

This commotion, however, had hardly subsided when it was succeeded by another. Ingot had just crossed 50 when, with a stifled cry, Mr. Pincus rose and launched himself across the room. Then, throwing open the street door, with another cry he bolted out into New Street, waving his arms as he went.

"Say," said one of the crowd, addressing a fellow trader in the chair adjoining, "what's biting Pincus? Crazy with the heat, huh?"

"Search me," replied the other gentleman. "Looked like he was tearing his hair!"

If so, Mr. Pincus had cause to tear his hair. At seven o'clock that day Mr. Pincus had risen. In moody silence having dressed himself, he had then repaired to the breakfast table. There, in the same submerged gloom having consumed a dish of prunes, a saucer of breakfast food, four slices of toast, a couple of eggs and two cups of coffee, he had kicked back his chair and lumbered to the door. His wife inquiring then whither he was bound, Mr. Pincus had turned on her with a savage glare—that and an equally savage answer.

"Vat's it to you? If it's to the river I go and jump in, vat do you care, anyhow?"

"Vell, don't get your feet wet, Pincus!" she had rejoined.

And, jamming on his hat, Mr. Pincus had turned on her again.

"Vell, I fool you, anyway!" he cried excitedly. "I bust, maybe! Just the same, I don't go back to them dress linings."

(Continued on Page 30)

FOG

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

LEE SING, heathen laundryman, filled his mouth with tepid water and noisily sprayed the snowy bosom of the shirt that for the moment claimed his attention.

He knew little and cared less about germs, this being in the dark but cheerful age before germs attained prominence and customers grew fussy on the subject of sanitation. Lee Sing's successor, doing business in the same frame shack, uses a blowpump operated by compressed air, has his neck shaved twice a week as regularly as any good American, and scorns the queue and blouse of his forefathers.

Verily, the world does move!

As Lee Sing wadded the garment into a moist ball he lifted a quavering Celestial falsetto in snatches of weird melody, his long braided queue swaying like a pendulum and marking the time of the refrain: *"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . . We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw, Beau-tee-fu' shaw."*

"How You Likee—Nuh?" Said Lee Sing. "Plitty Good?"

Not without reason was Lee Sing remembered and regretted as the prize backslider of the Chinese Christian Mission, where good women, whose husbands should have known better, labored long and hard to snatch yellow brands from the burning.

Having first acquainted himself with the educational value of apostasy, Lee Sing had embraced Christianity, and had remained an ardent and enthusiastic convert for just so long a time as it had taken him to learn to read and write one-syllable English. Then, having laid the foundation for a successful commercial career, Lee Sing had ceased to lead in prayer and had fallen from grace with a dull thud; the Chinese Christian Mission knew him no more. He had returned to his idols, his joss houses, his red-spotted dice, his occasional nips of fiery rice brandy, his semioccasional whiffs from a bamboo pipe, and, last but by no means least, the two-a-day drawings of the Quong Hop Lottery Company.

Lee Sing was a gambler. Outwardly a laundryman, he washed dirty linen only to secure the means wherewith to gratify a consuming passion. Even as he imparted a glossy shine to collars and cuffs, Lee Sing saw himself, arrayed in a plum-colored blouse of brocaded silk, loafing about the ill-smelling gambling dens of Fish Alley, and consorting with the *jeunesse dorée* of the Chinese Quarter.

Some day he hoped to catch a ten-spot and break the Quong Hop Company, or strike a lucky streak at four-five-six and force old Sam Wing to turn the big blue dice bowl upside down. This was Lee Sing's vision of the Sweet By and By—a vision that kept his irons flying and his pockets empty. A dime is a piker's bet, but he who stakes his last ten-cent piece earns the right to be called a plunger.

Lee Sing lived and worked in a community where gambling was the rule rather than the exception. From the windows of his shack he could see the high board fence surrounding the race track where white men gambled on the speed of horses. The smell of easy money was in every cool breeze blowing in from the broad Pacific, the betting fever was in the very air; but Lee Sing stuck to the games that he knew about and paid little or no attention to his turf neighbors, save when he met them in a business way.

Experience had taught him that horsemen were good customers, often given to sudden, inexplicable bursts of generosity. It had also taught him that California stable boys were vest-pocket editions of the devil himself—stunted imps who threw stones at Chinamen and cursed with a fluency far beyond their years.

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . ."

The front door opened with a bang, and a short bow-legged youth entered abruptly.

"'Lo, Lee!"

"'Lo, lilla kit!"

The visitor scowled and twitched a shabby cap lower over his eyes, which were gray, deep-set and older than they should have been. Fringes of yellow hair seemed to bristle behind each ear, and the muscles of his small but sturdy torso tightened under a ragged blue sweater.

"Aw, cut that 'little kid' stuff! . . . Is my shirt done yet?"

Lee Sing's loose slippers clipclapped on the floor as he moved over to the rack that contained his finished work. Selecting a small flat package from the pile, he examined the hieroglyphics scrawled upon the linen tag.

"Me ketch 'um," said Lee Sing, grinning pleasantly. "You ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"Now where would I get a dollar'n a half?" demanded the youth. "How many times have I told you the hoss ain't started yet?"

Lee Sing's face became perfectly blank; he took refuge behind the phrase at which the entire West has battered in vain.

"Me no sabby," said Lee Sing stupidly. "No sabby hosa. You no ketch 'um dolla hop, no ketch 'um laun'ly. Fo', fi', sixsa week—alla time you foola me. Alla time you say not yet—jusha one week maw. You hip no-o good!" He replaced the small bundle on the pile.

"Aw, listen, Lee!" begged the youth. "I know I've had to stand you off for a month or so, an' I'm sorry; but I've got to have that shirt. I've got to have it to-day!"

"Dolla hop, you ketch 'um," replied Lee Sing, unmoved.

"But I got to take my sister down town to see a doctor," pleaded the boy, "an' I can't go lookin' like a tramp! Have a heart!"

"Umph!" grunted the Chinaman. "Sista, she sick?"

"She coughs all the time, an' she's kind o' weak an' run down. I can't take any chances, lettin' it go too long. I want a doctor to find out what ails her, an' mebbe give her some medicine. That's why I need the shirt. I got to look as if I can pay a doctor's bill, anyhow!"

Lee Sing reflected for some time, his slant eyes half closed.

"When you ketch 'um dolla hop?" he asked.

"Next Friday!" said the boy desperately.

"Umph!" remarked Lee Sing, still far from conviction.

"Friday I got Ninespot entered in a race," persisted the boy, "an' I'm goin' to bring him home in front by a city block. He'll win sure, Lee!"

Lee Sing showed the yellow stumps of his teeth in an incredulous grin.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so not," said he, shaking his head. It was not the first time that a race-track customer in straitened circumstances had offered Lee Sing feed-box information in lieu of coin of the realm. "Mebbe so loosh 'um!"

"But he can't lose!" argued the boy, drawing nearer and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch. "You know how long I've waited with this hoss, just to get him placed in a soft spot. Well, Friday's the day; an' there ain't a thing in there for him to beat—not a thing! I'll have money Friday night—all kinds of money; but I got to have that shirt now!"

"Dolla hop," murmured Lee Sing, weakening.

"But Jennie can't wait till Friday," urged the youth, pressing his advantage.

"She ought to see a doctor this afternoon an' get something to stop that cough! Aw, be a good feller, Lee!"

"You no foola me?" demanded the Chinaman, with a shrewd glance out of the corner of his almond eyes. "You no tell 'um lie?"

"Cross my heart!" cried the boy with sudden passion. "Cross my heart an' hope to die if it ain't the truth! Jennie's sick, I tell you; an' I got to take her to the doctor. You think I'd lie about a thing like that?"

Lee Sing sighed heavily and picked up the small bundle again.

"Aw light," he grunted. "Nisha time aw light. . . . Me hip dam' fool! . . . Fliday, you ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"You bet your life!" The boy snatched the bundle from Lee Sing's hands and moved toward the door; the Chinaman followed him swiftly.

"You hosa," said he, "what him nem?"

"His name's Ninespot, I told you; an' he goes in the sixth race, Friday. Ninespot—sixth race—Friday—got that?"

"Ni'spot," repeated the Chinaman, and a sudden smile bisected his grave countenance. "Ni'spot, Chinee lottelly, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot mo' betta!"

"Gee, but you're a bug on that lottery stuff, ain't you?" asked the boy, pausing at the door. "And say, you got as much chance to land a ten-spot as—as I have to win the American Derby with the awful oat-hound I got in my barn!"

"Bimeby ketch 'um, git plenty money," replied Lee Sing, grinning vacuously. "Ten-spot losh money, kit; all sem lich!"

"Lots of money, eh? Well, go to it, Lee; I'm for you. You're a good feller at that!"

"Uh-huh," was the dry response; "jusha now me dolla hop good fella. Me sabby you. You come back Fliday?"

"Just as sure as the sun shines!"

The boy leaped out into the chill December breeze, hugging the flat bundle to his breast.

"Billy," said he to himself, "what's goin' to become of you? You lied like a common tout—lied to a Chinaman to get a shirt an' make a front so's to stand off a doctor! Ninespot! They flattered him when they named him! An' you said he'd win sure! I'm ashamed of you!"

Inside the frame shack Lee Sing continued to wad damp garments into little balls, and the quavering melody rose and fell, while the swaying queue marked time:

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee fu' shaw."

"Haw!" chuckled Lee Sing, and followed his chuckle with an avalanche of guttural sounds, which being interpreted into pidgin English gives us the following bit of wisdom:

"Ni'spot, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot, mo' betta!"

II

WHEN old Tom Randolph closed his eyes on a world of change and chance he left an estate consisting of a spotlessly clean record on the American turf, an excellent

split-second stop watch, which he had carried for thirty years, and a heavy-headed, blundering chestnut colt named Ninespot, which had never faced the barrier. He also left two children—Jane Marcum, aged nineteen, and William Churchill, "seventeen, goin' on eighteen."

Time was when the Randolph Stable amounted to something in prestige and dollars and cents; but the owner's latter days had been evil ones, and the glory of his faded racing colors had departed.

"It's a mean trick, Billy," Old Tom had said after the doctor had told him the truth; "yes, a mighty mean trick, leavin' you like this—you an' Jennie. You'll have to watch her pretty close, my boy. She's inclined to be delicate, like her mother was, an' she'll need lookin' after. . . . I ain't askin' you to promise me, sonny. I know you'll think of her first always. . . . The racin' game ain't what it used to be before bookmakers began buyin' stables of their own; but if you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square—I expect you'll be ridin' a couple of seasons yet. Don't never ride for a man that wants you to do wrong, an' remember what I told you 'bout makin' a low weight if it hurts you. It ain't worth while ruinin' your health. . . . And now, if you'll bring Jennie in. . . . I'm in the home stretch, sonny, an' finishin' fast."

For two years Billy had preserved his father's estate intact. Old Tom's turf record had not suffered by any act of his son; the split-second stop watch had not left the Randolph family for as much as an instant, and the worthless Ninespot had a roof over his head and oats to eat—oats he had not earned. By riding for other owners Billy had been able to keep a horse of his own—not much of a horse, to be sure, but still a thoroughbred and the sole survivor of the Randolph Stable.

And now, at the end of the second year, Billy Randolph sat on the porch of a three-room cottage in the rear of the barns and faced a crisis all too serious for his years.

It was night, and a dense fog had drifted in from the ocean, swallowing up the stable lights and blotting out the low even lines of the buildings where the thoroughbreds were quartered. A medley of sounds came to the boy out of the thick gray pall—some of them amazingly close at hand, others muffled and indistinct—snatches of camp-meeting melodies crooned by negro hostlers and roustabouts; shrill cries of youthful gamblers, bending over the dice in some near-by but invisible tackle room; occasional bursts of loud laughter, marking the point of some rude joke. Billy Randolph heard these things but did not heed them. He sat with his chin in his hands, while the fog slowly took the stiffness out of the bosom of his clean white shirt.

A door creaked behind him, and a girl's voice caused him to turn his head.

"Billy, you mustn't set out there in the fog! You'll ketch your death o' cold!"

"Shucks, Jen! I'm warm as toast! Run along to bed, an' don't bother about me. I'll be in after a while. I'm waitin' for George th' Greek."

There was a short silence. The door creaked in an undecided manner but did not quite close. A pencil of yellowish light still glimmered through the fog curtain.

"Billy?"

"Well?"

"You ain't worryin' about it, are you, dear? You know you can't do any more'n just your level best. I'd rather stay here with you, Billy, than go down there among strangers. Don't let it bother you."

The boy laughed harshly. "Bother me? I should say not! Didn't the doctor tell me you'd be all right once you get out of this damp foggy climate? Well, we're goin' to get out. I'll land you in Arizona if I have to make Ninespot carry double. Right at present, I'm figurin' ways an' means—mostly means. . . . Hike, now—here comes somebody!"

The door closed softly as a figure loomed through the fog.

"That you, Billy?"

"What's left of me, Greek. Set down; I want to have a talk with you."

Now George the Greek was really not a Greek at all, neither was his first name George. The alias had been bestowed on him because of an olive complexion, dark dreamy eyes, and a mop of blue-black hair, inclined to curl. When he had money, which was seldom, he could be found vibrating between the paddock and the betting ring, and he had once been four hundred dollars ahead of the game for almost half an hour. When he had no money he worked and earned it, in this respect differing from many turf followers.

The Greek was a gentle, kindly soul, and a very handy man about a racing stable. He loved good horses and understood them and would have made an ideal groom, but would have fought the man who dared to suggest such a thing. Billy Randolph was his only close friend, Jennie the only girl of his acquaintance; the Greek loved them both devotedly.

"What did the doctor say?" George was a youth of few words.

"Plenty. In the first place, it's her lungs. That was my guess all along."

George the Greek made a clicking noise with his tongue and shook his head sorrowfully. Because he found nothing to say, he patted Billy's knee.

"Cheese!" said the head of the Randolph household. "It ain't as bad as that! It's only in the first stages. The doctor says I got to get her out of this foggy climate."

"Sure!" said George the Greek, and swore softly at the fog.

"Go as far as you like!" said Billy. "You don't hate it any worse'n I do—on her account. It's the fog that brings on all her coughin' spells. . . . Arizona or New Mexico—that's what he said. Might as well ask me to take a trip to the moon! Arizona's a long ways off."

"We'll do it somehow," said the Greek.

"But it's got to be done quick. If we take it in time she can beat the game yet. If she stays here ——"

"No 'if' about it. You got to get her there in a hurry."

"But how? That's what stops me—how?"

George the Greek rolled a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the fog.

"Couldn't you sell Ninespot?" he asked.

"Humph!" grunted Billy. "That big hound? Why, I couldn't give him away! He ain't worth thirty cents. . . . I tell you, Greek, I feel like goin' out with a gun an' stickin' up some fat bookmaker!"

"I know," said George. "I've felt the same way lots o' times."

Billy Thoughtfully Guided Ninespot Well Into the Middle of the Track

"I got Ninespot entered in a race next Friday," said Billy. "It's a Burglars' Handicap if ever there was one—all the bad hosses at the track are in it. The route is a shade longer than he likes—seven-eighths; but if he runs up to his best work he stands an outside chance. Jim Barlow has got his big black hoss in there ——"

"Ace of Spades?" asked George.

"That's the baby. Ace of Spades is quite a hoss. He outclasses this bunch—can win in a walk if Barlow's tryin' with him. Trouble is, you never know what Jim's doin' till he's done it; an' by that time they're payin' off. He's been cheatin' with the black hoss lately—waitin' to get a price, I reckon—an' he may not be ready to cut him loose on Friday.

"If he ain't it's anybody else's race, an' Ninespot'll have as good a chance as most of 'em. . . . If I only knew about Jim ——"

"Maybe I can find out," said George the Greek hopefully. "I know a couple of swipes that are working for Barlow."

"Jim's too foxy to tip his mitt to stable hands," said Billy.

"Well, you never can tell. They might have heard something. Won't do any harm to nose round an' see. . . . Suppose you do win with Ninespot?"

Billy Randolph solemnly knocked on wood three times.

"After payin' what I owe," said he, "there'd be about two hundred left of the purse. That would get us there, an' I don't ask no more. It's a hoss country; an' where there's hosses I can always get a job—if it's only drivin' a delivery wagon."

"You goin' to take Ninespot out in front?" asked George the Greek.

"Yes; an' if anybody beats that barrier next Friday it'll be me. The only good races the big hound ever ran were the ones when he had the jump on the bunch. He ain't got no heart, Greek. He quits as soon as they come up 'longside of him. . . . A big yellow hound! . . . An' that's the only hoss left to run for the Randolph Stable—in a pinch like this!"

"He might not quit Friday," said the optimistic George the Greek.

"He better not!" was the savage rejoinder. "If he does quit it'll be after the worst lickin' a race hoss ever got! I hear Jennie movin' round inside. Reckon I ought to go in an' talk to her—cheer her up a little."

"Is—is she scared, Billy?"

"She wouldn't ever let me know it if she was," replied the boy. "I wanted her to go in the next room while I talked with the doctor alone. Think she'd stand for it? Not in a thousand years! It was the truth she was after. And game? She's so game that I kind of choke up when she talks about the little cold on her chest. . . . That's what she calls it—a cold on her chest. Can you beat her?"

"Listen!" urged George the Greek, with a sudden inspiration. "You tell her I had an aunt once that was awful sick—lungs all shot to pieces. They had to carry her to the train on a stretcher—that's how bad she was; an' now—now she weighs a couple of hundred pounds, an' you wouldn't know there was ever anything the matter with her! Honest, you wouldn't! That's what Arizona done for my aunt; you tell Jennie."

"Is this aunt business on the level?" demanded Billy sternly.

"Aw, what difference does that make?" growled George the Greek. "You tell her anyhow. It may do some good!"

III

THERE are great souls to whom a little luck is only an aggravation. Not content to accept the small favors flung them by the blind goddess, not satisfied to touch the hem of her garment, these bold and greedy adventurers essay to pick her pockets and loot her of the capital prize as she passes them by. A very few believe that this can be done. As a general thing, the belief costs them money and heartaches.

It was on a Thursday afternoon that Lee Sing "caught a ten-cent seven" in the daylight drawing of the Quong Hop Lottery Company, and thus found himself richer by the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Another lowly dabbler in soapsuds might have rejoiced; but Lee Sing only sneered as he wound his queue about his head and prepared to board the street car for Chinatown. He regarded a ten-cent seven as very small fish indeed—fit for nothing but to be used as bait in the snaring of a leviathan.

From the lottery headquarters it was but a step to the establishment of old Sam Wing, ostensibly a respectable merchant, really a pillar of the gambling trust. In his dingy basement, where a million shopworn odors fought for mastery, and some were defeated but none died, Sam Wing defied a city ordinance by operating a dice game known to the initiated as four-five-six.

Night and day the ivory cubes rattled and spun in the big blue bowl; and the stakes changed hands, sometimes with amazing rapidity, for four-five-six is the sort of game where the speculator gets action for his money.

Lee Sing clattered down the basement stairs, with his nose in the air and many silver dollars clinking in his pockets. To-night is always the night when a Chinaman has money he has not earned.

Sam Wing, a frail little mummy done in wrinkled yellow parchment, peered through the smoke of cigarettes and rank Chinese-made cigars and nodded at Lee Sing, who nodded politely in return.

About the large round table were the gamesters—white, black, yellow and brown. Plump, smooth-skinned Chinese dandies were jostled by negroes and Mexicans; white men, their dead eyes and sallow cheeks marking them as opium smokers, made room for coolies and Japanese vegetable growers. Lee Sing saw at a glance that it was a good game, with plenty of money in sight. He edged his way in to the table, thus inconveniencing a white boy in a

messenger's uniform, who was feverishly watching his twenty-five-cent bet.

"Hey, quitcha shovin'!" growled the youth. "Now then, come on, ace!"

Lee Sing made a few small bets, with varying success; but when it came his turn to handle the dice he emptied his pockets into the small tin dish Sam Wing held out to him. A mutter of comment ran round the circle.

"Plenty money now," quavered Sam Wing. "Evlybody bet 'um—bet 'um up!"

The other players placed their wagers in front of them, in amounts ranging from a dime to a dollar. Lee Sing waited until the last coin was staked; then he picked up the three dice and examined them carefully.

"All the spots are on 'em!" grumbled the messenger boy. "Shoot!"

Lee Sing rolled up the right sleeve of his blouse and extended his arm until his closed fist was directly over the bowl.

"Got nothin' to deceive us, eh?" said the boy. "Why don't you shoot?"

"Heh!" cried Lee Sing, releasing the dice with a quick downward jerk of his wrist.

They fell, spinning, into the blue bowl. A deuce appeared, then a trey; and from the entire circle went up a muffled ejaculation, almost a prayer, and addressed to the third die, which was spinning like a top. It wavered at last, rolled halfway across the bottom of the bowl and came to rest. A grunt of relief rose from the players.

"Acey, him come—too bad!" said Sam Wing calmly, and dipped his talons into the tin dish.

Lee Sing had thrown one-two-three, the lowest possible cast, and must pay every bet, so far as his money would go. Beginning with the messenger boy, Sam Wing distributed the contents of the dish, making change with almost incredible swiftness, and permitting no arguments. When he had finished he flipped three dimes out on the table—all that remained of Lee Sing's fortune.

"'Nother good man gone wrong!" said the messenger boy pertly, rattling some small change into the tin dish. "Come ride with me, gents! I'll give you something to shoot at—tell you that now!"

"Aw, you alla time talk!" said old Sam Wing wearily. "Losh talk; not much money!" He shook the tin dish scornfully. "Eighty-fi' cent—humph'"

Lee Sing picked up the three dimes, glanced at them carelessly, tucked his hands under his long blouse and started for the stairs. A white man would have cursed his luck, a negro would have mentioned the amount of his loss; a Mexican would have snarled at the winners. Being a Chinaman, and coming of the race that produces the best losers on earth, Lee Sing made his exit in dignified silence, carrying with him into Fish Alley a wooden expression of countenance, which had not changed by as much as the flicker of an eyelash.

A little later he shuffled into the back room of the Chow Loon Company—the same being the respectable alias of the Quong Hop enterprise—and, seating himself at a table, picked up a square slip of flimsy paper. On this slip were printed eighty Chinese characters, ten to the line, and ranged in columns—a copy of the first page of a Chinese book considerably older than Christianity, and comprising twenty sentences of four characters each, some of them rich with wisdom, as the following samples will show:

"The sun, at times, is not in the center; and the moon, at times, is not full."

"When the clouds appear the rain will come."

"Ocean water is salty and river water is fresh."

Lee Sing was not in search of information about the sun, moon or stars. He selected a camel's-hair brush, dipped it in blue indelible ink and thoughtfully proceeded to obliterate ten of the characters, apparently at random. He then marked a duplicate for future reference and tucked it inside his blouse. The original he handed to a sleepy attendant, together with two of his dimes, and once more his fortunes were at the mercy of the midnight drawing of the Quong Hop Lottery Company.

Barring the third dime, reserved as car fare, Lee Sing was "all bloke."

Friday morning dawned raw and cold, and Billy Randolph's teeth chattered as he opened the door of a stall and looked in at a large chestnut horse, which did not seem particularly glad to see him.

"Heh!" Cried Lee Sing, Releasing the Dice With a Quick Downward Jerk of His Wrist

"Aw, behave yourself!" scolded the boy. "I ain't goin' to gallop you this mornin'. I'm saving everything you got for this afternoon, you ornery oat-hound; an' oh, if you ever tried in your life, try for us to-day!"

It was also cold in Lee Sing's shack, and the laundryman shivered as he picked up a folded paper which had been thrust under his door by his friend See Yit, an early-rising vegetable peddler. It was the same sort of slip that Lee Sing had marked the night before, but twenty of the characters had been punched out—the lucky twenty, which had been drawn by lot at midnight in the cellar of the Chow Loon Company.

Lee Sing's sleepy eyes widened as he examined the "drawing." Hastily he compared it with the duplicate preserved for that purpose, and an explosion of strangled gutturals escaped him. The next instant he snatched his slouch hat from its peg and dashed out of the place, his queue streaming behind him, snapping this way and that like a blacksnake whip.

IV

THE day continued raw and cold, with a hint of rain in the air. The rain did not come, but the afternoon breeze brought the fog in from the Farallones—only a shred or two at first, driving low across the infield; then a pearl-gray haze, clinging close to the ground; lastly the main body of the fog bank itself, rolling swiftly in from the sea, obliterating landmarks, obscuring the sun and hastening the dusk of a winter evening.

The fourth race was run through scudding patches of mist; the fifth, in a haze which almost hid the upper turn; and when the bookmakers posted the prices for the last event objects fifty feet away were blurred and indistinct, and rapidly becoming invisible.

George the Greek, acting as hostler for the Randolph Stable, brought Ninespot to the paddock, where fourteen other horses were waiting for the saddling bell. The Greek scowled as he recognized several of the owners.

"Billy called it!" thought he. "Burglars' Handicap is right. Every thief on the track has got a horse in this race. Question is, How many of 'em are tryin'? . . . Jim Barlow ain't—that's one good thing. . . . Ace of Spades looks fine, though—looks ready."

The bell brought Billy from the jockey's room—a stocky little figure in the shabby colors of the Randolph Stable. George the Greek saddled Ninespot under the critical eye of the owner, and the boys engaged in low-toned conversation as they waited the signal to mount.

"My—oh! What a fog!" said Billy. "Jen wanted to see the race; I'm glad I told her to stay home."

"Nobody'll see this race," said George the Greek. "It's thicker than soup out there. . . . Fine chance for rough stuff on the upper turn; the judges can't see any fouls. Better look out for some of these fellers."

"They better look out for me!" said Billy, fumbling in the leg of his boot. "I'm desperate enough to do most anything."

He straightened up and showed the Greek a twenty-dollar note folded small in the palm of his hand.

"Where'd you get that?" demanded George.

"I borrowed it on the watch," replied Billy. "I'm takin' a chance that you got the straight dope on Ace of Spades."

"Both of Barlow's boys told me Jim wasn't tryin' to-day," said George the Greek. "They told me the black horse wouldn't be anywhere."

"I hope you're right," said Billy; "an' I'm goin' to gamble that you are. Stand over here and I'll drop this in your coat pocket. I don't want anybody to see me slip it to you—it might start a lot of pikers to playin' Ninespot. . . . Now this is what you do: Wait till the very last minute, an' then slip into the ring an' get me the top price on him to win. He'll go up in the bettin', sure; you ought to get fifty or seventy-five to one."

"Hadn't I better put ten on the nose an' ten on the limb?" asked the cautious George.

"Put it all on his nose!" ordered Billy. "Every nickel! He'll win or he won't be nowhere; an' if it comes to a cleanin' I might as well be cleaned right. What good will a stop watch be to me—in Arizona?"

"There's something in that," murmured George the Greek.

"I haven't told Jen," continued Billy; "so be careful an' don't spill it. She'd feel bad if she knew I hocked the watch. If Ace of Spades is in the morgue to-day I got as much chance as the rest of 'em; an' this big hound will certainly get a sure-enough ride, no matter where he finishes."

Somewhere in the fog a bugle blared shrilly.

"Good luck, ole pal!" said George the Greek as he hoisted Jockey Randolph into the saddle. "If wishin' was winnin' —"

"I know," said Billy; "but it ain't. That's the hell of it."

The fifteen thoroughbreds passed the grand stand in a ghostly procession, invisible to all but the judges and the spectators near the fence. Even at this close range it was difficult to read the numbers on the saddlecloths, and the presiding judge shook his head at his assistant.

"I don't remember ever seeing it quite so thick as this," said he.

"Nor me," remarked the other. "It'll be just our luck if about seven of these skates take it into their heads to finish noses apart. That'd be lovely, eh? Better run through those colors again, I think. Let's see—red jacket, white sleeves, white cap—that's Harrington's horse; purple jacket, green sleeves, purple and green cap—that's the Denver Stable ——"

Billy Randolph, jogging along at the extreme end of the line, urged Ninespot a bit and soon found himself touching elbows with Jockey Sanderson on Ace of Spades. Sanderson, who was young in years but nevertheless an able business man, was cursing several things, among them Jim Barlow, his heirs and assigns forever.

"What's it all about, Sandy?" asked Billy.

"Barlow crossed me," answered Sanderson, and continued to free his mind.

"Crossed you? How?"

"He told me he'd let me know when he was goin' to turn this one loose, so I could bet some money on him. . . . Barlow never bet a dime for a jock in his life."

The cold seemed to strike Billy Randolph through and through.

"Why," said he, "I—I understood Ace of Spades wasn't—wasn't ——"

Jockey Sanderson interrupted him with a savage oath:

"So did a lot o' people! So did I! Last night Jim Barlow told me this race was just goin' to be another one of 'them things.' Then, at the last minute, when there ain't a chance for me to flag my bettin' c'missioner, Jim breaks it to me that the stable money is down, an' gives me orders to take this baby out in front an' never look back! I leave it to you if that ain't a rotten trick!"

Billy Randolph did not answer. He could not speak.

"It's all right to job the bookmakers an' the public," complained Jockey Sanderson; "but a guy ought to be on the level with his stable c'nections. Here I been grabbin' this bird every time out, messin' him all over the track, bringin' him home outside the money, takin' a chance on bein' set down by the judges; an' now, when Jim gits ready to send him for the checks, he don't even tell me! He's a fine stiff, he is! Why, if I ——"

Out of the fog bank ahead boomed the hoarse voice of authority:

"You boys goin' to be hangin' behind all day? Come on—walk 'em up to the barrier! Walk 'em up, I said! . . . Take it easy now—easy! Bring them—hosses—up!"

(Continued on Page 82)

"Me No Sabby. You No Ketch 'um Dollie Hop, No Ketch 'um Laun'ty"

UNCLE SAM IN FAIRVIEW

DECORATIONS BY H. DEVITT WELSH

I HAVE come to the end of these sketches of the history of recent changes in rural life in Fairview. I cannot finish, however, without telling something of our experience with Uncle Sam's farming missionary—the county agent. I suppose I have delayed speaking of this because I have been depicting the Fairview Idea, and we can't claim the county agent as a part of that; in fact, we are not very proud of our original attitude toward the county agent.

You may remember that the Reverend Frank Wiggins tried hard to have us hire one early in the movement, and had offered Tom Whelpley as his candidate for the job. I was responsible, in the main, for having Tom rejected by the farmers—and then Frank turned on me and got Tom elected to the position of principal of the Fairview Consolidated Rural School, in which position he has heaped coals of fire on our heads by making that school the best in the state, we think, and winning renown all over the nation as the master of a prize rural school, in which teaching is, from the first day to the last and in all branches, knit into the life of the community.

It was a fine thing for us that we rejected the county-agent stone so that it might become the head of the corner in our educational edifice; and I wish to predict that at some time not far in the future all really progressive communities will have the teaching of the A B C of farming, to which the county agents now so largely devote themselves, done in the rural schools. So, as a matter of fact, we accidentally took a leap toward the better by and by when we put that work into the Fairview Consolidated Rural School—where it belongs.

But, though the county agent is not a part of the Fairview Idea, it is a part of that idea to make the best possible use of good things—like the Little Country Theater of North Dakota, and the rural drama of that state and Minnesota—no matter whether they originate with us or not. And the county-agent movement in the United States is too big and revolutionary a function of the National Government to be ignored by any community that is trying to march forward and is even halfway open-minded.

I wonder how many of the readers of this weekly know how great, how vital and how potent a thing for growth the county-agent movement is. I wonder whether there are not many of them who are very hazy in their minds as to what it is, even in a general way. How many know that the United States Government, through the Department of Agriculture, sends missionaries of skilled farming, salesmen of agricultural prosperity, into any county in the United States that fulfills the conditions, pays a part of their salaries—if the state and county will pay the rest—and hires state managers to keep these men in the field and see that they do good work? And that after these men are on the ground they become active organizers of better agriculture, working with and for the farmers instead of on them, and becoming, in fact, County Superintendents of Agricultural Education under United States Government and State Agricultural College management?

A Lesson in Crop-Rotation

MANY know these things; but few, save farmers who have actually worked with these farm experts, know them as one of the great and growing things in our new rural life. Few know that out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand counties in the United States, nearly half, and of those which are farming counties much more than half, already have these salesmen of good farming. Yet such is the fact.

As I have said, we felt that we knew more about farming in this county than any pinfeathered kid from an agricultural college could know. You see, we misunderstood these kids, and also the attitude of the county agent toward the farmers. We thought he was coming out to do things for us or to us. Really the agents do things with us, and become community hired men who perform a lot of work that we all have long known to be good and even necessary, but which men cannot do alone. Take Freeman Clay's chinch-bug campaign, for instance.

It grew out of our ignorance or lack of practice in growing wheat. Not that we oldsters weren't veterans in wheat growing; we all went broke on wheat in the sixties and seventies, when these prairies fed the world with bread. Then we grew spring wheat exclusively. We used to break the prairie sod in April and May of one year and sow it to wheat the next spring. We knew of no crop that would grow on the freshly broken sod; and we thought the furrow slice, a long ribbon of black earth, had to lie and rot for one season before it would make a crop of anything. To be sure, we used to plant corn in holes chopped through the sod with an ax, but sod corn was the synonym for nothing much. Also, we raised our winter's potatoes, turnips, pumpkins and squashes on the new sod, and scant crops of buckwheat for our winter's cakes; but nothing of much value in money.

What we grew helped us to exist, and that is about all. After the earliest flight of pioneers had roughed it through, the later comers found that they could grow a crop of flax right after the breaking plow and make good money on it; and farther west many a man paid for his land with the first crop of flax. Then, in Western Canada the landowners became wise to this possibility and sold the land on the basis of a crop the first year; so that the new knowledge was capitalized in the price of land—just as all knowledge, new or old, inevitably becomes so capitalized sooner or later. It's a law of land values.

After the first crop of wheat, which was the second year of plowing, we sowed another crop of wheat; and then another and another—and so on. The Corn-Belt prairies were golden seas, rippling in the sunshine and the winds—a magnificent sight; as different from the Corn-Belt summer landscape of to-day as Alaska is different from Florida. It was black soil in fall and spring—bare black soil as far as the eye could reach. It was the faint green of sprouting grain in April, deepening into lush greenery in May and June, now beginning to wave in dark ripples in the wind. It was green and gold in July. And in August came the great self-rake reapers, the old droppers and the harvesters, each with two men binding and riding at the same time, and the headers spouting geysers of wheatheads into great board boxes.

And then the prairie became freckled with shocks, which soon gathered into groups of hive-shaped stacks, after which the threshers went about filling the air from daylight till after dark with the hum of the cylinders, rising and falling like the voice of no other machine, in a long, wavering, musical paean of triumphant plenty. Then came the days of burning straw piles, and the stubble fields were again scored with broadening black ribbons of plowed land—broadening until all was black again; and the wagons wore deep grooves in the earth as the crop went to the railway, sometimes as much as forty miles off. And then in the spring there went into those fields another crop of wheat.

Not for too long a time, however, would Nature allow this to go on. There came a time when something mysterious was seen to be the matter with the wheat. It came up as rank as ever, it grew as tall as ever, its heads were as long as ever; but the straw, which used to turn to gold from green, now bore black specks and turned brash, so that the heads would pull off the bands when we cinched up the sheaf before tucking it in. Sometimes, too, our boots would be red with rust from the wheat straw, and at other times the wheat would stand shoulder-high and filled with kernels, when some terrible thing would shrivel the grains almost to chaff.

We waded through deep waters in those days. Nobody knew what the trouble was, though we had all sorts of theories. Now the professors in the colleges of the spring-wheat states have found out that when wheat is sown after wheat, as we sowed it, there are fungi and bacteria which fill the soil and pervade the country. But, though we suffered from them, we did not know they existed. Nobody knew then. Such knowledge belongs to the age of the college of agriculture and the county agent.

We quit growing wheat, finally, and corn became our great crop. Then our states became the Corn-Belt States. Now one may see as much corn as then we saw wheat. It is as beautiful as the wheat, but it is different. Not warned by Nature's protest against a one-crop system, we planted corn after corn. And recently we have begun to see that this, too, is a mistaken policy. Then wheat came back; but this time it was not spring wheat.

In my young manhood, here in the Corn Belt, we had no winter wheat that would resist the severities of our winters. But twenty-five years or so ago Russian immigrants brought to Kansas varieties of winter wheat which are more hardy; and these have gradually made their way north until they are now grown in Alberta, where the season is so short that this year's harvest must be taken off after next year's seed is sown.

Young Men With New Methods

THIS wheat has been perfected by the plant breeders of the colleges until it is better than when the Russian immigrants brought it over. It brought wheat back to Fairview. We began slowly to adopt the Ohio Valley rotation—corn, then wheat, then clover.

Now this new system found us all out of practice in wheat growing. We had never been much troubled with chinch bugs and not at all, to speak of, with Hessian fly; but now both these pests were upon us. About the time that I, at least, had come to the conclusion that I had forgotten a lot about wheat, and that there was another lot I had never known, a county agent was hired for our county.

We in the Fairview neighborhood took very little interest in him and his work. We thought we had in Tom Whelpley and the school, and in Frank Wiggins and Daisy, his wife, and the Fairview Meetinghouse, a good deal more than the county agent could give us in the way of aids to rural progress. We were, perhaps, a little uppish and conceited in the matter.

But the county agent didn't feel that way about us; in fact, he disarmed us by coming to our meetings every Sunday and levying on Tom and Frank for help in his work. He said it was not often that a county agent came to a county in which his work was so well started in an influential neighborhood. If he could just get the Fairview spirit and the Fairview Idea, he said, spread all over the county, he would consider his work there a success.

Now what can you do against that sort of approach! Nothing but turn in and help. And after a while we discovered that not even a Tom Whelpley knows everything; and that the keen young fellow who is making a business of gobbling up every bit of new knowledge, as soon as it is knowledge, is sure to be a few laps ahead of the best of us—except in the general and old-established practices of farming, in which, of course, we old stagers naturally know more than anybody else.

The county agent's name was Freeman Clay. He wasn't so very youthful after all, though we called him, disparagingly, a kid. He had an office in the courthouse at the county seat, and kept a little gasoline runabout, in which he burned up the highways of the county all summer long. On Saturdays he was in his office; and the farmers, and their wives and children, too, got into the habit of dropping in to see him pretty often. I understand this is the way most of these fellows do. Going from farm to farm, as he did, he kept posted on matters of interest; and the first favor he did me was to tell me where I could get three brood sows of the breed I like best, and which I wanted.

He sold fifty dollars' worth of seed corn for Wilson Beebe, because Wilson's boy had been taught in school how to select it, save it and test it; and it was a good variety of corn. He organized boys' and girls' clubs all over the county, and used to come in his little car and take Tom Whelpley ten or fifteen miles about every week, to tell some backward neighborhood how much good we had got out of some community function in Fairview. He was always organizing parties of visitors to attend our Fairview meetings; and localities that still had only the old-fashioned one-room schoolhouses began to simmer with the Fairview ferment.

He always carried a book with him in which he set down notes of anything any farmer wanted to buy or had to sell. He was a sort of universal sales agent and commission man, with the commission eliminated. It wasn't long before every farmer in the county would stop at the turnrow by the road and wait if he saw the dust of Clay's gasoline bug approaching.

I did that one day and complained, when Clay arrived, that the chinch bugs, after ruining my wheat, had attacked the outer rows of corn.

"Too bad!" said he. "I'm from a chinch-bug country myself, and have had considerable experience with them."

"Where?" I asked.

"Kansas," said he.

"Do any farming down there?" I asked.

"Born and raised at it," he answered; "and have an interest in a wheat farm there now. That's how I learned about tackling the chinch-bug evil."

Anti-Chinch-Bug Crusade

NOW I am firmly convinced that he learned about the control of chinch bugs in college; but if he had said so, and called it "the control" of chinch bugs instead of "tackling" them, he knew I should have refused to accept any advice from him. He led me to believe he had picked up his knowledge in farming, just the way I have picked up mine, so I would talk with him as farmer to farmer.

We farmers are such fools sometimes—almost as big fools as the American banker or the American manufacturer. In a business in which only the expert can possibly earn anything above the wages of unskilled labor in other fields, and in which many of us are so inexpert that we actually earn less than do our hired men, there are thousands of farmers who sneer at experts. I have done so myself. I shall no doubt do so at times in the future; but I have learned this much, anyhow: I shall sneer only at the men who are, as I shall for the moment believe, imitation experts and not true ones. The real experts—experts in theory as well as in practice—will always observe me in the act of taking my hat off to them, even if I did earn the reputation of being the prize mossback of the Corn Belt by having a whip socket put on the dash of my first motor car.

Moreover, I am willing to concede that perhaps most of the real farming experts of the country, aside from the successful farmers, are found in the ranks of the county-agent force of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, working with the farmers in the various counties to which they are accredited under the Smith-Lever Act.

All that can be done to check the ravages of chinch bugs after harvest Freeman Clay showed me how to do; I had read of it of course, but it had gone into my brain at the eyes and oozed out at the back of my head, as most things do that we read. That's the value of the county agent to the fairly well-informed farmer: he makes real the things which otherwise remain wrapped in the haze of matters only read of. Only scholars really visualize things that are merely read.

Old Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, father of the county-agent movement and, I think, the greatest educator America ever produced, once said to me: "When a man reads a thing he doesn't know it. When you tell it to him he doesn't know it. When you actually do it before his eyes he still doesn't know it. He never actually knows a thing until he does it with his own hands and brains!"

On the other hand, a friend of mine in New York, who likes to deal in contradictions, is fond of saying that you can't teach any person anything he doesn't already know.

Both these men are absolutely right. I knew, in the way one of them meant, how to check the invasions of chinch bugs marching from the stubble into the corn; but I never really knew it in the way meant by the other until after I had worked it out with Freeman Clay, and found out how far too late it is to tackle these pests after they have got their big summer start.

"Anyhow," said Freeman, "this is no time to start on chinch bugs. Over in Lincoln Township the farmers are going to go after next year's bugs this fall."

"So am I," said I; though I hadn't thought of it until that moment.

"Good!" said Freeman. "You can get most of 'em that way."

"Um—how would you advise going about it," I asked cautiously—"er—under our conditions?"

"Well," he answered, "there's no use fighting them individually. It's a community proposition. They're going at it on a township scale over in Lincoln."

"So are we," said I—for I'd be darned if I'd admit I was plumb ignorant of the whole business after beginning with a bluff. Not that we didn't both know I'd been bluffing; but he is so young and I'm so old, you see. "Can you come over and help us organize the movement?"

"Sure!" said Freeman. "That's what I'm paid for. And I harbor a bitterness toward chinch bugs that makes me feel a savage joy in such a frolic."

Well, with the help of Tom Whelpley, Frank Wiggins and the leaders among the boys and girls, we did have a frolic—and we cleaned them out for the next year. We raked and burned over all the roadsides, so there were no wintering places for eggs of the bugs. We left no batch of weeds uncut or unburnt. We scourged the swales of matted vegetation as with fire and sword; and gave a shampoo to a lot of lawns and orchards which had not been under the barber's care once in their whole history. We went through groves and hedges with fine-tooth combs; and for two or three days the smokes of our holocausts ascended to heaven like Indian signal fires.

We divided the country into sections of two square miles each, and chose squads, which were scored by a committee composed of Doctor Faville, Jeff Sharpe and Ethel Wyatt Fisher, fifty points each being allowed for speed and efficiency. The best three squads got badges, which we sent off for, to be won three years in succession in order to be permanently possessed. And we had a dance and feast at the schoolhouse when it was all over. We were that much to the good, no matter what the effect on the bugs; but I really think it did a lot of good. The next year we had no chinches to speak of; and they had a good many in sections where no bugging contest was held.

I suppose, too, we destroyed a great many other bad insects, of which we knew nothing. You almost always do better than you expect by being thorough. I reckon the San José scale has been a good thing for the fruit industry; when you spray for scale you rid the orchard of pests of which you never had any suspicion.

Practical Coöperation

THIS started a kind of intimacy between Freeman Clay and me, and gave me a new slant on the county-agent business. I began taking rides with him in his car or mine, in which we pretty well explored the county. I never realized before how ignorant the average farmer is of what is going forward on farms within two hours' run; and I came to believe that we haven't yet really domesticated the automobile as a farm tool. It lays all the farm skill of the countryside under contribution for the farmer who likes to know what the real, practical farmers—not the theorists—are doing.

It began by excursions with Freeman Clay to see what other neighborhoods were doing in the anti-chinch-bug crusade; and I found that he was carrying that war into Africa pretty well all over the county. I calculate that in this thing alone he saved the county several times his salary; for we should never have done it if we hadn't had a county hired man to do the drudgery of dragooning us into it.

Pretty soon, however, he began showing me other things. Before I knew it I had joined with six others to buy bulls cooperatively. You must understand that the bull is just exactly half the herd, so far as improvement is concerned; and, as it is cheaper to buy good blood in one animal than in ten or twenty or forty, he is really a good deal more than half from the practical viewpoint.

"Do you know," said Freeman to me, "how many grand sires are never recognized as such until after they have gone to the block?"

He went on and told me of scores of great cows whose sires had been dead before it became known what great and valuable animals they were. So we organized this bull club to get good animals and keep them, passing them from farm to farm among us until they were aged and tested. Some of these days we'll be found showing the Missourians what's what in breeding—all by the exercise of a little common sense in doing things together instead of separately, and saving on overhead charges all the time.

Since then I have made the same sort of arrangement with breeders of my kind of swine also; and the women and boys are doing the same thing with a bred-to-lay

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MACAROONS

By Meade Minnigerode

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

BILLY MANNERS had a pleasant way of arching his eyebrows and he stammered a little when he was interested suddenly in something—or more usually someone. Chaperons had a habit of stopping him on the stairs at dances to tell him he reminded them so much of their own boys—the highest praise a mother can bestow.

Billy went to a little town where they still have hitching posts in the sidewalks—and met a girl. It was at a reception on Easter Monday. It was a very fine reception indeed and Billy was very bored. He was not at all a ladies' man, which is perhaps one reason why the ladies, young and old, all liked him so much.

This reception was the great annual social event in that little town. It took place in a big house on the hill; and, of course, the hill had been there long before the town, socially as well as geographically. His hostess was a very ancient lady who insisted on having the young people around her in spite of the protestations of her rather angular maiden nieces, on whose rebellious shoulders fell the labor of preparing for these festive occasions.

Her house was filled with furniture of the solid variety and her cabinets were bursting with Oriental curios begging to be knocked over and broken. Many of them were, annually. She owned three cats and a spaniel of uncertain age, who joined with the maiden nieces in objecting to these social functions and contrived, with exemplary self-sacrifice, to be stepped on at every turn. In a corner of the library she always had a silver bowl of champagne punch for the gentlemen, presided over by a toothless butler.

No one ever partook of the champagne punch; it was not that kind of town anyway, and the old lady was much relieved every year to find it so. But she felt it her duty to have it, just as she tolerated the new dances, or such emendations of them as had reached her secluded neighborhood. Agamemnon, the most enterprising of her three cats, was the only person—if indeed cats are persons—who had ever been known to sample the punch; and that had been years ago. Really good champagne is so hard to get in a little town where they still have hitching posts before the gates.

On this occasion the rooms were crowded with what the society editor—herself not present—would refer to the next morning as the élite of the town. The tables and sideboards were loaded down with chicken salad, and chocolate and whipped cream, and macaroons made by the maiden nieces, their yearly personal contribution. They were not good macaroons by any means, but they achieved a certain *succès d'estime*, due to their exalted parentage. All these things required to be passed around, and it seemed to Billy that the responsibility of this duty presented itself to him with unending monotony.

Moreover, all the windows on the ground floor were closed. Once he meditated helping himself from the punch bowl, being unversed in the ways of that community; but the butler looked so surprised that he retired hastily, with the vague feeling of having committed a breach of etiquette—and stepped on Agamemnon's tail. Billy was very bored.

He finally came to the conclusion that his duty to his aunt's neighbors had been more than satisfied, and took steps to escape from that reception. But just as he was slipping out of the door there were loud outcries from a group of young ladies near the front windows, and two of them swooped down upon him with detaining hands.

"Why, Mr. Manners, you're never going so early!"—"Why, the idea! I suppose this is too dull for him after the gay life of New York."—"You know, really, we couldn't think of letting you go before you've seen Pepita!"—"She's coming now; she's coming now!"—"There she is! Oh, goodie!"—"Now you'll see!"—"Pepita! . . . Pepita!"

A long cheer for Pepita!

And who was this Pepita? Billy made careful inquiries and was breathlessly informed that, in the first place, Pepita was Pepita, and there were no other girls but Pepita. And in the second, third and fourth places—he lost track after that—she was the best-looking girl, and the cleverest girl, and the duckiest girl—whatever that might portend—in the three adjacent counties. Apparently Pepita was a whiz; and not to stay and see Pepita would be a crime against humanity. She would make him wish he lived where he could see her every day—see if he didn't!

Billy decided to stay.

It Can Hardly be Said That His Heart Was in the Work

In the midst of an impressive hush Pepita came into the room. She stood framed in the doorway, a magazine cover of a girl, all in pink, with brown curls clustered behind her ears. Her lips were parted in a smile, and she contrived to look surprised and timid. It was known as the Pepita look and had many imitators. In her own way she came near being a raving beauty. She was simply delightful to behold.

Billy took a violent dislike to her on the spot.

The hush lasted long enough for Pepita to look around the room, leaving a morsel of her glance, like a benediction, with each one of her devotees. She held her pose in the doorway without faltering until a rising murmur around her warned her that the limit of endurance, so to speak, had been reached. At the same moment she completed her ocular circuit of the room—and her gaze fell on Billy. For just a second she focused the full power of the Pepita look on his person; and then, lowering her eyes, she stepped out of her frame and came to life in the room.

Instantly the spell was broken. A cloud of Easter gowns and bonnets fluttered around her and a multitude of little sounds filled the air, such as emanate from a gathering of enthusiastic young ladies. Billy turned noiselessly and made for the door. There was nothing about this Pepita that he cared to investigate further.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" Retreat was cut off as, for the second time, he reached the door. One of the two young ladies who had detained him before now came running after him, clapping her hands. "Oh, Mr. Manners," she cried, "I do believe you were trying to run away—you naughty man! But I shan't let you go until you have met Pepita."

"Oh, I was just going to see whether the street door was closed," said Billy, somewhat at random. "I'm dying to meet your friend. Where does the line form?"

"Oh, aren't you funny?" exclaimed his captor. "Seeing it's you, I'll take you right up now and introduce you."

"Slick!" remarked Billy; but she did not hear him—nor did he intend she should.

She propelled him toward the center of the room, uttering shrill exclamations of "Pepita! Oh, Pepita dear!"—which attracted the attention of everyone and served to clear a space for them. So he found himself face to face with Pepita, and the circle closed in behind him. Once again a hush fell on the assemblage. Obviously this was a great moment. For one thing, Pepita was about to speak, and undoubtedly she would say something awfully clever; and then Mr. Manners—well, there was no telling what Mr. Manners might do. The moment was crowded with possibilities.

"Oh, Pepita dear!" chirped his sponsor, fully aware of the importance of her function—it might well be that in days to come she might say "Why, yes; I introduced them to each other"—"I want to present Mr. Manners. Miss Farragut, Mr. Manners."

Their eyes met.

The entire gathering held its breath. Bang!

Alas, not the tiniest pop of a bang! It was rather disappointing.

"Mr. Manners?" said Pepita. "So glad to meet you. You'll pardon my left hand, won't you? Nearest the heart, you know!"

A titter ran its discreet course around the circle. Trust Pepita to say something bright.

"How do you do?" said Billy—not that he cared a whoop, at that.

They shook hands, and Pepita's fingers twined around his own like the tendrils of a vine; and Billy hardened his heart.

"What do you think?" chimed in the mistress of ceremonies. "Mr. Manners is so shy! I caught him trying to run away—now didn't I?"

Billy looked at her coldly, but without rancor. She was too young to die; it was quite out of the question.

"Not running away from poor me, I hope!" said Pepita. "I'm sure, Mr. Manners, I should never wish to drive you away!"—accent on the you.

She flashed the Pepita look at him at one-second intervals. She had found it most effective in the past.

Billy felt that something was expected of him. He was always so conscientious. Without any warning he came a step nearer and arched his eyebrows. Pepita was startled.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed; and the circle shivered with anticipatory delight.

"You see," said Billy, "I have never met anyone quite like you before!"

Perfectly true; he never had. He had always managed to avoid doing so before.

"I'm afraid you're making fun of me," said Pepita in a go-on-do-it-again tone of voice.

"Who, me?" said Billy. "I couldn't make fun of you!"

"I don't know about that," said Pepita. "I think you're a dangerous man, Mr. Manners; and I'm afraid of you."

"Don't be afraid!" said Billy, as though he were addressing the last girl in the world. "Let me call you Pepita!"

"From what I've heard about you, I don't believe I ought to—Billy!" she replied very softly, turning from the Prologue to Act I, Scene I.

But Billy missed his cue. He had no intention of going on a conversational joy ride with Pepita.

"May I get you something to eat?" he inquired, and she closed the book of the play of Pepita and Billy with a snap.

Something had gone astray and they were lined up for the Prologue again. Pepita was annoyed.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said, turning away. "I am simply starved, Mr. Manners."

Billy proceeded toward the dining room and provided himself with the first thing that came to his hand. It happened to be a plate of macaroons. It can hardly be said that his heart was in the work.

On the way back he suddenly became aware of a girl sitting in the corner—a jolly-looking sort of girl, prettily dressed and with frank eyes. Billy looked at her once and then promptly retraced his steps to the table. He walked around it once or twice, getting glimpses of her as people came and went between them; then he absently took up a second plate and started off again. It was another plate of macaroons.

This time he looked at her very carefully; and the sight pleased him, for unconsciously he began walking more and more slowly until finally he came to a dead stop before her, with a plate of macaroons wavering precariously in each hand. And then the girl looked straight into his eyes and smiled. Billy was delighted—not because she had smiled at him, though that was pleasant enough, but because the smile reminded him of all sorts of lovable things.

Then very suddenly she tilted her head and began to laugh. Billy came back with a start from some place very far away and realized that he was pouring a cataract of macaroons into her lap.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed; and then his laugh answered hers. "H-have some m-macaroons!"

"Thanks awfully!" she tittered. "And please excuse me for laughing, Mr. Manners. I'm afraid it was very rude."

So she knew who he was, thought Billy; probably someone he had met in the receiving line and failed to notice through some mischance. Certainly he had no idea who she might be; but he was determined to conceal the fact from her.

"I'm terribly sorry!" he said. "Lucky it wasn't ice cream; it would have spoiled your nice dress."

"Do you think it is nice?" she asked. "I made it myself. Won't you sit down?"

Billy stammered again. This girl was not like other girls.

"M-may I s-sit down?" he said, and did so at once.

At the same time he managed to peep around the curtains. Pepita was established at the farther end of the room, surrounded by local swains who seemed to be more than amply ministering to her wants.

He turned to the girl by his side, and for a time they were busy, smilingly eating macaroons out of her lap. She now seemed very timid all of a sudden, and all he could see of her eyes was the beautiful long dark lashes. It was a rather plain little face, except for the eyes; but the mouth was nice when she smiled. And she had lovely dark hair, with no curls at all. Billy looked particularly to make sure.

"Kind of nice, isn't it?" he said at last, without knowing exactly what he meant. "Aren't they? I mean—the macaroons, you know."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I like it—them, I mean."

Billy was not quite sure. Any girl might have said that.

"I meant it was nice being with you, really," he said, and waited.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "That was a compliment for me, wasn't it? You know, people don't usually make compliments to me."

The answer pleased him. He felt sure Pepita would have said something quite different.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "They don't pay much attention to me. You see I'm very young and I'm not really very clever yet. I think some day I shall be if I try. I think it's splendid to be able to interest people. But I'm really not old enough to be very interesting; so I usually just sit and listen, and people don't notice me. I don't mind it a bit. I'm not used to being grown up, quite. I always want to laugh, and you know one mustn't when one is a young lady. It's very difficult, isn't it? Oh!"

She stopped very suddenly, as though frightened at the length of her speech; and he could not coax her eyes to look at him. "Y-yes; it's v-very difficult," said Billy. "You do it so much better than I do. I'm sure you never spill macarooms in people's laps!"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed with a sudden return of animation. "But only yesterday I tickled my little brother's feet when he was saying his prayers—and—oh, I should n't have told you! I must go now, I think. Good-by, Mr. Manners."

She was gone before he could swallow the macaroon he had in his mouth. He jumped up, still holding the plate, and followed her through the door; but the room was in a turmoil of departures. Pepita was leaving and was doing her farewell scene in the doorway. Billy went up to her, feeling that he must say something. "Oh, are you going?" he remarked. "I've been looking all over for you. Do have a macaroon!"

She graciously took the plate from him; and at that moment he caught sight of his runaway friend of the dining room, standing in the hall. He abandoned Pepita, plate and all, and turned to his cousin, who was passing.

"Say, Buck," he whispered, or he meant to whisper, "who's that girl out there? No; in the hall—no; right there, there! Do you see her?"

"Why, that's Miss Farragut, you boob!" said Buck. "You'll see her at the dance to-night." And he escaped to find his own particular divinity.

Pepita had disappeared, which was of no consequence; but the mysterious little lady had also disappeared, and it seemed to Billy that something very fresh and pleasant had gone with her.

What became of the plate of macaroons is not recorded.

It was the unwritten code in that little town that young men should be late in arriving at dances, and Buck, being the leading local dandy, made a point of being later than most. Billy found it very irksome; and when his cousin began a game of pool after dinner he quietly slipped out and went off to the dance alone. And therein he made a grave mistake, for he was the first young man on the scene; and to his horror he discovered that it was a card dance. He was hopelessly outnumbered and hemmed in on all sides, and by the time his card was filled with names he began to see reason in the unwritten code of the young men of that town.

At the first opportunity he retired to the smoking room, to give expression to a few bitter thoughts, and surveyed his card: Miss Mortimer, Miss Ashmead, Miss Ferris, Miss Anne Ferris, Miss Gertrude Ferris—grand slam for the Ferris family—Miss Lawrence. . . . Names; nothing but names. He tore the card into little bits and threw them into the fireplace. Young men came and went; but he was a stranger and they paid no attention to him, after the manner of local young men at a dance. There was an outburst of sounds at the front door and Billy understood that Pepita had arrived. Then the music began, and he knew that the first dance was under way and that he was cutting it.

Billy felt very mean. It was only a step for him to feel very sick. He must feel sick. He did feel sick. Must have been those macaroons! In a moment someone would probably come looking for him in the smoking room. He must look sick. He moved over to the window. As he passed the fireplace it annoyed him to see in the mirror how extremely well he was looking. He tried holding his breath to make himself look pale, but he succeeded only in getting very red in the face. He stared gloomily out of the window and heard the applause for the first encore.

The dance was at a hotel and the smoking-room window looked out on a veranda—a deserted veranda, dimly lit by the glow from the ballroom windows. Billy viewed it without interest, except as a possible avenue of escape. And yet the veranda was not actually deserted. In the shadow of one of the pillars a girl was standing, and when Billy opened the window above her she saw him. She said "Oh!" very softly and stood very still in the shadow, watching him.

One is not told what passed through her mind. One can only judge from her actions. In her right hand she held a macaroon—a trifle crumbled, to be sure; and one wonders why she had it with her. She had not brought it to eat, apparently; and, anyway, under her dark cloak she had on a simple but very pretty evening gown, and it is not to be supposed that she had gone without her dinner. She watched Billy for some time without moving. She seemed to be waiting hopefully for something very special to happen. Her eyes were open very wide and she was biting her underlip with the tips of two very small white teeth.

"Mr. Manners is So Shy! I Caught Him Trying to Run Away—Now Didn't I?"

But nothing happened. Billy just stood there by the window, looking at what he supposed to be the empty veranda. With every moment that passed he felt meaner, and he tried to convince himself he felt sicker. And finally the girl grew tired of waiting.

"Oh, you silly billy!" she observed—but whether she meant Billy in particular or someone else—possibly herself—is not known; then, with a swift little motion, she threw something at the window.

Billy knew nothing until he felt some small object strike his arm and heard it fall to the floor beside him. He looked down and saw the fragments of what had once been a macaroon. For a moment it conveyed nothing to him, though it did seem odd that someone should be throwing macaroons around. Then it occurred to him that it had been thrown from the veranda and presumably at him. Who on earth could be throwing macaroons at him? Good Lord! Who on earth, indeed, but one person! He leaned out of the window.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Wh-where are you?" No answer. "Might as well tell me!" he insisted. "Sure to be caught—throwing things around like that!" Still no answer. "Of course you know I can see you perfectly well!" he lied hopefully.

"Oh, no," came a sudden answer in a voice that set Billy smiling. "You can't see me at all now. You're not even looking in the right direction."

"Wait and see!" said Billy. "I'm coming down."

"I'll be gone when you get here," she teased. "It's a long way around."

Ah, but he had no intention of going down by the stairs! It was not a long drop onto the veranda. He put a hand on the sill. "No, you won't," he laughed. "I'm coming now!" And he did.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, stepping out of the shadows. "Aren't you hurt? You couldn't do it again, I expect; but then, it's not necessary, is it?"

"No; it's not necessary," said Billy. "Did you throw that m-macaroon at me?"

"Yes, I believe I did," she replied. "I mean—yes, I know I did. Do you mind? I'm very sorry."

"Are you?" asked Billy.

"Oh, I can't say," she hedged. "I don't believe I have to answer, do I?"

"No, you don't," said Billy. "Why did you?"

"Oh, dear! You ask a great many questions, don't you, Mr. Manners?" she complained.

"I beg your pardon," said Billy. "Please tell me."

"Well," she replied, "I came to see the dance. I couldn't go to it, because—well, never mind why. I don't have to tell you everything, do I? So I came to look through the windows; it's kind of fun. And then I saw you upstairs in the window; and—and I thought perhaps you'd like to talk to me, and—and I threw it."

"I know why you can't go to the dance," laughed Billy. "It's because you tickled your little brother's feet last night, I'll bet! Well, tell me, how did you happen to have it with you?"

"What?" she asked, looking startled.

"The macaroon," said Billy.

"The mac—oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think —— You're awfully grown up, Mr. Manners, to ask so many questions. I had it—oh, dear! I'm going now. Good night!"

She turned and ran down the veranda like a little ghost and disappeared around the corner. "Hey! W-wait a minute!" said Billy, and lost valuable seconds before starting in pursuit.

He reached the end of the veranda and caught a glimpse of her flitting across the street, and followed breathlessly, his coat-tails streaming out behind him. She went down the street and turned a corner well ahead of him; but he got there in time to see her run up the steps of a big old-fashioned house set back from the roadway. He stormed after her and heard the front door bang before he was halfway up the path. His pumps clattered on the wooden porch and he hurled himself at the door.

"Say!" he panted. "Let me in! Gosh, let me in!" No answer. "Oh, come," he shouted; "be a sport! You can't run away like that."

Profound silence. He began pounding on the door with his fists. It opened about an inch and he tried to push it farther; but it seemed to be fastened on the inside in some way.

"Please go away!" said a small voice, breathless as his own. "Someone will come if you go on making that noise. I shall be very embarrassed."

He stopped pounding. "Won't you let me in?" he pleaded. "We hadn't half begun to talk." No reply. "You're not sulking, are you?" he asked, hoping for a rise.

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The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

The Second Year of the War—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

IN THE first article in this series the writer described the extremely unsatisfactory state of affairs that existed when he arrived in Germany, late in the winter of 1915–16. A few days after his arrival he was discussing the food situation, then the universal topic of conversation—except at the table!—with an old acquaintance, a university professor of unusual knowledge and attainments. The writer ventured to ask what the trouble was. The reply ran something as follows:

"Each nation possesses just so much efficiency; it has a limited number of independently efficient men. This is true, even of Germany. Up to the present time our efficient men have been occupied with other vast problems that confront us; the control of the food supplies has been neglected. What is necessary to be done? The first thing to be done—and that the sooner, the better—is to hang Delbrück politically to the highest pole on Unter den Linden!"

Clemens von Delbrück was Secretary of Internal Affairs, and in his department lay whatever control Germany, as a nation, possessed over the business affairs of the citizens of the component parts of the empire. Delbrück was by nature and temperament unqualified to understand or solve the new problems the war had created for his department. He was, and is, highly esteemed as a critical economist—he now occupies a chair in Jena, striving, like Eucken, to draw a little of the historical mantle of Goethe over his shoulders; as to constructive economics his administration was a fiasco. Of the results of many of the Delbrück enactments it was said that "the principle was saved, but the object was sacrificed."

At the same time, justice to Delbrück, even in his inefficiency, demands that the existing limitations in the powers of his department be recognized. The German Empire is a collection of some twenty-six states, grand duchies, duchies, principalities, free towns and one imperial territory. Binding them together is a constitution that even Germans, trained as they are in metaphysics, regard as obscure, equivocal of construction, and, by reservation of rights to the component parts, difficult of application under abnormal conditions.

The solution of the food problem belonged to the department of Delbrück. His hands were tied, it is true; but a strong man would have broken the fetters, or resigned and raised such a commotion as to force reform in procedure and organization. Delbrück sat helpless, surrounded by turmoil, half-heartedly defended by his friends, who protested against the responsibility being laid at his door. The writer overheard the following conversation between two educated Germans:

"Delbrück is squealing very loudly!"

"Yes; he is being pinched."

"Pinched by whom?"

"He is being pinched between the efficiency experts and the Social-Democrats."

"Then, God help him!"

Batocki's Mighty Task

THE fall of Delbrück was deferred until all plans for the reorganization of his department were completed and the new machinery created that was necessary to do the work. When Delbrück resigned, "on account of boils," with the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle, the very capable and modern Helfferich was appointed Staats-secretär des Innern, and a separate department created directly under the Chancellor, though cooperating with the Department of the Interior—that of the War Nutrition Office.

The new organization included the acquirement of original authority in its affairs, and the creation of a complete set of legal and technical machinery. The individual units of the empire relinquished—presumably for the period of the war—their control over the business affairs of their own citizens, and the Controller of Food Supplies (President of the War Nutrition Office) was given police powers, under martial law, that are absolute in their scope.

The appointment of food controller went to Adolph von Batocki. Of him four things were said: That he had an exceptional record as an efficient administrator; that he followed the method of getting facts first and formulating policies afterward; that he was not self-opinionated; and that he possessed the rhinoceros hide, highly desirable as the skin of a food controller. Later developments showed that Von Batocki possessed powers of conciliation, but also resoluteness of purpose. He has the vision and he has the "punch"—and he is devoid of metaphysics!

Surrounding the controller is a standing committee of experts, who represent the various interests of producer, transporter, middleman and consumer, and army. But it does not include an expert in nutrition! The board consisted of the president; Groener, head of transportation; Von Falkenhausen, under secretary of agriculture; Von Braun, counsellor of the Bavarian Department of the Interior; Dehne, mayor of Plauen; Reusch, an engineer; Stegerwald, an economist; Manasse, general consul in Stettin; and Mueller, Social-Democrat member of the Reichstag from Hamburg.

Under the new organization, the powers centralized in one department authorize the following procedures:

The produce of the soil, plant and animal, may be confiscated in toto.

The amount of his produce that is to belong to the producer for the use of the producer class is determined by the authorities.

The feeding of all livestock is governed by regulation.

The acreage and rotation of crops may be regulated.

The use of fertilizer is under official control.

The use that the grower may make of the crop allotted to him is specified.

Feeding Orphan Children in Germany. Above, a Military Soup Wagon

The price for produce to the producer is fixed by regulation.

The milling of grain, the composition of flour, the composition of bread and the disposition of grain offal are determined by regulation.

The amounts of grain that may be used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is limited by order.

The manufacture of industrial products from produce of the soil—such as starch, alcohol, soap—is limited and regulated.

The disposition of livestock is under regulation; so much and such stock is prepared for market, set apart for the dairy, and so on. The slaughtering of animals for food is under central control.

The uses to which milk is put are determined by regulation. The importation and exportation of all foodstuffs and fodders are under central control.

The number of middlemen that may handle a food is limited by order.

The number of wholesalers and retailers that may engage in the sale of foodstuffs and fodders is limited and specified.

The selection of retailer by consumer is under regulation.

The hours of doing business in sale of foods is under control.

The prices that may be charged by wholesalers and retailers, and the numbers of dealers in any line, are matters of regulation.

More Regulations

THE amount of the several foodstuffs that could legally be in one's possession is limited.

The menus that are to be served in restaurants, eating houses and hotels are limited by regulations.

The ration of the entire people is subject to limitation and specification; so much of this and that article of diet a day, week or month, for each infant, child, adult, hard-working laborer, for the sick, and so on.

It is incumbent upon the controller to see that equality is maintained in the food supplies and fodders allotted to the agricultural classes; that waste is eliminated; that transportation is facilitated; that the prices are not elevated by manipulation; that the prices of all foods are kept to the level consistent with the increased cost of production and the increased scale of wages; and that absolute equality in distribution and consumption is attained.

There were metaphysical distinctions between conditional and unconditional confiscation, and limited and unlimited control; for practical purposes the power of the food controller is absolute.

The new system was installed, with the appointment of the food controller, on June 1, 1916. Under this system Germany passed into a state of communism surpassing the visions of Marx and Lasalle. But it was communism from without, not from within. It did not represent altruism; merely repression of commercial interests of individuals and classes under stress of military necessity. Nevertheless, the workings of the system will illustrate to the world how men may be expected to react to the operations of a communistic system of government.

It is interesting to recall that France in 1792–94 passed through an experience quite like that of Germany to-day. The government seized foodstuffs and attempted to regulate amounts, prices, distribution and use upon a socialistic basis. The experiment failed, according to French historians, because of the impossibility of making the producer, the peasant, play square. The German system profited by experience in one direction, and the work of the food controller was classified as executive, and not legislative. The food controller does not have to go to the Reichstag for authorizations. Otherwise each procedure of the Kriegsernährungs-amt—War Nutrition Office—would provoke a struggle between the Agrarian Group and the Social-Democrats—and both know how to filibuster.

One feature of the German regulations that roused much opposition was the control of prices all along the line—in

other words, limitation of profit. But limitation of profit under these circumstances should not be judged from the standpoint of social legislation; it was war legislation. Limitation of profit is nothing more than conscription of capital. In all wars men have served for nominal pay and risked their lives in the bargain; in all wars industry has pursued its search for gain, capitalizing the exigencies of the emergency. It is an index of higher morality that in this war, on both sides, capital is being made to serve the state—if not for nominal returns, at least for far less returns than would have accrued through the operation of the laws of supply and demand.

German Soldiers Cultivating the Enemy's Land

Another feature of the new system that was strongly opposed was the taking of complete inventories of livestock and foodstuffs, including those of the householder. But it was the foundation of the structure of regulations. The worst mistakes of the Delbrück régime were due to trying to regulate the sale and use of a food without knowing how much of it existed. The inventory not only furnished the basis for the unit of consumption, it also enabled the police to enforce the regulations for distribution and sale. Whenever it was announced that the sale and control of a particular article would be centralized the supply of that commodity in private hands would at once disappear from the market; only a search could recover it.

The thing most hoped for from Von Batocki by the consumer was the abolition of the polonaise. The Berliner is fond of dancing; but there was a great difference between dancing in the Palais de Danse and dancing in front of a butter shop. The word "polonaise" was applied to the waiting in front of shops for the sale of foodstuffs. For months in the cities of Germany, under the régime of Delbrück, literally millions of women spent hours daily standing in front of shops, the police keeping the line. The first shoppers came hours before the time set; often they came the evening before.

The End of the Polonaise

THE reason was that the food card did not carry any guaranty. It was, therefore, first come, first served; when the supply for the day was exhausted the remaining shoppers were turned away. The bread cards were obligatory; there was no dancing in front of the bread shop. But the sidewalks in front of shops for the sale of meat, sugar, butter, milk and fats were more or less continuously thronged. Disturbances of the peace were inevitable and frequent. That the women were withdrawn from occupation for hours was a grievous injustice.

Under Delbrück no one knew how much meat, butter, milk or sugar would be available for sale on a day or within a week. Cards were issued, but the organization was, in reality, only a paper organization. The total value of the food card, outside the bread card, was that it gave the holder the right to stand in line for hours and take the chances. During the month of May, 1916, the householder in Berlin who desired any of the following articles had to stand in line for purchase: Meat, sausage, oil, butter, margarine, milk, flour, sugar, coffee, potatoes, eggs and sauerkraut. The results were appalling in loss of time and energy. Rubner made the amusing calculation that the woman who remained in bed for six hours would have more fat than if she stood in line the necessary time to secure the amount allotted on the card.

This state of affairs was particularly onerous for the mother in the family that had no servant. One of the first acts of Von Batocki was to state the principle that no article of food should be announced for sale until the amount available was known; this amount would then be divided into the population pro rata and fixed time for sales abolished. The Social-Democrats charged, week in and out during the Delbrück régime, that the wealthy were permitted to purchase food outside the regulations. Von Batocki promised equality before the food counter, but stated that months would be required to bring it into effect.

A review of the development of the problems that confronted the new food controller resembles a description of a game of hide-and-seek. The producer class desired to consume, convert or dispose of their produce in accordance with their own interests, as in time of peace. The trading class desired to have the distribution to the consumer pass through the ordinary channels of trade and subject to the customary scope of manipulations. The industrial classes demanded that food be furnished to them in adequate amounts and at commensurate prices. The people had been officially advised at the outset of the war that consumption of wheat, meat and fats would have to be restricted; that of rye, potato and sugar increased as equivalent.

When the inventory of grains was taken in the fall of 1915, revealing a total of less than twenty-two million tons as against twenty-seven millions the year before, the fact also came to light that nothing remained of the excess of bread grains of the previous year. Under these circumstances the authorities paid particular attention to the control of wheat and rye, and were able to maintain the allotted bread ration—seven to eight ounces of flour—despite the restrictions of the small crop, but only by the free addition of potato to the bread. During the winter of 1915–16 some fourteen hundred thousand tons of grains were imported from Rumania, half of which were bread grains. Efficient management in the army effected a saving of some two hundred thousand tons; so that, with the addition of those two amounts, the bread grains available for the year 1915–16 lacked only three hundred thousand tons of the crop of the previous year.

A calculation on the basis of bread-card and flour allotments, including the heavy bread ration of the army, indicated that a million bushels remained as reserve. The importance of this reserve became apparent in the spring of 1916, when the scarcity of potatoes and sugar made an increase in the bread ration highly desirable. The reserve, as in the previous year, had largely disappeared; and, though it was possible to enlarge the bread ration to certain groups of workmen in industrial districts, the fact remained that a million tons of bread grains had again disappeared.

Bread Grains Fed to Cattle

THE statement of the Social-Democratic Party, made in the Reichstag, to the effect that eight million tons of bread grains had been deflected from food to stock feed, was an exaggeration; but there is apparently no doubt that, in all, between three and four million tons were thus diverted within two years. As time passed the unfortunate results of the original establishment of the bread ration have become more and more apparent. Had the flour ration, as flour and bread, been set at the outset at nine-tenths of a pound, where it should have been established, that ration could have been maintained, since the control would have been elaborated to that end. Then, when other articles of food became scarce, the deprivations would have been less severely felt.

The crop of wheat and rye of 1916 was larger than that of the previous year, equaling that of 1914—over fourteen million tons. As soon as this was assured the food controller announced an added ration of one ounce and eight-tenths of flour for children between the ages of twelve and seventeen, increase in the bread ration to nine-tenths of a pound for all manual laborers, and to one pound and

Soldiers Harvesting Apples

Using the Threshing Machine in France

one-tenth for workers in mines and other places requiring unusual exertion. The maintenance of this ration depends upon the physical possession of the grain by the controller; and it is believed that the process of confiscation has been made effective.

Not only was the bread ration increased, but the quality of the bread has been very much improved by the withdrawal of potato. The grain crop of 1916 was relatively larger than the potato crop; so, in the interest of efficiency, the food controller withdrew the potato and restored the normal bread to the people. The potato bread was unpalatable, prone to produce indigestion, and, weight for weight, materially less nutritious. The control of the bread ration has been the model to which the control of other foodstuffs has vainly attempted to attain.

The harvest of 1915 yielded very small crops of barley and oats—only eight million tons, some five million tons short. Since the potato crop was very large, potato could be used as surrogate; and, assuming that ten million tons were used, these corresponded to some two million tons of grain, reducing the deficit very materially. When one considers that one-third of the swine and a million milch cows had been killed six months prior to the harvesting of this crop, it would seem as though the feeding grains, plus potato, should have been sufficient to cover the nutrition of the remaining animals. That this was not true was due to two additional factors: The swine killed were large and the feed demands of the remaining swine included, therefore, growth rations. More important than this, the season of 1915 was very unfavorable for grasses and hay, and the crop of roughage was far below the normal. Therefore, during the winter months increased demands were made upon other feeds, with the result of scarcity before the winter was past.

How the Hay Crop Helped

FOR the crop of 1916 the soil received much better cultivation and much more liberal fertilization than was possible the previous year. This, together with more favorable climatic conditions, resulted in a relatively normal harvest for 1916. The total yield of grains was a little over twenty-six million tons, almost as large as the crop of 1914. It was accompanied by a huge yield of grasses, so that a large hay crop was gathered. From the standpoint of feed requirements for domesticated animals, the large hay crop and the normal crop of oats and barley probably make up for the low potato crop.

Under these circumstances it ought to be possible during the present winter to raise the bread ration for each person to one pound a day, if the exigencies of the situation with other foodstuffs should make this desirable or imperative.

In view of the experience of the previous years, however, the industrial classes will not be convinced that the distribution of grains has been equitably made until the increased bread allotments are upon their tables. Increased utilization of barley and oats for human food has been already inaugurated. In several directions the authorities have secured increase in production of fodders. Some four hundred thousand acres have been added to cultivation; woodland that previously was closed to livestock has been thrown open to pasturage; plants that had been ignored are now being utilized; and the large crop of hay of the past summer was, in part, the result of efforts in this direction.

The problem of the synthesis of foodstuffs has been solved in a positive sense through the investigations of the scientists of the Commission for Fodder-Surrogates. If yeast be grown in a medium of sugar, ammonia and the necessary mineral salts, the ammonia and sugar will be converted into protein through multiplication of the yeast cells. When the culture is dried the powder contains over forty-five per cent of protein. This yeast powder has been used as addendum to the human diet. The powder can be obtained on a larger scale as fodder, and cheaply. The water of pulp mills, containing considerable carbohydrate, is made alkaline by addition of the washwater of gas works, which contains ammonia. The mixture is then inoculated with yeasts; the cells multiply, converting first the carbohydrate into sugar, then with the ammonia into protein of the yeast cell. The cells are washed free of sulphites—from the pulping process—and dried for stock feed. One part of yeast powder equals four parts of grain as carrier of protein.

It has been stated that thousands of tons of such powders are being produced monthly. It is relatively expensive if sugar be used, as there is a large loss by combustion of sugar; prepared from the waste waters of pulp mills and gas works, the gain is almost total. Other fodders are being prepared by action of alkali on straw, the cellulose being converted into sugar. A hundred thousand tons of this feed are being made during the present year. The product has the value of crude sugar, and, mixed with yeast powder or with protein meal, makes a feed equal to ground oats. The residue can be fermented, and alcohol, acetone and glycerine recovered. The food value of the crude sugar is eight times greater than that of the straw from which it was prepared; the alcohol, glycerine and acetone are very valuable.

Meals are made by grinding up different forest plants, to which protein can be added as concentrate. Mixtures of ground oats, straw, chopped hay, straw sugar and protein meal have been formed into briquettes for easy shipment. Kitchen waste and table scraps are subject to collection in cities of over forty thousand inhabitants, and special wagons are provided for this purpose. The collected materials are dried and pressed into cakes and then delivered to communal authorities, who allot them as fodder for milch cows. It has been estimated that the per-capita waste thus saved amounts to over one ounce a day, and that the milk derived therefrom was equal to a million quarts a day. Animal waste matter has been utilized to the practical exclusion of all loss. Slaughterhouse refuse, bones, bodies of dead animals—including bodies of animals killed in the war zone—fish and mussels are dried, pressed and used as fodder, alone or with carbohydrates. Such materials used to go to the soil as fertilizers; to feed them directly means saving time. The control of sale and use of feeding stuffs and fodders of all kinds is now under the charge of the Feeding Permission Bureau, which determines how, where and to what extent livestock shall be fed.

The Pig-Fattening Company

OPERATING in connection with this bureau is the Pig-Fattening Company, which directly or through communals contracts with swine or cattle owners to send to them feeding stuffs against agreements to return certain numbers of fattened animals of specified weight within a stated time. These arrangements, of which the large cities have made especial use, have worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The risk is taken from the feeder, capital is advanced to him and the result cannot be deflected. It would have been better had the state in the beginning confiscated all fodder, feeding stuffs and livestock, reduced the latter to the plane of the former, and fattened them, by contract with the peasant, with the confiscated feeding stuffs. It would have been better to pay the peasant his price rather than to lose the units of human food; if a guard had been placed upon every farm in Germany he would have saved much more than his board and wage.

When the small sugar-beet crop of 1915 came to the refineries these were practically empty of the huge crop of 1914. The exact sugar crop of 1915 was not then announced, beyond the statement that it was about two-thirds of the crop of the previous year. It was later announced as fifteen hundred thousand tons. This should have sufficed to cover the normal consumption of sugar plus the excessive demands of the army. There was paper regulation of sugar during the winter of 1915–16, despite which the peasants fed beets freely, and also molasses; and the consumption by distilleries was probably in excess of the normal.

In January, 1916, sugar had become very scarce. Then the feeding of beets and molasses to livestock was prohibited and the recovery of the sugar from molasses again permitted. Sugar cards appeared in March as local regulations, the allotment was not guaranteed, maximum prices could not be maintained, and during the spring and summer months sugar spelled confusion.

A survey of household consumption indicated that this had been abnormal. The authorities had evidently calculated that the people would consume the usual

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German Soldiers Commandeering Pigs in the North of France

One Corner of the Gigantic Army Storehouse in Berlin for Meat and Sausages Alone

Where the Wine and Beer for the Troops are Casked in Berlin

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Do You Not See Its Fearful Eye Staring at Me Through the Wall? Save Me From It!"

IX

AT THIS point we were nearing the Asphodel on her port side, and looking up I caught sight of Joe Goddard staring at us over the rail. He beckoned mysteriously and disappeared.

"Who is that?" cried Hawley quickly.

"The watchman of the ship."

"Ah, the fellow with the story about bells. Bring me alongside, Mr. Weymouth, if you please."

The detective went up a knotted monkey rope like a sailor. His method with Goddard was direct and downright. He correctly gauged him from the start. Like all sailors, Goddard supposed that some natural right existed on the part of the police to clap him into jail as soon as he stuck a leg ashore. He had no intention, he told us hoarsely, to foul his anchors by reason of his lingering there aboard the Asphodel.

"I'm a seafaring man," he said, "and I'm accustomed to speak out what's on my mind, and that's a fact. I was brought up by Black Dan, of Bucksport, and he was one of the finest sailormen under the canopy of heaven, between you and me and sidewalks of New York. 'Joe,' he says to me—if he says it once he says it twenty times—'in time of danger,' he says, 'a dogfish swallows her pups,' he says. 'But don't you do nothing of the kind. Spit it out,' he says, 'brace, bolt and shackle. Don't you hold nothing in your brooding-sack,' he says, 'nothing at all, because you got to remember there ain't much consideration showed to sailors, by and large, in any port that ever I sailed out of'"

"Black Dan is a man after my own heart," said Hawley.

"One of the finest sailormen under the canopy of heaven," replied Goddard.

He then proceeded with his story. It appeared that about a week prior to the appearance of the act, Man or Mechanism, at Silver Glade, Captain Craigenside had transferred his watchman from the ship to the house. It became Goddard's duty to come ashore at nine o'clock in the evening—at which hour the captain usually retired—and patrol the front porch until relieved. This was as a rule about dawn.

The captain was very nervous all this while, and Joe often heard him pacing overhead in his sennit slippers. Sometimes he would lean down from the wrought-iron balcony over the head of his watchman, and surprise him with a few guarded words. Joe supposed that at such times one of his old fits had overtaken him, and although never his familiar, he had a good deal of commiseration for the plight of so good a seaman. If he had ever had any ambition to lead the solitary life of a sea captain, it would have been put to flight by this prolonged observation of the morass in which his skipper had become involved. If there was such a thing as night terrors Craigenside experienced their bitterness to the full.

"More than once I wondered why he didn't weigh anchor and loose sail on the Asphodel," said Joe, "but this trouble of his he carries under his own hat, I suppose. At any rate, no man could have stuck closer to a house than he did to his."

Then came the night of the fracas in the Glade. This was a night of strange happenings, Joe averred. First, along about eleven o'clock the young lady, who was usually as quiet as a lamb and much more self-possessed than her uncle, came rushing up the terraces like a mad woman with her hair tumbled and her cheeks as pale as death. She went past Goddard without a word and stood leaning a moment against that cast-iron dog on the lawn, and looking back toward the river with heaving breast.

Fascinated, Goddard crept up on her, and for an instant, before she turned away from him and ran into the house, he saw the expression on her pale face. Her jaw with its delicate squareness was set, her dark eyes expressed a fiery resolution; but beyond this they were full of a supreme happiness, which seemed to communicate itself to every atom of her body. This transfiguration was so strong that even the rough seaman could not fail to note it.

He stood there wondering in the darkness, and then it occurred to him that if he was to inhale the true savor of this thing it must be through the medium of tobacco. He searched his pockets in vain, and at last remembered that he had left his pouch on a spile at the wharf's end.

He had heard nothing of the captain on this evening; he felt certain that he must be asleep. Whether asleep or no, the pull of the tobacco pouch was too strong to be resisted. Down he went, as speedily as his bow-legged gait would warrant. He snatched the pouch from its spile, filled and lit his pipe, and began to reascend the terraces at a more contented pace.

Then when he was about level with the second terrace he heard behind the rose bushes there the noise of some sort of scramble. There was a hollow sound, as if a man's ribs had been severely thumped; then a more ominous sound yet, as if a skull had been splintered by some sort of bludgeon.

Joe Goddard snatched his pipe from his mouth and rushed forward, only in time to see Captain Ruel stretched his length on the turf, and a rill of blood sprawling on his cheek. He stood aghast, but before he could collect his wits to look about him for this mysterious night assailant he received himself from behind a crashing blow on the head which tumbled him senseless across Ruel's body. When he opened his eyes Craigenside was standing over him, staring at his hand, which was crimson with blood where he had put it to his head.

"What's all this?" he said in a dazed way. "What's gone on here, Goddard?"

"We've been knocked out by some sort of thug or other," said his watchman. "Did you get a glimpse of him, I wonder?"

Ruel shook his head stupidly; then struck by a sudden thought and with a frightened oath, he wheeled in his tracks and began lumbering toward the house. Goddard, staggering after him, was in time to see him snatch open the lid of the clock, mutter "Gone!" in an agonized voice, and sink to his knees in a kind of lethargy. As to what might be gone, Goddard did not know; he had never monkeyed with the clock itself.

Hawley and I were not so much at a loss.

"It looks as if the jig was up," I said. "The man has got what he wants; he must be off by this time."

"Not so sure," said the little man. "We do not know yet into whose possession the jade actually came. We do not know who delivered these two very skillful blows."

"Who if not the ornithologist?"

"Assuming that he had a living assistant, that man must have had an interest in the thing. Otherwise why should he have tried to murder him?"

"Have tried——"

"We have no proof of actual murder."

My brain reeled.

"Neither have we proof of an actual victim," I reminded him.

He acquiesced.

"We have first to construct a man; we have next to contrive his escape from the power of this mesmerist. But, assuming the criminality of Smith, this is certainly one of the possibilities; and if we do not assume his criminality we might as well give over effort at once."

Turning to Goddard, who had stood listening in a puzzled way, he said curtly:

"Did you see the young lady again that night?"

"In about ten minutes she came by again, and there was Captain Craigenside standing beside that cast-iron dog with blood on his cheek and his eyes bulging out of his head. It was just after his looking into that clock for something that wasn't there. But she seemed to take no notice of him at all, but into the house with her and up the stairs at one bound."

"Did she retire then?"

"No, sir, she was on the roof of the house with her uncle's glass for a good hour. Then down she came, and said to me she was going over to spell the girl with the old lady."

"You did not attempt to follow her, I suppose?"

"I was too sick and sore," replied Goddard. "I had all I could do to hang onto my head."

"So that you do not know whether the young lady actually did as she said she was going to?"

"Well, now, I think I do. For the next day I says to the Crooker girl: 'You look peaked. Were you sitting up all night with the old lady?'

"'No,' says she; 'I was spelled at the usual hour by the young lady.'"

"And what time did she come back?"

"Along sun-up. She was as fresh as a daisy then, and came along singing. That's the first time I've heard that girl sing, too, to my knowledge."

"She was happy," said Hawley reflectively. "Now what an odd circumstance, gentlemen, was that! You will agree with me that the sight of her uncle, bathed in his own blood and half demented by the approach of some creeping horror, could not have been the cause of this singing; nor is the bedside of a dying woman usually a cause of cheerful reflection. Yet after such a night she sings—she sings. Not out of sheer callousness or indifference surely."

He mused. Arching his brows he stared at the house, which seemed to pose for him defiantly its eternal mystery.

"What a race!" he muttered.

Then to Goddard: "You know nothing of the old lady who lies yonder, I suppose?"

"Nothing more than she's not long for this world," returned the watchman. "They say she's a sort of witch with a devil in her closet and fire on her tongue, if she likes."

"What sort of a devil precisely?"

"That I don't know."

"Nor any man, most likely. One thing I had very nearly forgotten—the instrument with which you were struck. You, of course, do not know what that was; but if you will take off your cap I may be able to determine something from the wound."

"That won't be necessary," said Goddard, "because, as a matter of fact, I know exactly what hit me."

"Ah! He left his weapon."

"It was lying in the grass the next morning."

"You have it?"

"I took it back to the ship, where it belonged. It was a wooden belaying pin, which had been taken from the fife-rail round the mizzen."

"Ah, a belaying pin!"

Hawley opened his eyes wide:

"Is there another man on the ship?"

"There wasn't to my knowledge," said Goddard. "Of course he might have been there all the time and I not have known it. But I gave the ship a good going over, and I couldn't find hide nor hair of him. Of course by that time the horse was out of the stable, as the feller said."

"Precisely so. But he had left no trace of his residence on that ship?"

"None that I could see."

Hawley sank his chin on his breast. He seemed in a trance. Then suddenly he flung up his head and eyed those black, jagged cliffs which began where the dunes ended.

"You're likely to prove my star witness," he said, and we went over the side.

"I only hope I ain't quoted against myself," said Joe Goddard uneasily.

"Never fear," laughed Hawley as we floated clear of the Asphodel. "A man can't be asked to incriminate himself."

When we were once more in Silver Glade, Hawley said briskly:

"This is a very curious old lady, I perceive—the one who has a closet demon. I should think it might be an invaluable possession, like that demon Socrates made use of. What do you know of her?"

"Here comes the man who can tell you everything," I answered.

I had seen Doctor Starr picking his way gingerly over the pine roots. The little old doctor used to smoke his pipe on the water front at this time of day, when he was able. He seemed to like to watch the tide himself. So often had he fought against the influence of its ebb that it had become a living spirit to him, or perhaps a great host of spirits flowing over the horizon.

Doctor Starr explained the fate which Amos' calculating humor had enforced on the old lady. Hawley scratched his ear.

"Fate does sometimes take strange twists out of maiden ladies," he said. "What a fund of bitterness there might be there, gentlemen. Yet she goes with him on his last voyage."

"She made him agree to take her against his better judgment," interpolated Doctor Starr. "Fairly swam aboard, and sat in his forechains," continued Hawley. "Acted as stewardess all through that voyage of which we know nothing, and finally prepared him with her own hands for those last rites."

"She will soon follow him now," said Doctor Starr gently.

"Is she so very low?"

"She may go with any tide."

"Ah, yes—again that notion."

"Notion or not," said the little doctor testily, "it comes true nine times out of ten."

Hawley nodded.

"Is there anything odd about this old house of hers?"

"Odd? How do you mean—odd?"

"In the construction."

"Nothing that I know of. If there is anything secretly constructed, it is that old lady's brain," said Doctor Starr. Turning to me, he added: "She has a strange desire to talk with you, Weymouth, which I see no reason for not gratifying, if you are agreeable."

"With me?"

"Strange as it may seem," he returned dryly, "you have made an impression on her. Medicine must be sent over to-night which I expect by the eight o'clock mail. Will you take it to her?"

"Good," said Hawley. "It's the candy, my boy. This is very opportune. We could not very well have forced ourselves upon her, but I wish to know the lay of the land there. It may be that her closet demon will prompt her to make some useful revelation."

"And you?"

"That is a horse of another color," said the little man. "I shall be busy on my own hook, never fear. As the lawyers say, I shall be off on a little frolic of my own."

He drew me aside and said in a whisper:

"Watch for the ebb."

There was still sunlight left when Hawley departed. To calm my mind and bring it out of its confusion, I took oars and went up the river in a little punt belonging to Sturgis.

She Went Past Goddard Without a Word and Stood Leaning Against the Cast-Iron Dog on the Lawn

What strangeness there was in all this business! It seemed certain that there was a connection between the disappearance of that scarlet puppet and the secret history of the Craigensides; and what could this connecting link be if not the god which had been stolen from the shelf in that upright teakwood coffin? But if that was it, then vengeance had been consummated; and what likelihood was there that the criminal still lingered in this neighborhood? I for my part had privately made up my mind that I should never again in this life clap eyes on Mr. James Smith. He had gone as he had come, without fuss or feathers, perhaps into the sea, perhaps transmuted into one of those whirling sand devils which fled along the crests of the dunes in vanishing troops. Whether or no he still had length, breadth or thickness, it was my opinion that he had transported himself beyond our jurisdiction.

So musing, I drifted into that region of marshland where Dave Crooker had his little black fishhouse set up on piles. The day was still extraordinarily clear, but a rampart of purple cloud had risen imperceptibly on the horizon to the north, and wind began to come in strong gusts, hurled like clods against the tiny house, rattling the many oars which lay in a heap across the rafters.

"Nothing but wind," said Dave Crooker. He sat outside the door with a black weir net across his knees. "There is no rain in those clouds. But look there! The gulls are drunk with wind."

He peered seaward, and there the fat flock could be seen whirling and tossing their tipsy bodies against that ugly rack of cloud.

"Ghosts, every one," said Dave Crooker. "Man alive, I mistrust those fat, squawking birds. But there they are, and there they'll be when you and I are gone. There's no patience like theirs."

"So it seems."

"There'll be a new one wrangling with them before the week is out."

I understood his reference to poor old Mercy.

"She is near the end then?"

"Well, well," said Dave, "this time I calculate she'll make a die of it. Would you believe it now—her feet are dead already."

I wrinkled my brow.

"Yes, dead and buried," went on the fisherman, paring down a huge cork with his crooked knife.

"Buried?" I uttered sharply.

"Sure enough—in an ungodly lump of clay that I dug myself for her below the gravel pits. She's mortifying fast."

Dave looked mysteriously round him. A late sun was streaming on the dunes. Sea and shore had entered their evening conspiracy of shining silence.

"I hear she doesn't want to go," he said gravely. "Doesn't want to go."

"Do we any of us want to go?"

"Still, where she has lived her life, a man would think she would know enough not to train on as she does. But, dear me, my girl Amanda has waited on her by meles for the past week; and quite often she is out of her head, the old lady, and no sooner is she out of her head than she dreams she is in hell."

"In hell!"

"Yes, sir, with the flames scorching her. Did ever you hear of that? Calling out 'Water! water!' and squirming on the bed like all possessed. She's a strong Methodist, too, strong Methodist to appearance. But now if I was to bet with you about that old lady ——"

He narrowed his eyes. "It's God's truth she and old Amos had some league with the devil. Yes, sir. It would come natural to him; and she was that kind, that she would follow where he led. She wasn't in them Eastern oceans all her life for nothing."

I laughed, knowing this to be normally a spur to Dave's imagination.

He shook his head and rasped his hands together.

"You kin laugh," he said, "but my daughter will tell you that it ain't no laughing matter. She has heard her talking to the devil himself this last day or so, and if it wasn't that she was a mighty sensible, strong-minded kind—she's like her father, takes an interest in things and the like of that, but ain't to be frightened—she'd have fled the house long before this."

"And why?"

"Maybe you ain't heard about the old lady's closet demon," suggested Dave.

The closet demon!

"Explain this thing," I said.

"There ain't nothing that can be explained," Dave answered. "But there's an imp from hell joggling her elbow the moment my daughter's back is turned. She can't be left alone a second."

"And what like is this imp?"

"That's more than I can tell you," said Dave gloomily. "It's not of this world, but still it has a mortal hunger for the old lady's soul."

"And it is this demon which is tormenting the old lady?"

"There ain't a doubt of it. The thing keeps dragging and dragging at her, and won't take 'No' for an answer. She'll go with the ebb."

Dave stood up with his weir net over his shoulder.

"I'm heading for the dunes," he said. "Will you put along with me?"

We began to go toward the sea together. The sun had left the water by that time, but the gulls flashed light as they glided in the upper air, which held a mellowness of last rays. The wind fell away to nothing, and in the stillness we heard the sea droning on the coast. The dunes were like crouching yellow hounds awaiting whatever prey destiny might waft them from that wide horizon. More dazzling and more unstable than the imagination of man itself, they were not the same two days together. They rippled, crawled, billowed, uncovering here and burying there. At no great distance from the tomb of the Craigensides the bones of some old ship had come to light, a file of charred rib ends protruding black as ink into the swimming golden lights of the western ridges.

"Look how the sand has sucked her old skeleton in," said Dave.

The great net was draped over his crooked shoulder, corks dragged at his heels over the yielding sands. He looked himself like a sea wraith born of that shipwreck; and I was following him, smiling a little at the figure he presented, when suddenly he came to a full stop opposite the tomb itself.

This had been cut into a solid rock ledge, at the extreme limit of sand. It was a desolate little place. Granite pillars had been set at intervals round it, linked together by sagging chains which had grown very rusty. At the base of the tomb some sort of tiny flower grew in clusters, and the iron gate had wrought into its pattern a scheme of lyres and weeping willows, much bitten by time and sea salt and driving sand.

Now a strange thing: The little fisherman at my side stared and then bent down with a convulsive movement, his nose all but thrust into the sand.

"Come here, boy, come here," he said in a throaty whisper.

The golden coloring had left all those floating wisps of cloud; the dunes lay cold and ashen in a sinking light; and coming up behind my little fisherman I saw with beating heart the thing he pointed out. We were not twenty feet from the front face of that old rock tomb, and there in a patch of firm sand the tracks of a naked foot were sunk deep.

I sank to my knees. Beyond all question I had under my eye the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. I sprang up and stood staring at the rusty door and the purple flowers all about it, and scarcely felt old Crooker twitching my sleeve.

"Let's put her for home," he muttered. "Let's put her for home, boy."

"Wait," I said. "There may be nothing mysterious about this."

"Look there at the six toes. Man alive, it's no one else!"

I laughed, but not with very great heartiness.

"Oh, Dave," I said, "this must be a weary weight of a ghost to leave a track like this"

"I've thought of that," returned the fisherman, "and now this is what I am thinking: It's a weight of sin that makes his track so plain. He carries a load of sin, the old pirate, bound fast to his back; and who knows if even hell fire can burn it up and purge it away. Stamp out the track and put her for home."

"No," I said.

I took a step forward.

"You're never going into the tomb? "cried Dave, aghast.

"I'm going into the tomb."

"You're crazy mad!"

I confess to you that in that first moment of discovery I do not think all the powers of another world would have sufficed to bring me to a closer inspection of that grisly vault. The myth of six-toed Amos had been so often in my mind that this impression in the sand came as an eerie verification of the wildest stories told of that old pirate. I half expected the old reprobate to shape himself dimly in whirling sand. The old fisherman stood away from me.

"I wouldn't be the man to meddle in the affairs of that house," he said in a voice hardly audible.

"Then I will," I answered sharply, and I knelt before the tomb.

At once I found that the heavy padlock had been broken. This discovery had some effect in putting to flight my superstitious terrors; but it had no less the effect of presenting the tomb in the guise of a formidable menace. I drew my revolver and swung open the door. I go no further than to say that my search was thorough, and that there was nothing living in the tomb.

"Did you think there was something there that you could put your hand on?" muttered Crooker.

Excitement was rising in me, for I thought now that I knew who had found sanctuary in that place. I looked along the south shore to where the heavy cliffs began and the sand ended. There were a thousand cracks and spouting caverns in the face of that giant rampart, where a man could lose himself. Was my suspect even now crouching in one of them? But why, after so long a time, should he still linger in the neighborhood?

I left the fisherman still shaking his head, and casting back God-fearing eyes at the flashing gulls. I reached the Glade scarcely in time to station myself at the theater gate. Then when the audience was inside the fence, I ran down to the shore to speak to the two men who were in charge of that raft laden with rockets and colored bombs which had been anchored in midstream. This was the evening of our second pyrotechnic display. "How will the wind be?" I said to the leader of these two men, a sagacious devil with hollowed cheeks and satirical eye.

"Offshore," he said briefly.

"So you said before," I answered him tersely; "but one of your rockets went through the theater roof notwithstanding."

"That will not happen again. We have set these sticks up at a different angle this time—about eighty degrees. They will all land in the river"

"Make sure they do," I replied. "The first rocket is to go off the moment the five arcs come on under the theater roof. Then wait five minutes and go on with your exhibition."

I left the powder monkey grinning, and went back on the gate. At some time during the second act Doctor Starr put into my hand a bottle wrapped in pink paper.

"Here you are," he said. "The girl will know how to give it."

I pocketed the bottle.

"Any time before midnight then."

He was gone.

I felt that there was no time to lose. I held a deep-seated conviction that some part of this mystery lay locked in that old lady's dying brain. Accordingly I got my colleague on the gate and crossed the river.

Making my boat fast to the Craigenside pier I skirted the lowest terrace, leaped the stone wall, and found myself in Mercy Cobb's estate.

Mercy's house lay to the left of the Craigenside estate. It was far older than the larger place. Long, low and broken-backed, it seemed as if several ripples had been sent through it, like those which attend movement on the part of a caterpillar. Seaweed had been banked all round its foundation the winter before for the warmth, and this rampart, though shriveled and blackened, had never been removed, and straggled away from the house like locks of the dead Medusa. The windows were full of small, wrinkled panes, and the unpainted shingles, dislodged in places, glowed wan silver under the flying moon as I stepped into the yard. It was like an old gray hen that had begun to molt.

Delicate pilasters were set into the body of the house at the front door, supporting the fan-shaped glass transom over it. Into the worn granite flag which served for a step an iron scraper had been sunk and leaded, and on the ground at either side lay vertebræ of giant blackfish bleached marble-white and very porous. The wind that eddied there bearing the strong odor of the flats, testified that already, as I pulled the bell, the tide was running hard.

A sleepy girl, of nineteen or so, with red eyes and flaxen hair, let me into the hall. This was the daughter of the fisherman.

"I've brought the medicine," I said, and handed her the bottle.

She was a tall, broad-shoulderd girl with tousled yellow hair and kindly eyes red from lack of sleep.

"I'm thankful you've come," she breathed, half sobbing. "I've been thinking she might go any minute, and me here all sole alone with her."

"Is there nobody to relieve you?"

"Miss Craigenside was here earlier, but the captain sent for her."

"How is the patient?"

"She couldn't well be worse. Oh, Lordy, I hope I never live to grow old and carry on as she does. It's just wicked that that good old soul should be made to bear it in her last days. It doesn't seem right. Oh, I do sincerely hope I may die young, sooner than come to this."

"She has requested to see me."

"Then come this way, please."

The house had a faint, not unpleasant smell of must, interpenetrated by the odor of straw matting. A week's dust lay about, but otherwise the place was neat as waxwork. Not a rug was turned, not a chair out of its appointed place. Faded pictures in tarnished gilt frames hung against wall paper that had wrinkled and blistered in the corners, and the design of which was of a very ancient date. The stairs and banisters creaked and snapped as I followed my guide upstairs. A hand lamp stood burning dimly on the top step. In another moment I had entered the room, and stood looking down at all that was left of the earthly tenement of Mercy Cobb.

The indomitable old lady presented an extraordinary spectacle. She was propped up in the huge four-poster, her meager body covered by a sunflower quilt, one of these affairs of a thousand pieces, to which such women devote I hesitate to think how much of their lives.

"Ah, you are there," she said feebly. "Sit down, my good young man."

Her black eye held craft and entreaty in it.

I drew near a blue-painted wooden chair, on the back of which a red robin was roughly indicated. She regarded me with burning eyes, clutching the quilt to her chin, the witchlike outthrust of which sickness had exaggerated. And this movement of the quilt revealed, what I would rather not have seen, a great lump of glistening blue clay at the foot of the bed, in which her feet were buried. The angel of death, it seemed, touched her cold by horrible degrees.

"I'm going with the ebb, as I said I should," she whispered, closing her eyes. "Have you seen the captain?"

"Not to-day."

"Ah, he's up to some deviltry. He called the girl from an old lady's deathbed. I never liked that man from first to last. Not from first to last. He's no more like his father than chalk is like cheese."

The girl came in with the medicine in a graduated glass. Old Mercy clutched it in a trembling hand.

(Continued on Page 74)

The Head of the Little God Spun to the Feet of the Priest, Still Emitting That Baleful Light

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Food and Frightfulness

THERE have been many contradictory reports about food conditions in Germany, and in palliation of the ruthless acts of the Central Powers their sympathizers have claimed that women and children are being starved to death. The results of Doctor Taylor's six months' scientific inquiry into the control of food supplies in Germany, now being published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, seem to establish conclusively that up to the last of the year, at least, Germany, while it had had to tighten its belt, was not starving or threatened with starvation.

That the German nation as a whole is living on short rations, and rather uninviting rations, appears to be the fact; but that any condition approaching actual starvation exists in any class is not true. Germany cannot plead that extenuation for lawlessness and ruthlessness.

Precedents

THERE are two broadly typical ways of looking at a precedent. The conservative way is to say: "This institution, or policy, or custom, has endured so many generations; therefore, it must be the final embodiment of human wisdom, and we should be bound by it." The radical way is to say: "This thing has stood here a hundred years; therefore, let's give it a kick in the ribs to find out whether it's still alive, or only a mummy."

Taking it by and large, the radical way, of course, is the more intelligent—especially in politics; for if any political arrangement was good a hundred years ago the rational presumption would be that it is not good now. Step into a museum and notice how little of the stuff that was used a hundred years ago would be useful now. For one illustration: Nobody knows better than constitutional lawyers and Federal judges how the Constitution of the United States has undergone constant modification from the day it was adopted, until its framers would hardly recognize it now.

Recently they have been quoting Washington and Jefferson and Monroe on every problem that has come before them. Quoting Confucius would be almost as much to the point. Washington and Jefferson, at least, were not blockheads. They did not derive their policy from the precepts of Solon, but from the situation of America and Europe as it was in their day.

What somebody else had thought on the subject under the different conditions of a century before would have interested them little. They had recently been engaged in a very extensive smashing of precedents.

Work for a New Solon

IN HIS last sane years Nietzsche projected a great book which he was never able to write. His notes indicate something of what he had in mind. One of them reads:

"Third Book: The problem of the legislator. To bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another; to make a real augmentation of force."

Doubtless he did not mean a League to Enforce Peace, for he held that a truly useful state must engage in vigorous warfare "to put an end to all lightness of mind." To a great philosopher, whose frivolous contemporaries paid so little attention to him that he had to publish his immortal works at his own expense, and could find only half a dozen people to read them—even when presented with copies—lightness of mind might well seem a serious evil—to be remedied by shooting off the male population's legs, thereby reducing them to a state of sobriety which would relish philosophy.

All the same—especially in view of what has been happening during the last two and a half years—that note suggests an enormous task for the statesman: "to bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another." Even in the peaceful United States a large part of the country's potential force does cancel itself by mutual jealousies and antagonisms. Better coöperation is the greatest problem before the world.

Statecraft

THE Bryce report on Armenian horrors is possibly subject to a certain discount, because the atmosphere of war is not conducive to judicial poise. Making all reasonable allowance for that, it still seems clear that some hundreds of thousands of Armenians were murdered by the Turks in 1915 and 1916, with all the beastly circumstances of Genghis Khan and Tamburlaine. Children were brained and drowned wholesale, and the highest good fortune for a woman was to find some means of committing suicide before falling into Turkish hands.

The hundreds of thousands of Armenian men, women and children who were killed with appalling cruelty during the last two years were really victims of Europe's international system. They were among its logical fruits. The civilized states were so completely occupied in jealously watching one another, and patching up a wabbly balance of power, that the Turk practically had a free hand. The civilized power of Europe simply canceled itself in mutual distrust and hostility.

We may be absolutely sure that the old system will produce the old results. Under it, a generation hence—if the Christian subjects of Turkey have not been quite exterminated—we shall be reading of more Armenian outrages. The only remedy is a new international relationship.

Advertising the Library

SEATTLE sends us a set of attractive placards that are well suited to making citizens aware of their public library. One of them reads: "Get the good out of your Public Library! Borrow the brains of the best writers in your line of work. For information on any subject, try the Reference Department, Main 2466." Another says: "When you want information, statistics or facts, don't hesitate; come to your Public Library or telephone. This service is yours for the asking." Another reminds the Seattle parent that "Your child's reading may bring happiness, success, character. If you want to know what books are worth while for boys and girls, go to your Public Library; ask the Children's Librarian."

Skilled workmen and those who wish technical information are reminded that the latest and best books are to be found at the library: "Go to the Technology Room and ask for Mr. Thompson, who will be glad to assist you."

This is real public-library service. Broadcast messages of that sort, in striking and attractive type, will multiply a library's usefulness.

Every day's mail shows us how much public libraries need to be advertised. Follow Seattle's example in inculcating a public-library habit.

A Real-Estate Note

THE world is going up!

A hundred and fourteen years ago we bought from France nearly a million square miles of territory, containing great areas of agricultural land as rich as any on the globe, all in a temperate climate and abutting on a great highway to the world's markets. The purchase price was approximately fifteen million dollars, or only a few cents an acre.

Fifty years ago we bought from Russia nearly six hundred thousand square miles of remote and rugged territory, just under the Arctic Circle, having little known productive power. The price was seven million two hundred thousand dollars—a great advance over the Louisiana Purchase, considering the difference in the land.

The other day we bought from Denmark a handful of rocks in the Caribbean and paid twenty-five million dollars for them.

This overmatches any story of city real-estate boom that we know. The world is going up!

No farther back than the eighteenth century great parts of the earth's surface were like land, say, in Nebraska in the early seventies. A farmer with a homestead claim and a timber claim, and illimitable reaches of scantily settled country all round him, might swap a horse for somebody else's timber claim, or pay a hundred dollars for a school lease; but getting more land was a matter of no particular urgency to anybody. Now the earth's whole temperate zones are pretty much like real estate at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. Every square inch is coveted by competitors who are able to throw almost unlimited resources into the competition.

A Hopeful Sign

CONGRESS, it seems, has some interest in the subject of economy. The Senate proposes asking the President to investigate the executive departments, somewhat on the lines of the Taft Efficiency Commission, and report next winter whether they cannot be reorganized to advantage. Several senators expressed an opinion that thirty or forty million dollars yearly might be saved in that way.

This is a hopeful sign. That at least thirty million dollars a year can be saved, and public business more efficiently handled, by an intelligent overhauling of the executive departments is highly probable.

But the great waste is up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. If Congress once gets interested in this subject of economy there is hope that it will finally overhaul its own end—with a real budget system, a comprehensive and permanent plan for river-and-harbor and building appropriations, and so on. We should like to assure Congress that a great number of people have long been interested in governmental economy, and that every sign of interest on its part will be popular.

Waste

SECRETARY REDFIELD recently confessed to having a "suspicion" that the country's total cartage bill might be five or even ten times the total freight bill. The secretary may be too suspicious; but unquestionably, on a great part of the goods consumed in the United States that are transported both by rail and wagon, the cartage cost is much more than the freight cost.

This is because transportation by rail is highly organized and transportation by wagon is hardly organized at all. In every city, and almost every town, at every hour of the day, wagons are running over substantially the same routes, so that two or three, or half a dozen, are performing a service which one could perform just as well.

That is the way in which the United States is really wasteful—in lack of teamwork and intelligent comprehensive planning. In many other ways it is blamed for waste that is more an appearance than a reality. It wastes many substances because to conserve them would be a waste of human energy.

If a carpenter's time costs forty cents an hour it is cheaper to let him throw away thirty cents' worth of board ends than to spend an hour in carefully matching them together. To make it worth while to save the board ends we should have to pay him only twenty cents an hour. We waste the boards, but save the carpenter.

A farmer who cannot, sometime in nine open months, waste half a day taking his family to a picnic in his own wasteful automobile is himself largely wasted. We do not want life so ordered that nobody can throw anything away.

It is the waste of bad organization that needs curing.

A Revenue Reform

AFTER three years of experience the income tax is open to question. Returns for 1916 emphasize this.

Some seventy million dollars of easily got revenue is derived from it; but every study of the returns strengthens a suspicion that a good deal of taxable income escapes.

The fault is not at all that a small part of the country pays a great part of the tax. In 1916 fifteen districts, inconsiderable in area, but comprising the chief wealth centers of the East and Middle West, paid five-sixths of the total tax. But if they have the income they ought to pay the tax.

The real cause for dissatisfaction arises from a presumption that a great deal of taxable income in the lower ranges of taxable income escapes. After three years' experience the Collector of Internal Revenue says "It is axiomatic that the Government cannot rely entirely upon a taxpayer's declaration as to his own tax liability."

The tax ought to be enforced as equally as possible or it ought to be abandoned. The Prussian method of enforcing an income tax is vexatious; but it is better than a general presumption that the man who does declare his income honestly is paying taxes for his neighbor whose conscience is more accommodating. The Prussian method involves keeping an official eye upon every man's expenditure—the sort of house he lives in, whether he has an automobile, and so on—and calling him in for a rigid cross-examination if the income he reports for taxation seems inadequate for his style of living.

As a beginning—and whether or not the exemption is lowered—the Government should require a statement of income from everybody in receipt, say, of fifteen hundred dollars a year or more. That foundation would facilitate checking up evasions.

England and the Upper Class

By WILL IRWIN

ON FIRST acquaintance the American usually tricks himself into thinking that he understands the British—or, rather, that southern part of the British who largely govern the empire, and whom we call the English. There is the language—except perhaps thirty or forty words used in different senses on opposite sides of the Atlantic—exactly the same. There is the literature—we, as they, learned our letters from Shakspere and Milton. A thousand common institutions, laws, customs and superstitions furnish a basis for mutual understanding. Across the waters, Wells, Shaw, Bennett, Galsworthy, Masefield, speak to us a set of ideas that we understand perfectly; and just so do they read and understand Howells, O. Henry, Jack London and Edith Wharton.

In all these things the waters have not divided us one from the other. So Americans of the old British stock who settled this continent go among them with perfect confidence that they will understand us, and we them.

The well-willed and good-natured American visits England, then, in the mood of a genial setter dog that enters the house with his tail gently waving, his ears down, his whole soul ready to respond to any advances. And, at first, he usually gets those advances. It is only later that, in his explorations of the British Houses of Thought, he encounters locked doors runs, like a man in a fairy tale, into invisible obstacles, which he cannot surmount.

The first and most obvious of these is the institution of monarchy, and the reverence with which the British regard both the King and the Royal Family—or, rather, the peculiar form of that reverence. For the dyed-in-the-wool Englishman will criticize his King, will gossip about him, will joke about his personal peculiarities, as freely and cheerfully as any American. But let the American—let anyone—criticize the institution of monarchy, and the Briton becomes coldly or passionately resentful, according to his personal nature. An honor—even the slightest—gains enormously if the name of the King is affixed thereto.

Long Live the King!

I HAD quoted to me, before I left England, the inconsistent performance of a titled lady. She had been gossiping to a visitor—openly gossiping—about the Royal Family. On the next day the visitor called again. She had just received a little box, value perhaps a pound, as a birthday present from the Queen. She was moist-eyed with the event, exalted; she had been made happy.

On a journey from Edinburgh to London I found myself in a compartment with a wounded British Tommy, a young man of education, intelligence and open mind. Our conversation fell upon the Balkan situation, and the mischief wrought down in that focus of world trouble by dynastic rivalries.

"The institution of royalty is dangerous," I ventured to say. "Hedge it about as you will by constitutions, it is dangerous!"

His face changed; I could see that he was struggling with irritation.

"Perhaps," he answered; "but you won't find one in a thousand of us who could think of England without a King!"

Again, in crossing the Atlantic on my way home, I talked with a Briton who held advanced views on many things. Being out of England I dared express my extreme republican ideas. He, too, froze.

"I am willing to pay my shilling in the pound to keep up the Royal Family," he said. "It's our proudest symbol. You lack that symbol. Do you suppose you could have raised such a volunteer army as we have—an army so large in proportion to your population? The prestige of Kitchener had something to do with it; but mostly the King. 'Your King Needs You!' was the phrase that brought the volunteers!"

I mention these instances because they are typical of a thousand others. Here and there I found a man who whispered—gently whispered that the institution of monarchy had worn itself out. But these were rare. One such was a Socialist leader.

"Nevertheless," he added in qualification, "it isn't nearly so bad as some other things we have to correct in these islands; and I'm afraid Humpty Dumpty will be the last figure to come off the stone wall."

Yet an American understands all this, with his mind, though not with his emotions, if he compares their symbol with ours. We have the flag, merely a combination of primitive, inartistic forms and colors printed on cloth. We may criticize the design; without being unpatriotic, we may say of any given flag that it is blazoned in cheap dyes on rotten fabric. Yet he who publicly insults the flag gets arrested, and he who tramples upon it stands in danger of the mob. It is our symbol. Now, instead of a flag as a symbol, imagine a human being with flesh, blood, animal warmth and personal peculiarities. Imagine, also, that the symbol is surrounded by beautiful, antique appurtenances of pomp; that it is kept in palaces such as appeal to national or local pride; that every great government honor is conferred in its name.

By holding the symbolism of the flag in mind we shall arrive, I think, at some sympathetic understanding of the British attitude toward royalty.

Death in the Desert

So we can make a key to this door; but presently, exploring further the British House of Thought, we come to another, which we cannot unlock, a state of mind for which most of us have no means of sympathetic understanding. It is the class system, and the British attitude thereto. This, the dyed-in-the-wool American can regard only externally, looking upon it as a man looks upon such a phenomenon as the migration of birds or a blood stampede in a herd of cattle—the activity of a totally alien mind, whose expressions and manifestations he may note, but whose true, deep motives he cannot understand.

We encounter it even among the people with whom, on most points, we have the greatest mental kinship. A young American woman of intelligence and ideas was making her first visit to England. She met an English lady, with a minor title, who held advanced social and political views. Together, as kindred spirits, they used to knock about among the radical and revolutionary meetings so common in London, and usually so interesting. At last they attended a dinner given by a group of workingmen to the popular hero of the hour. The toastmaster, in his preliminary remarks, said something like this:

The Prayer Book Taken Literally

"WE ARE glad to honor one who has been honored by so many of the higher classes."

The American girl whispered to her companion:

"Heavens! I thought that here, at least, we should escape from this cant about class."

The English girl turned upon her a blank face.

"My dear," she said, "you must remember that the class system was arranged by a power higher than we!"

The lady was expressing a tenet of her church. There it stands in the catechism of the Church of England:

"*Q.* What is thy duty toward thy neighbor? *A.* To order myself lowly and reverently toward all my betters . . . and to do my duty in the state of life into which it shall please God to call me."

Similar words are in the prayer book of our Protestant Episcopal Church in America; but we do not interpret them literally. The conservative English, I take it, do.

I was talking last autumn with a British economist and Fabian Socialist, a great, quiet force in England. He was forecasting for me that newer England which British liberalism hopes to bring about after the war—its organization for social justice, its abolition of old forms.

"And what you call the class system," I ventured—"will that go too? Will you abolish your government by class?"

A change came over his face. I had run into the invisible wall.

"We believe," he said, "that the best people should rule. In county elections we delight to think that our candidate is a man of education and comes from the finest families. That is the wisest way—don't you think?"

And he said it with such sincerity, with such deep, basic conviction, that I had the heart to register no more than a mouselike difference of opinion.

To give still another typical example: I had written something in praise of the democratic spirit in the French Army. An Englishman took me to task for this article, alleging that the British Army was also perfectly democratic, and should have been mentioned along with the French.

"Why," he said, "the spirit is perfect! The men love their officers."

"But aren't those officers still mostly of the governing class?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "why shouldn't they be?"

Now the spirit of snobbery, or social superiority, or whatever you may call it, is a human instinct, observable in savages, and, I think, especially strong in the Northern races, from which we ourselves have drawn most of our blood. We Americans have no sooner got a new mining camp into working order than it begins to develop "the best people." What are our fraternities in the Western and small Eastern colleges; our class societies at Yale and Harvard; our clubs at Princeton—but artificial reachings toward an upper class? We have in the older cities of the Atlantic Coast an aristocracy almost as insistent on exclusiveness, almost as convinced of the righteousness in class, as the oldest aristocracies of Europe.

But and herein we differ from the British—the people below these exalted beings do not recognize their claims. To a very great extent the lower classes of the British do. "I am as good as any man alive!" says the American mechanic. Tell him that he isn't a gentleman and he will knock you down. "I am of the lower class," an English workingman will say, with neither pride nor humbleness, but as one stating a fact. Tell him that he is not a gentleman, and he will reply "Of course not!"

In short, the average conservative Englishman accepts the social position into which he was born, be it upper class, upper middle class, or lower class, as he accepts his stature, the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose. The average American or Frenchman accepts class only if he happens to be of the upper class.

Once, in a town of Central France, I witnessed an interview between an old French peasant farmer and a count, whose family, under the old régime, were lords of the High Justice, the Middle and the Low in all that region. They held adjoining tracts of land; the interview had to do with some emergency war measure. The peasant entered the presence of the aristocrat with an easy dignity that had in it neither deference nor impudence. He was just one Frenchman talking to another, with the same politeness he would have shown to any comparative stranger of his own class—no more; no less. The British small farmer, thrust so into the presence of the lord, would have entered fumbling his cap and ducking. The Frenchman, risen to eminence from humble occupation, absorbs the manners of the class into which he has been graduated. The average Englishman, in like circumstances, carries with him to the last of his days the marks of his origin. He usually shows an uneasy consciousness that he is not quite a gentleman.

The Operation of Class

The operation of class in Great Britain has so many lights and shades, so many subtleties, that an alien must needs live in England for twenty years in order to get all its bearings and ramifications. I, who write of it here, profess to give only a superficial view, like that of the Englishman who polishes off Chicago after a month's observation. Yet, having seen a few of the workings of class in politics, in the army and in commerce, I can perhaps write of it truthfully and soundly along broad lines.

One who cast an observing eye over England in the early days of the war, before all its manhood was cast into the military melting pot, could not fail to observe a difference in the physical build of men and officers. At the time, the old rule of British Army organization held pretty generally true—the officers were gentlemen; the ranks were lower class. And, almost without exception, the officers were long-limbed, slender, willowy—the kind of build we associate with a distance runner. And, almost without exception, the rank and file were stocky and beefy—the John Bull build. As the first volunteer regiments came into khaki one noticed a change in the appearance of the rank and file. The distance-runner build began to appear among them also. Thus, you found after a little investigation, was because the upper class, true to their traditions, had been first to volunteer. I spoke of this to an English friend, who added his testimony.

"I stood in the lobby of the Houses of Parliament last week," he said, "when the House of Commons and the House of Lords adjourned at the same time and came streaming into the lobby from opposite hallways. I was struck with the same thing you have observed. Most of the lords had the willowy, knife-blade build; most of the commoners looked like John Bull."

Now that peculiar, long-limbed, lithe and yet sturdy build is a Scandinavian characteristic; and the Normans were a Scandinavian people. The stocky build is a Saxon characteristic, apparent to this day in the people of Saxony. In short, one began to suspect that among the South British, whom we call the English, there were still two peoples, dwelling side by side—and I wondered whether Norman and Anglo-Saxon had yet really fused.

Why was it? William conquered England, bringing with him his Norman lords, retainers and settlers, in 1066; within two or three centuries, the history books tell us, the amalgamation of the two peoples was complete. Though Norman blood remained the boast of the oldest nobility, that strain, in the law of breeding, must have flowed through much of the English people, as a drop of actual blood in a pail of water will spread at once and color the whole mixture. Dr. David Starr Jordan has said that almost every person of pure English blood would be found, could we but follow up his ancestry, to be a descendant of William the Conqueror.

However, a special tendency, newly discovered but universally recognized, governs breeding—what science called the Mendelian law. We know now that there is such a thing as a dominant strain. One parent, or one race of parents, is, in the function of breeding, stronger than the other. This tends to put its imprint upon the race that arises from the mixture.

The Dominant Norman Strain

Now I miss my guess if the Normans, those wild, vigorous, long-limbed, hard-hitting rovers who adventured all over Europe in the dawn after the Dark Ages, did not constitute one of these dominant strains. A tribe of them settled on the River Don, in Russia, marrying with Slav and Tartar women, taking Slav and Tartar men into the tribe—a small part, really, of the blood that made the Don Cossack. Yet to-day the Don Cossack bears the mark of the Norman in mind and body. The Normandy of France holds still, in spite of centuries of marriage with Frank and Latin, a population of tall, blue-eyed men and women. If the Norman strain does not show in Sicily, it is because the Norman lords conquered not by their own people, but with armies of alien adventurers.

Now if I am right, and the Norman blood is really a dominant strain, the conditions in England were especially favorable for keeping that strain a little select and apart. For at least two centuries they were the governing class, the nobles and gentlemen, striving to preserve the pure blood. They opened up to let in the able Saxon who forced his way through the mass. But that Saxon usually married a daughter of the Normans; and most certainly his descendants, newly made aristocrats, avoided misalliances and took to themselves women of the Norman breed. Dominance of strain did the rest.

The Wars of the Roses extinguished a great part of the old titles; but the nobles who stepped into their places were mainly of the dominant stock. The day of democracy and industrialism arrived. Brewer and ironmaker and boatbuilder began to force their way into the Peerage, until now a third of the House of Lords hold titles less than a century old. Nevertheless, in these newly arrived families, also, the Norman strain seems to dominate by the third or fourth generation. Hence this long-limbed, clean build, which is the outstanding fact in any gathering of the upper classes; hence the persistence of certain Viking traits, such as a love of out-of-doors and manly sports and a passion for seeking wild and remote corners of the globe.

That the portion of the British race which remains in England is conservative to its bones has become an axiom. Indeed, the Tory portion of Britain glories in that conservatism. Kipling, in his later stories, is never so sentimental as when he records the fact that this thing or that is done exactly as it was under old King John. Now for two or three centuries of frank Norman domination the middle and lower classes of England lived as political and economic serfs to an alien race.

Feudalism was feudalism wherever found. But the French serf and the French lord, the Teutonic serf and the Teutonic lord, were, after all, of the same blood. England is the only country which, through centuries of feudalism, had one race above the salt and one below; one race in command and another in subjection; one race in the hall and another in the hut; one race governing and the other producing. The seeds of that British mental peculiarity whereby the lower class admits its inferiority may have been sown in those days, to grow into the class system of the nineteenth century.

One may carry this theory of a dual race entirely too far. Yet it does explain much about England otherwise inexplicable to the citizen of an alleged democracy. The boundaries of the classes are hazy. It is often hard to say whether any given man belongs to the upper class or to the upper middle class. A family with a title is surely upper class; yet people not even related to titles are so classified. People of possessions and leisure, whose ancestors have held possessions and leisure for generations, might be described by the English as middle class. There, however, we come to subtleties and distinctions with which no American can deal until he has lived a decade in England.

The point of the matter for us is that the upper class is nearly synonymous with the governing class. As my friend, the Fabian Socialist, says, the English, even when it comes to a matter of popular election, usually like to be represented by a gentleman, by a man of good family, by one to whom, on social standards, they can look up. Perhaps that tendency is not strictly British; perhaps it is partly just human and belongs to settled states of society. There are conservative districts in France where noble blood is a political asset; and I find the same tendency here and there among the people of our East. At any rate, during a century in which the hereditary House of Lords declined in power and the elected House of Commons rose, during which the franchise was so extended as to become nearly universal, the upper class still held the reins of government.

Government was its business, as we may learn by inquiring into what sociologists would call the "economic sanctions" of the class. Only a few professions were open to a man of the upper class who wished fully to keep caste. Politics, law, the army or navy, the church—there you have the list. Law, in England as elsewhere, is the little brother of politics; the lawyer interprets, enforces—and gets round—the laws the politician has made. The army and navy are the defenders of government. The priest is a governor in ecclesiastical matters—especially when, as in England, there is an established church, sending its bishops, by right, to the higher legislative body.

Class Occupations

Until the great democratizing movement of the latter part of the nineteenth century it was degrading for the upper class to mix in any business except the supervision of its own landed estates. If the movement of the times carried lords into boards of directors, and managers of great industrial enterprises—like Lord Cowdray and Lord Cunard—into the Peerage, it still remained beneath the dignity of strictly upper-class people to get technical education. Engineering, expert chemistry, scientific research—such education was for the middle class.

If men of the upper class took them up these were but younger sons of large families, whose position in the family line debarred them from hope of inheriting entailed property. For the elder sons, who wanted to do anything at all—for the more brilliant sons—the army, politics, a government appointment to rule a bureau or a colony, the church. In all these positions the family money or estates would help to maintain the position. The practical work of production, even in its most scholarly and scientific aspects, was for the cults of the breed.

Along with this system ran a certain kind of democracy, rather more advanced than ours. That is one of the subtleties in complex old England that will forever puzzle us. A man, to be a laborer or a lord, had certain social and legal rights that society, on the one hand, and the law, on the other, enforced with scrupulous exactness.

Englishmen are always twitting us with the undeniable fact that we do not hang our rich men for murder or imprison them for theft. Somehow, their money and their pull helps them wriggle out, while the British courts will hang a lord as readily as a commoner. The very upper class will combine to convict one of their own members who has broken the law, or to ostracize one who has grossly and cruelly violated custom.

The anomaly of the situation is perhaps this: That a land of advanced democratic ideas permitted and cherished feudalism in its midst. The French, the Swiss and the Americans abolished long ago the idea of a governing class. Not until the later years of the nineteenth century did Britain begin the job of attacking the privileges and questioning the right of the nobles and gentlemen. That movement, accelerated by the advanced Liberal government, which held power for eight years before the war, has been going pretty fast. The House of Lords, stripped of many powers and privileges before the war, was tottering.

The Liberals were beginning to attack the land system, with its bulwark of entailed estates, which had put the soil of England under control of a few great individuals or families. "They are taxing the gentleman class out of existence!" moaned a Tory to me before the war. Indeed, certain Englishmen have told us, with perfect sincerity, that the class system is finished; whereas the class system is almost the first thing about England that strikes an outsider from a democratic country such as France, the United States or the British Colonies.

The Rise of Aristocracy

No; through two or three generations during which the tide of democracy has risen over England, during which she has changed from the *laissez-faire* theory of economics to the coöperative theory, the upper class and the governing class have maintained their grip. Other democracies have broken this grip of a class in the very beginning—we by process of law; the French by the guillotine. The reason for the anomaly lies, I suppose, not so much in the conservative character of the British people as in the merits and excellencies of the British upper class.

Nature, which abhors heights and depths in a breed, which works by leveling the mass and then raising it as a whole, destroys most aristocracies in a few generations by the working of natural or seminatural laws. An aristocracy begins with the rise of able individuals from the mass; they marry with the daughters of other able individuals; able strains are born. This is the logical part of the aristocratic theory, and I think it stands the test.

Take, for example, the breed of kings. Even omitting those who have seized thrones by their own powers, like Hugh Capet, Napoleon and Cæsar, you find people of genius or high ability, such as Peter the Great, Augustus Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Elizabeth of England, or Charlemagne, occurring in far greater proportion among kings than among the general run of mankind. Exceptional opportunity is not enough to account for such human phenomena as these. In the British nobility are certain strains, such as those of Cecil and Churchill, which through every generation spawn men approaching or achieving genius. Arthur Balfour, of these times, is a Cecil, and Winston Churchill's name places him.

However, no sooner is an aristocracy founded along these lines than its self-destruction begins, through two special tendencies: In the first place, war is the particular interest of an oligarchy. Until this period of vast enlightenment in the possibility of destruction most wars have been fought by the nobles and gentlemen, plus the dregs of the population. Those sturdy yeomen of England who bent the long bow at Crécy and Poitiers are the exception. The officers, in old days, were aristocrats; the rank and file were the failures of peace.

Wars did to the aristocratic blood exactly what the present war is doing to the best blood, eugenically considered, of all the European nations. It stamped out those breeds that had been trying to defy the leveling law of Nature and to divide our human race into man and superman. Follow back the history of almost any title—a title is not the same thing as a noble race—and notice how often the race that bore it has come to a full stop, leaving the title to some newly arrived breed, because the holder and his heirs have all perished in war.

(Concluded on Page 28)

"I promise the nation, my administration
In vigor and health shall unfold.
This soup of perfection will give you protection,
And *your* constitution uphold!"

A sensible inauguration—

That's what it is when you install a supply of Campbell's wholesome Soups on your pantry shelf. You inaugurate better appetites, greater enjoyment of the home table, less drudgery and care. Above all, you inaugurate improved health and vitality. *As a body-builder and nerve-builder no other food is so consistently effective as good soup eaten every day.*

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It combines sustaining nourishment with the most appetizing zest and savor.
Its basis is a rich and strengthening meat stock which we make from selected beef.

We blend with this an abundance of nutritious vegetables—choice white potatoes—Maine-grown, fine Jersey sweet potatoes, tender carrots, sweet yellow turnips, "baby" lima beans, small green peas, cabbage, succulent okra, celery, parsley, tomatoes and "Country Gentleman" corn.

We also include rice, barley, macaroni "alphabets", fresh herbs, delicate spices, a hint of leek and onion and a smart suggestion of sweet red peppers.

You could not imagine a dish more tempting or more satisfying. And it comes to you cooked and prepared, all ready to serve in three minutes.

Your grocer will supply you with these nourishing Campbell "kinds" by the dozen or the case if you wish. And that is the practical way to buy.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 26)

Again, nobility presumes property and riches. "There never was an aristocracy which was not a financial aristocracy." Born to all the comforts and healthy luxuries of life, possessed of riches without work, and honor without effort, they gravitate toward sharper and sharper pleasures, toward stronger and stronger dissipations, in which excess kills the breed.

So when an aristocracy runs its normal course we have such a group of people as the ancient nobility before the French Revolution. For generations the drain of war had carried off their strongest blood, unreproduced. Dissipation had done the rest.

Now the British upper class has a special history and a special character; and therein resides the reason why it has held the fort so long. Since the Wars of the Roses England has not known any war that much affected its noble blood. If there be an exception it is the Civil War; but that, after all, made small inroads on the breed. While Germany was murdering her nobles wholesale in the Thirty Years' War, while France was grinding up lord and commoner together in the Napoleonic Wars, Britain was holding her domain mostly by naval warfare, which involves comparatively small loss of life.

Again, the British nobility has never, as a class, weakened itself by dissipation. A little priggish, it has also been virtuous. By and large, the English have more character than almost any other people in the world; and this trait is especially prominent in the upper class. They have a sense of responsibility to their nation, their class, their religion. If this sense of responsibility operated to keep the feudal régime in England, it no less operated to keep the upper class wholesome.

Then, too, that excessive love of sport, against which Matthew Arnold railed, has been an important conserver of upper-class virtue. As our Y. M. C. A. long ago discovered, athletic exercise is a great foe of Billy Sunday's Personal Devil. The hunts and polo, the rowing, the school football and cricket, were preservatives of the aristocracy, letting off that excess vitality which in softer oligarchies produced decadence.

Indeed, a zealot for democracy may say, without concession of his principles, I think, that no people in the world excel these for finished human beings. Physically they are a handsome race. I need scarcely describe the tall, lean, long-limbed, scrubbed young man of this class; the type is too familiar. The female of his species, robust, and yet usually graceful through exercise, her satin-complexioned flesh backed by a comely structure of bone, may lack the allure every Frenchwoman has; but most often of any women in the world do these upper-class Englishwomen achieve beauty.

Gentility and Efficiency

I have seen the men of five nations going forward to be ground up in the meat mills of the German Junkers, and have known all the revulsions of sentimental pity; but at no time have I felt such an artistic pity as when I have seen those young English officers marching up to have their fair young bodies rent apart.

Mentally, it seems to me, they are—or were—almost all you might expect of a finished class, sure of its position; usually sure that it has achieved the end of progress. If they lacked anything it was that quality of "soul" or "temperament," so common in the Latin and the Slav. Their schools and universities taught them not usefulness and efficiency—such education was for the bourgeois—but the kind of culture that is the final embroidery to a gentleman's character. The outsider, looking into the life of Oxford, is either appalled or amused by the loafing spirit of the place. Unless the student happens to have a special ambition for certain fairly empty and useless honors in mathematics or the classics, he can slide through to a degree with a paucity of work that makes the "snap hunting" of our American universities seem like industry.

The very teaching of science at the two famous and leading British universities has for its end not practical use, but that rounding out of the mind which we call culture. The practical education of England was for the middle classes, and its schools were elsewhere. To those students of the well-brained Scotch race who dig for twelve hours a day in the libraries and laboratories of Edinburgh has belonged almost an undue share in the technical, scientific and business direction of England.

A well-rounded and tolerant development of mind and character, the aristocratic spirit in its flower—that is the ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the public schools, which follow their lead. The mind of the upper class lacked efficiency in the twentieth-century sense. It possessed information in speculative and historic fields, and—until you reached certain lines along which no British gentleman is supposed to think—breadth and an easy tolerance.

Talking once with a Tory peer I happened to mention that it was Lincoln's Birthday. That brought a discussion of our great liberator. Now I thought myself well informed, as every American should be, on Lincoln; but he bore me down by sheer weight of information. Governing is the business of this class; and their women, without direct participation in politics, have always acted indirectly. They have almost as much interest in the game as their men; and they, too, know affairs and the learning that is back of affairs.

"England," said Morley, "is a heaven for the rich, a hell for the poor, and a purgatory for the able." No life is more charming, better worth leading as an end in itself, than that of the landholding, leisure-class people of England. The English house party is the world's mark for a hospitality cordial without effusion, diverting without dissipation. They know the art of living. Indeed, that life is a weapon in their class struggle. It is so easy, so pleasant, that it acts as a soporific to those who want to waken England and the world.

The Passing of Feudalism

In spite of a "silly set" here and there, in spite of an occasional outburst of dissipation in small groups, this governing class, viewed by itself, has been a fine, admirable body of people, leading a singularly attractive life. There is only one reasonable ground of criticism: It has been too expensive. In terms of humanity, it has cost too much, as aristocracies always do.

Its peculiar ideas, customs and character, with their feudal tinge, suited it far better to govern in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth or twentieth. In that era England was agricultural; it lived mainly by the soil. The lord, holding then, as now, the greater part of the land, had his upper-class sense of responsibility. He knew his tenants, servants and retainers as individuals. If he was true to the best traditions of his class he administered his position paternalistically, supporting them in adversity, nursing them in sickness.

This was an aristocratic idea; and at its very best it prevented the rise of the mass. It had, however, its virtues of affection between classes, loyalty, generosity. Its flower was that life of Bracebridge Hall, concerning which Washington Irving wrote. The muck about its roots was a kind of intellectual degradation in the peasant class, and the exaltation of property and position, which made the theft of a shilling or the poaching of a hare figure on the statute books as a parallel offense with murder.

Then came the industrial era. The able middle class of England discovered the modern factory system. The more successful of the *entrepreneurs* forced their way into the Peerage and the upper class. The older aristocracy, holding that land which is the basis of wealth, began to invest. And now the economic foundation of the class was rebuilt. The lord held perhaps the governing interest in half a dozen great factories or tenements in London, which housed ten thousand people. He did not know, he could not possibly know, his retainers and tenants. They were far away from the personal interest and benevolence of His Lordship and Her Ladyship.

Sympathetic imagination is the rarest of qualities in Northern blood. The upper-class Briton, wanting this sympathetic imagination, could usually see in industrial relations only the factor of dividends. There followed the *laissez-faire* doctrine of economics, the comfortable theory that if things were let alone they would right themselves. The history of reform in England since the early part of the nineteenth century is written in the assaults on this doctrine.

Yet not all the upper class was mentally crippled by lack of imagination. Indeed one of those merits operating to keep the governing class in power was the self-sacrifice for conscience' sake which led aristocrat after aristocrat to fight the interests of his class, his family, his very self, for what he believed to be the general good. Notwithstanding that liberalism in its essence is opposed to oligarchy, the direction of British liberalism has come from the upper class.

Other nations have witnessed aristocrats fighting their class, accepting chains and ostracism for democracy—like Count Tolstoy and Prince Krapotkin, in Russia, or the Marquis de Lafayette, in France. But no other has ever possessed a whole group passing on the torch from generation to generation. The English have a genius for political martyrdom; and when a Briton gets it into his rather slow, conservative intelligence that a thing is right, he goes through with that thing, though the gates of hell oppose him.

When this governing class entered Armageddon, its most bitter period of trial, old ideas still prevailed. The gentleman was made to lead; the mere workman to follow. Gentlemen were the officers of the Old Army, which virtually ceased to exist after Mons, the Aisne and Ypres; and lower-class men the rank and file. The aristocracy, true as ever to the responsibility it could see, flocked to the colors; and, at first, the officers of the New Army were universally chosen from this class, with rather more regard to their standing as gentlemen than to their qualifications for the job in hand. They died like men, without flinching; and that, it seemed to one who saw the period just after first Ypres—when the Germans were holding the line by machinery, the British by lives—was about all they did. How could they do better? The direction of warfare now is a matter of exact scientific knowledge. Of what use was the long, ripening, leisurely culture at Oxford and Cambridge; their dialectics and Greek roots; their history and philosophy? They could only do their best—and die.

That they did; and as England straightened things out the other side of the shield began to show. At school, at the universities, all through their education, their fellows, as much as their instructors, had been pounding into them the cardinal principles of life expressed in two old English phrases: "Keep a stiff upper lip!" and "Stand the gaff!" Those principles held them strong during the discouraging days of second Ypres, of Festuberg, of Loos, when the muddling at home had denied them enough equipment and proper ammunition. It gave England breathing space to look about, collect her thoughts, and start on the right track. "Here the battle of Waterloo was won," said Wellington as he viewed a public-school cricket field. There, perhaps, Armageddon was half won for England.

Plain Men in High Places

The system, however, had to go, at least temporarily and partially. Mid-course, England put her military affairs into the hands of a man who began life as a footman; her political affairs into the hands of a man whose uncle cobbled shoes to educate him for the bar. "Our lower-class soldiers want to be led by gentlemen; they will not follow anyone else," said the heads of the army in 1914; and they proceeded on that theory. But, when the British family in Barrie's play was wrecked on a desert island and ran against primitive necessity, it was the butler who, being endowed with practical intelligence, became king of the island. So, in that crisis of the primitive, which was Armageddon, artificial distinctions went down.

The failures of peace often become the successes of war. Men of military capacity began to appear in the ranks—sometimes gentlemen; sometimes not. In the beginning gentlemen were hurled into the officers' training corps who knew no more about a rifle than that it is a thing which shoots. Now the new officer must have done his turn in the ranks. The average social standing of officers went steadily downward. An officers' training corps I looked over last autumn is full of men registered in their papers as "clerks."

Now when such men as the "Kipps," whom H. G. Wells has described for us, achieve in any great numbers the British corps of officers, there is a revolution in British thought. The laboring class is not represented to any great extent in the command of the New Army, but the British have a reasonable explanation for that. To make an officer, you need a basis of education—the cultivated ability to grasp abstractions and to acquire scientific knowledge.

The French Army forms our pattern for military democracy; many of its best regimental and company officers worked with their hands before the war. However, in France, as in the United States, education is more generally diffused than in Great Britain. The barrier to the working class in the British corps of officers is less lingering snobbery or lack of ambition than want of preparatory education. The British upper-class snob may call these new arrivals "T. G.'s"—or "Temporary Gentlemen"; but England, after the war, will know many a temporary permanency.

The England of the Future

"England changes not," says Balfour. "We shall have, after this war, a new England—the newest country that exists," says Lloyd George. The shopkeeper's clerk, who has worn on his sleeve the three stars of a captain or the crown of a major; who has messed on nominally equal terms with the sons of lords and baronets; who has matched flesh and brain and nerve with aristocrats of the same military rank, and found himself their equal—will he live the rest of his life in the spirit of the old-time British shopkeeper? The governing class cannot and will not open up to let him enter. He has not the financial background; and, for all the expressed aristocratic scorn of money, the fact remains that it constitutes the essential, indispensable basis of any aristocracy. He must go back to what he was before the war—Captain Smith, Lieutenant Jones, cutting cloth or directing lady customers to the fifth aisle, rear! Go farther down the military scale to the private in the ranks, who has faced death every day for two or three years; who has dealt such strokes for England as man never dealt before. Will he be again the respectful, contented, subservient domestic, the well-oiled cog in an aristocratic machine?

Barrie, in the last act of his fantasy, which I have mentioned above, shows the shipwrecked English family, and the butler who became king of the desert island, back again in England. The butler, in the old environment, has reverted to type. He is once more the perfect English servant. Does a universal truth about this race lie under Barrie's fantasy? I think not. But, as I have democratic leanings and am an outsider to this game, I put forward my opinion with hesitation: I think that, after a possible setback in the four or five years following the war, the democratic tide in England will roll on more powerfully because it has been diked temporarily.

Two special factors will help to break the hold of the aristocracy: They were the first class of all to volunteer; as officers of the early Kitchener forces they occupied positions of great danger. The mortality among them has been very heavy. Before the war had gone a year, a man of the upper classes told me that the crimp in the noble blood of England was greater than in the Wars of the Roses. The war is now approaching the three-year mark, with the greatest losses for England, and for the upper class, perhaps yet to come.

Also, the economic foundation of the class, without which it cannot exist, stands in peril. "They were taxing us out of existence, even before the war," said an aristocrat. The burden of taxation for war debts will fall most heavily on the class that holds the land of England; nothing in the future seems so inevitable as the break-up of the great estates and the restoration of land ownership to the yeomanry.

The system will pass, though not all at once. The British do not arrange progress in that manner—they hate anything sudden; we love it. Then, too, old formulas and ways of existence linger long in new states of civilization.

Though the end will not come until we are all dead and gone, the system will perish—with its honors and ermines, its pageants of power and pretty ceremonies of sport, its hunting parks and preserves, its honors and emoluments.

One who holds democratic convictions, but who loves the romance in life, mourns its passing a little, as he mourns the passing of the lotus days in Egypt or the age of chivalry. He may mourn, indeed, on less romantic grounds. For all the faults we find in it, for all our opposition to the system that maintains it, the British aristocracy has been perhaps the most worthy oligarchy since the great ephemeral day of Athens.

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Deviled-Ham-and-Almond Sandwiches
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Deviled-Ham-and-Almond Sandwiches: Mix chopped almonds with Underwood Deviled Ham in about equal quantities, spread thinly on white bread. Cut in fancy shapes.

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THE LAST THROW

(Continued from Page 10)

"Don't you?" inquired Mrs. Pincus.

"No; I don't!" snapped Mr. Pincus; and his voice rising, his face filled with tragic triumph, he added: "Yesterday they told me so! They won't give Pincus a place, because he deals in stocks—yes! Put that in your pipe! Hah, hah!" laughed Mr. Pincus wildly; and Minnie gave him a smile.

"Dress linings, it is, Pincus," she rejoined. "Back you go to them dress linings if with my hands I have to buy a business for you!"

He tossed his arms in contempt.

"You buy a place? Rats! For ten t'ouzand dollars, the least it costs to buy a dress linings place! And where do you get them ten? Is it off the bushes—vat?" Jamming on his hat he gave still another snort of disgust. "You make me sick!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Oh, sick are you?" responded Mrs. Pincus. "Then, why not take something for it at the drug store?"

He did not even reply. Slamming the door behind him, Mr. Pincus scuttled down the stairs.

He still had one string left to his bow. Down at the office—down at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—he might find somebody who'd help him out, perhaps. He had that tip, hadn't he? It was a hot tip too. If those fellows would do the regular thing—come across, you know—he'd let them in on it. In that way he could still get something from the tip. The dream, however, was as idle as all the others. What! Take a tip from Pincus? Pay Pincus for a tip when for years he'd sneered and sniffed at tipsters? Mr. Pincus, in short, had been hoist with his own petard.

Balked and baffled, his courage gone, he'd sat there all the morning, half crazed in his desperation. Thus, when Ingot, soaring, crossed 50, Mr. Pincus no longer had been able to restrain himself. Rising with a cry, the once calm, once imperturbable dabbler had dashed out and away from the scene of his disaster.

Such a disaster too! Here he was, armed with a tip, a pointer, that meant thousands and thousands in the market; and yet here he must stand by, idle, and watch it die on his hands! It was terrible! Worse than terrible; it was criminal! Minnie, too, had mocked him! That was the worst of all with Mr. Pincus. Had it not been for Minnie's three thousand, that money lying idle in the bank, he might even have forced himself to face it. The loss of the money was not everything. It was the fact that, with that killing almost in his grasp, Minnie had stood by and seen opportunity go to waste!

"*Ach!*" Mr. Pincus exploded violently.

Well, he'd show her! She'd see if he went back to "them linings"! In that, anyway, was some satisfaction. Even though she tried it, she couldn't drive him back to Bleecker Street.

She couldn't, not even if he was willing to go. It would show Minnie the extent of what she'd done.

What had happened, though, was but a part of it. Mr. Pincus had still to face something else. He was rolling on, mumbling and muttering to himself, when at the street corner a tall, shabbily dressed man darted out of a doorway and gripped him by the arm.

"Pink! Pink!" he cried. "What's happened? I've been waiting here two hours now."

Mr. Pincus roughly shook him off.

"Out of my way, loafer!" he snarled, and was striding on when Blake again gripped him by the arm.

"What's happened, Pink?" he demanded wildly. "You were going to stake me to a hundred shares, weren't you? Don't tell me you didn't do it!"

An unintelligible murmur rumbled out of Mr. Pincus, and again he sought to free himself.

"No, no, Pink!" shrilled Blake. "You've won thousands—you know you have! I was up in a place there—a barroom round the corner—and I've seen the tape. You've won thousands and thousands, haven't you?"

"T'ouzands?" inquired Mr. Pincus. A laugh escaped him then. The laugh, though, was harsh—bitter and devoid of merriment. "Oh, sure! I win t'ouzands! It's in my mind I win them. Now ven I lose my mind I lose them t'ouzands too!" Then he told Blake what had happened. "We're bust, Blake—you and me! My old woman she don't let me have that money, and your tip, it blows up in my hand."

Stricken, Blake stared at him.

"She wouldn't let you have it? She wouldn't do it to save me, even though I'd once saved you and her?"

So it was, and shamefully Mr. Pincus admitted it.

"That woman ain't got no heart, Blake. Never before would I suspect it; but now I know. All she thinks of, I guess, is that flat of hers and getting ready three meals a day. . . . Oh, vell," sighed Mr. Pincus, "all them women is like that. A feller e'd be as well dead or a widower." Then he gave a shrug. "Just the same, yes," added Mr. Pincus; "I show her vat!"

Blake, in spite of his distress, stared at him.

"You mean you're going to leave her?"

No; it was nothing like that. He couldn't leave Minnie even if he wished to. Minnie wouldn't let him. What Mr. Pincus planned was something different. He meant to go home; that was all. Then, when he got home he would stay there.

"That fixes her!" explained Mr. Pincus grimly. "After I sit round a week she gets sick of the sight of me. Then she wishes she hadn't!"

It was a fine idea. It was, as Mr. Pincus himself would have expressed it, "swell!" However, though it would indeed have created the result he'd anticipated—that of making Minnie sick of the sight of him—Mr. Pincus had overlooked one salient thing. That thing was Minnie herself.

The hours passed. Noon went by; it was one o'clock, two; then three. At three the market closed. Long ere this the news about Ingot was out and discounted, but still the stock had climbed. At the close it stood firm at 70¾.

Mr. Pincus almost wept.

"*Himmel!*" he cried. "Forty poinus it's up, and that tip busts in a feller's face!"

Blake was still with him. Together they stood in a barroom scanning a news-ticker's tape; and curiously it was Blake now who consoled and comforted. In his hopelessness calm had come to him.

"Well, no use worrying," said Blake; and again Mr. Pincus exploded violently:

"Not worry, vat? For why shouldn't a feller worry? If in one day you lose twelve t'ouzand dollars, which is forty points on three hundred shares, I would worry all I like! You are crazy, man! I bet I worry. I worry all I wish, I tell you!"

"Come along, Pink," urged Blake. "You're coming, aren't you?"

Yes; Mr. Pincus was coming. Blake was going home with him, and when they got there Mr. Pincus was going to give him a suit of clothes. These Blake meant to exchange for another suit—one that would fit him; after which Blake meant to hunt another job. Mr. Pincus, however, meant to seek no job. His mind was still fixed firmly on his original plan of sitting at home till Minnie got sick of the sight of him. What is more, the minute he got home he meant to announce it to her.

Five o'clock had just struck as Mr. Pincus, accompanied by Blake, climbed the stairs of the West Side flat house where Mr. Pincus dwelt. At five Minnie was always at home. Nothing, no matter what it was, ever prevented that. Home at five, Minnie put the dinner on the stove, and at six she put it on the table. A chronometer was not more fixed and accurate in its movements than was Minnie in her domestic arrangements. To-night, however, there appeared to be a change.

"Vell, here we are!" said Mr. Pincus grimly.

His jaw set, his manner all ready to show Minnie what he thought of her, he stepped into the hall. To his surprise the hall was dark. Furthermore, the kitchen also was dark. No dinner was on the stove, either—no scent of it in the air.

"Hey, vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus, startled; and, hurrying down the hall, he was halfway to the kitchen when the parlor door was opened abruptly, letting forth a flood of light.

Mrs. Pincus stood in the doorway. She had her hat on, as if she'd just come in. Her air bland, she smiled.

"Vell, Benny?" she remarked.

(Concluded on Page 33)

The New Hupmobile

The Beauty-Car a Year Ahead

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We could not be content to give Hupmobile owners less.

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Foundry Workers, 9, 1, 5
Girls, 12, 8, 7
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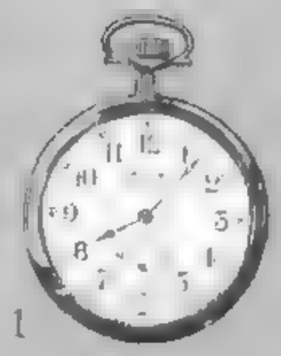
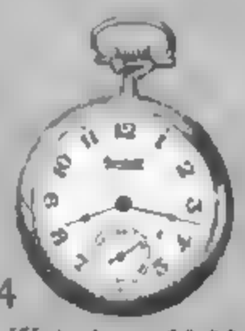


1 *Reliance $3.00* (snap case)

2 *Reliance $3.50* (screw case)

3 *Reliance $6.00* (gold-filled case)



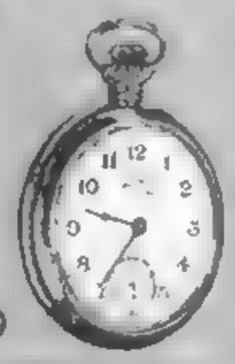
4 *Waterbury $3.00*

5 *Waterbury Radiolite $4.00*

6 *Radiolite $2.00*

7 *Radiolite Two-in-One $2.25*

8 *Radiolite Strap Watch $4.00* In plain dial, $3.00



9 *Triumph $1.50*

10 *Eclipse $2.00*

11 *Junior $2.50*

12 *Midget $2.50* In glow dial, $3.50

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IN 1892 the House of Ingersoll was marketing but one model; now there is an Ingersoll for everyone—for every use—at prices from $6.00 down. We'd like to make you better acquainted with the newer models.

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Most interesting of all are the "Radiolites," watches that tell time in daylight and dark. The hands and figures are thickly layered with a new self-luminous substance called "Radiolite." "Radiolite" contains genuine radium (only a little is needed) and glows as brightly as ever for at least eight years—probably much longer.

Jeweled Watches

The Reliance is thin, accurate and handsome. You now have a choice of snap case, dust-proof screw case, and extra high-grade ten-year gold-filled case.

The Waterbury is a man's watch, small and with four jewels. It is accurate, sturdy and good-looking.

Special Watches

Have you seen the "Two-in-Ones"—ideal for desk or bureau? And the strap watches in plain and glow dial, that both men and women are wearing? You can see them at any Ingersoll dealer's store, alongside the familiar Triumph, Eclipse, Junior and Midget, and the Radiolites and jeweled models.

CANADIAN PRICES: Radiolite, $2.25; Radiolite Two-in-One, $2.50; Reliance, snap, $3.50, screw case, $4.00, gold-filled case, $7.50; Waterbury, plain dial, $3.50, glow dial, $4.50. Other models same as in U. S. A.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

New York — Chicago
San Francisco — Montreal

Illustrations of watches are ½ actual size

(Concluded from Page 30)

Mr. Pincus did not wait for more. The air of dark, icy grimness and reserve he had figured would be fitting for their meeting somehow seemed to desert him, and of a sudden he found himself shrill and undignified. Here was the woman, however, who had brought about his ruin; and, his voice rising, Mr. Pincus poured out on Mrs. Pincus all the ire and resentment bred by the agonies of the day.

Minnie merely smiled, though. Her hands folded placidly on her waistline, she seemed to wait complacently for Mr. Pincus to finish. There was about her, too, an air of unalloyed triumph and enjoyment that drove Mr. Pincus nearly wild. Catching his breath, he began at her anew.

His voice rising, Mr. Pincus was in the midst of telling Mrs. Pincus what he thought of her when Blake, starting violently, gave vent to an agitated cry.

"Josie!" cried Blake.

"Vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus; startled, too, he paused in the midst of his vociferations.

"Josie! You here?" Blake ejaculated; and, pushing Mr. Pincus aside, he stepped into the parlor. Then, for the first time, Mr. Pincus noted that Mrs. Pincus had a caller. She was a slender, delicate-featured woman, with soft dark hair and big, appealing brown eyes. The eyes were now moist and glistening, and on the caller's face there was a stain of recent tears. As Blake, however, strode toward her, she looked up radiantly.

"It's all right, Joe!" she cried. "Everything's all right!"

"Sure, everything's all right," nodded Mrs. Pincus; and, reaching out abruptly, with a dexterous hand she jerked Mr. Pincus into the parlor.

"Meet Mrs. Blake, Benny," directed Mrs. Pincus; then, turning to Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Pincus indicated her spouse with a swift, explanatory dig. "Meet Pincus, Mrs. Blake—this here is him."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Blake," said Mr. Pincus.

Briefly baring his teeth in what he esteemed to be a formal smile, he turned, scowling, to Mrs. Pincus.

"Say," growled Mr. Pincus, his air all at once suspicious, "I don't get you, Minnie! *Was machst du*, anyhow? Is it a game you pull off, vat?"

Minnie smiled more blandly still.

"No game, Pincus. Only my friend Mrs. Blake, she and Mr. Blake, we all go to a restaurant for dinner, first; then Mrs. Blake and him, they take the train for Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati!" ejaculated Blake.

"Yes; that's where you worked once, ain't it?" rejoined Mrs. Pincus, beaming anew. "You go back to Cincinnati; then you go to work again."

"I go to work!" Blake exclaimed.

Mrs. Blake rose swiftly. Again tears glistened in her eyes, but they were tears of gladness now.

"It's your old job, Joe—don't you understand? You've got it back again!" Then, still clinging to her husband, she pointed toward Mrs. Pincus. "She got it for you, Joe."

"She?" gasped Blake.

"Why, yes; stupid!" cried Mrs. Blake. "She made me telephone—it was over long distance; and when I promised you'd give up speculating—never gamble again in stocks—they told me to bring you right along. You're going to work the minute you get there!"

"Yes!" nodded Mrs. Pincus, jabbing Mr. Pincus again with her thumb—"yes; and this loafer here, too, he goes back to his work as well!"

Mr. Pincus stood there gaping. At Mrs. Pincus' words, however, he gave a violent start.

"Vat? I go to work?" Starting again he composed himself, a scowl on his brow. "Vat work, Mrs. Pincus?"

"Dress linings," she replied.

In disgust, in triumph and mockery, Mr. Pincus raised his voice:

"No; I don't! I don't work for any dress-linings feller! Already I tell you they won't give a place to Pincus! . . . Yes; that for you, smarty!" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

And, her smile as imperturbable as ever, Mrs. Pincus still more widely smiled.

"No; you don't work for no feller, Pincus. Instead, you work for me!"

"For you!" Mr. Pincus gaped open-mouthed. "Vat? I work for you?"

Mrs. Pincus nodded pleasantly.

"Sure; you work for me. It is in the dress-linings trade, like I say. I buy out a business, you know."

Mr. Pincus stared at her for a moment.

"You buy out a business, vat? Don't make a fool of me, Mrs. Pincus! A dress-linings business costs ten t'ouzand dollars!"

"Sure," nodded Mrs. Pincus; "ten t'ouzand I pay for this one, also. Five t'ouzand it is cash, and for the balance I give a note. This afternoon I do it, Pincus." Then, smiling sweetly, Mrs. Pincus gave him a jab. "To-morrow you go to work, Benny! You work for me, you know."

A great light seemed all at once to have dawned on Mr. Pincus; his face moist, he wet his lips together.

"Say," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it; "say, vere is it you get them t'ouzands of dollars—vere, I ask it—vere?"

At once she told him.

"It was in the market, Benny. That tip is a good tip; so I play on it myself. If you play it, you know, and get the money, you stay down a loafer always. So this morning, after you go out, I take the Subway down to Rooker's. Then I slip in by the back way and buy Ingot, like you said. Ingot goes up; so at three o'clock I tell Rooker to close me out. Afterward I hunt up Mrs. Bake, here, where she lives."

"*Ach!*" gasped Mr. Pincus, and he gaped. "You do that? *Gott im Himmel!* How much do you clear?"

"It was twelve t'ouzand nine hundred eighty-two dollars *und* a quowter," replied Mrs. Pincus—"only half of it, fifty-fifty, it belongs to Mrs. Blake, there, like I offer her."

"Yes; but I wouldn't take it!" protested Mrs. Blake.

"Yes; but I make you take a couple o' t'ouzand, anyhow," Mrs. Pincus rejoined; then, with another jab of her thumb, she again adroitly indicated Mr. Pincus. "Even for this loafer—this feller here—two t'ouzand it is cheap to get him back to work again. Hey, vat, Pincus?" she demanded.

Mr. Pincus did not seem to hear her.

"Bleecker Street!" he was breathing. "*Ach, Himmel!* Bleecker Street!"

"Sure; two doors from the corner, Pincus," rejoined Mrs. Pincus; adding grimly: "Eight o'clock, too, every morning, you punch the time clock also. I don't have any loafers hanging about my place!"

Moist, palpitating, Mr. Pincus drew a hand across his brow.

"A time clock? You run the place also?"

It was so, and Mr. Pincus wiped his brow.

"*Himmel!*" he breathed. "If last night I knew this I'd have choked, like you told me, before I give you that tip!"

The Road to Ballymena

By Mary Lanier Magruder

THE ould days; the ould road
To Ballymena going;
The ould hill; the ould thorn
With all its buds a-blowing!
"Wild the wind now on the heather;
Wild the heart in me;
For no more we'll walk together
The ould road to the sea.

"Leave the day go by in keening
For what's gone before.
Sheila, night has but one meaning
For sad hearts, ashore!
Gray the clouds lie on the ould rocks;
Gray the heart in me;
And the gray ship by the ould docks
Soon will wear to sea.

"Down the ould road, in the ould town,
All the bobbins flying
Weave a wedding veil for Sheila—
Oh, my heart is dying!—
His the hold of Ballymoney;
Mine the open sky;
His the white loaf and the honey—
Dawn and dew have I!"

The gray night, the fey night,
And all the wild winds blowing;
A wanderer on the ould road
From Ballymena going;
With only memory to beguile,
And a broken promise his;
But in his heart is Sheila's smile—
And on her lips his kiss!

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$3.00 each

Guaranteed

THAT bicycle you used to ride—is it rusty and dusty in your garret or woodshed? Bring it back again into service with Goodyear Blue Streak tires. Get it out! For Blue Streaks have met that bicycle tire bugaboo. You may now buy really dependable tires—Goodyear Blue Streaks, everywhere. Tires that let you forget that former high cost of bicycle upkeep.

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Put that bicycle of yours back on its feet again! Make bicycling better than ever, on Goodyear Blue Streaks.

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Blue Streaks are standard everywhere.
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The sure push forward of the Non-Skid tread, with its grip against side slip, attracts added thousands of motorists to Firestone Tires every winter. The quality of Firestone rubber, as well as the design of the Non-Skid tread, accounts for this. The "life," buoyancy and tensile strength of the rubber enable the tires to get a grip and hold it.

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All this is yours on Firestone Tires, with the economy of Most Miles per Dollar. Your dealer will supply you.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 20)

amount, one and one-half to two ounces a day, and that the balance could be fed to stock and used industrially; but the public, short of fat, consumed so much sugar that by March it was very scarce, and a house-to-house search was made for concealed sugar. The sugar ration was reduced by April to a little over a pound a fortnight. The inventory in May revealed only six hundred thousand tons, to last until October. Allotments were made to marmalade factories, cake bakers and for household canning of fruit. Finally the state confiscated the early apples and plums, and canned them in order that the sugar and fruit might be thus conserved for general utilization.

The reaction of the public to the scarcity of sugar was unmistakable in tone. The scarcity could not be explained away. Germany, which before the war exported a million tons of sugar a year, was without export reduced to the plane of consumption of one hundred thousand tons a month. The scarcity in meats and fats could be explained in several ways, as directly or indirectly due to the blockade; but the dearth of sugar could not be explained as the result of the stoppage of export. The simple truth was that the peasant fed sugar beets, the large feeder fed crude sugar, the distillery used crude sugar and the household consumed refined sugar—all at excessive rates and simultaneously.

The irony of the restriction in sugar must have been most keenly felt by the German when he perused the widely distributed Nutrition of the People in War, a collection of lectures delivered before the Department of the Interior, of Prussia. On page 259 of this publication was an article by Naumann, in which suggestions were given for lectures, to be held in popular language, for the purpose of instruction of the common people in the ways and means of household management. Among the things urged upon the housewife was the doubling of the consumption of sugar!

The sugar crop of 1916 was supposed to represent not much under two million tons, crude. The food controller apparently has this crop under control. Sugars and sugar products cannot be fed to livestock, and utilization in industries has been restricted. If the sugar crop was as large as estimated it ought to be possible to increase the ration somewhat over the amount allotted for November—a little less than one ounce a day—unless unusual demands are made for industrial utilization of sugar. At the same time it is obvious that the government may hold to the present ration and utilize the exportation of a certain amount of sugar—which is very scarce and expensive in the surrounding neutral countries—to exact the importation of a corresponding price-amount of fat.

Control of the Potato Crop

When the cold and dry year 1915 turned in to the German people fifty-five million tons of sound potatoes, the fact was the basis for widespread rejoicing, since, with the failure of the grain crops, the added millions of potatoes constituted veritable salvation. The crop seemed so large that the necessity of control was not taken seriously by the authorities. The distilleries were making unusual demands; it was obvious that large amounts would be fed to swine and cattle; and potatoes were introduced into the regular ration of horses. The scarcity of labor made the proper storage of this crop of potatoes an impossibility, with the result, not foreseen, that when the stored potatoes were brought out later in the winter loss by decomposition was found to have been excessive.

Nevertheless, since the total crop was over four times the normal consumption as food, it certainly seemed to promise an abundance throughout the year. The amount of potato used in the bread did not cut a large figure when compared with the total potato crop. Utilization of potato in the manufacture of soap was prohibited and the amount used for starch was restricted. Maximum prices had been continued from the previous year, both for retailer and grower.

Late in January scarcity in potatoes developed in the cities. This was at first attributed to manipulation. An inventory taken in January, however, showed that only eighteen million tons remained, from which the seed had still to be reserved, leaving only eleven million tons to last for six months. Potatoes had been consumed by man, beast and industry at the rate of over five million tons a month. Thereupon potato cards were introduced and the attempt was made to limit the feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato card for swine, for example, allotted four pounds a head a day; for man, one pound. It was when the authorities determined to uncover and seize the stocks of stored potatoes that the unexpected losses by decomposition became apparent.

The food controller, on assuming office, promptly forbade any feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato cards were not guaranteed, and in the large cities the intake for each person during the spring months was often as low as a quarter of a pound a day; to make up for the missing potatoes equivalent rations in bread and flour were issued. The crop of summer potatoes came upon the market with a rush, as the maximum prices were high and scaled downward in order to increase the offerings. The growers brought out the potatoes before they were mature and flooded the market with them. So anxious were the growers to harvest the new potatoes that in some sections the Whitsuntide holiday was not granted to potato workers. The summer crop of potatoes was estimated at some eleven million tons, and was supposed to last three months.

The Imperial Potato Card

Early in August the cities were flooded with potatoes in carload lots. The poor, cognizant by announcement that prices were scaled to fall, bought only from hand to mouth; as a result, thousands of tons decomposed and were lost. Nevertheless, even at this time the potato card and the prohibition of feeding to swine were not suspended. Two weeks later the cities were again empty of potatoes. The growers had ceased to harvest potatoes when the prices fell; they were engaged in the harvesting of grain, and the people in the cities had to wait for regular rations of potatoes until the digging of potatoes could be again resumed.

The potato crop of 1916 was small, supposedly as low as thirty-six million tons, and not of normal grade. The food controller has established an excellent system of regulations: All users of potatoes have to hand in the figures for their year's requirements. An inventory of potatoes has been made in every district. The required amounts are subject to revision by the central authorities; and when the total figures for demand have been checked up against the total supplies available, all of which have been requisitioned and seized, the denominated amounts of potato belonging to each district, community, household and factory were to be set aside or delivered.

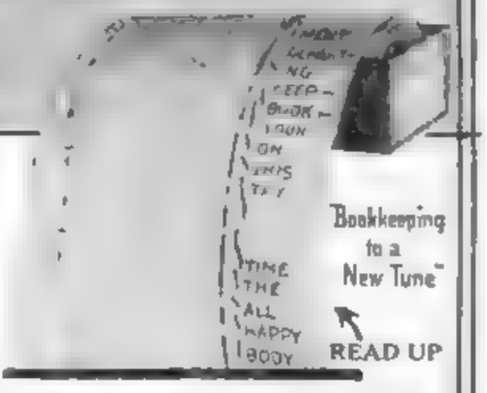
The unclaimed potatoes, if such there were, the authorities could dispose of as they chose. Extensive drying of potatoes was being done under official supervision, and every effort directed against waste. Feeding of potatoes to animals is permitted only to swine and geese. The potatoes of the horse's ration of last year were replaced with oats, and every possible measure taken to prevent the peasant from mulcting the crop.

The imperial potato card was issued in October, a guaranteed card, for which each household must select a retailer, who could obtain supplies only by presentation of the collected cards. The potato ration per day for grower and industrial classes was fixed at one and one-tenth pounds for women, children and light workers; two and two-tenth pounds for hard workers, the ration per head not to exceed one and three-quarter pounds, with extra allotments for the army, the sick and wounded, and children whenever necessary. This ration means the use in food of about nineteen million tons, so that apparently, when the industrial demands are satisfied, not over five million or six million tons will be available for animals.

In the spring of 1915 the people were officially urged to plant vegetables, especially

(Continued on Page 37)

Are your bookkeepers burning "midnight oil"?
Is it a struggle to get trial balances?
Are your statements sent out late?



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For those who do not like a garter around the leg.
Price 50 cts. and 25 cts.

Ivory Garter Co. Sole Mfrs.
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The men who make Gould Starting-Lighting Batteries are long-trained in building batteries for requirements vastly more severe than your car demands. *Built inside* of the Gould Battery is the service you want—*service on the car*. When you buy a new car specify a Gould Battery. When you need a new battery remember that over 2,500 dealers can supply a Gould of the correct type and size for your car.

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GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 35)

to till all the odds and ends of uncultivated ground; the people of the cities were aided by the municipal authorities in the establishment of small gardens, taught how, what and where to plant, how to cultivate, how to harvest and store. Desiccation establishments were installed in order that waste might be prevented. There was also increased cultivation of vegetables on a large scale for the market. The result has been that during the past two years the use of vegetables in the diet has probably been larger than ever before, particularly during the summer of 1916. For many vegetables maximum prices have been established, wholesale and retail.

The commercial manufacture of sauerkraut has been vested in a special company, and it is sold at fixed prices. The conservation of vegetables has been encouraged; in some instances these were confiscated and canned in order to solve disputes between canners and growers. About asparagus was played a little game that illustrates how keen are the Germans to the finer points of trade: The crop of 1915 was large; nevertheless, the retail prices remained rather high, despite the fact that little asparagus was canned on account of scarcity of the cans that are adapted to this product.

To the indignation of the people it became known that special permission had been granted for the exportation of asparagus. The asparagus went to Holland and Denmark, and from there, in part, to England. When the consuming public demanded that this exportation be prohibited and the people be given the advantage of the crop at low prices, the reply was made that asparagus had little nutritive value and was to be classed as a delicacy; but that its high price on export made it a factor of importance in maintaining the foreign value of the mark. Nevertheless, the public clamor was followed by the restoration of the original prohibition of exportation.

It was with the prices of vegetables that the middlemen ran wild during the summer of 1916. On account of the perishable nature of the product, confiscation was impracticable and maximum prices could not be enforced, with the result that the market could never be relied upon, as manipulation swept the produce hither and thither. As an illustration, the city of Cologne was without vegetables for several days.

The Use of Saccharine

Vegetables constituted in peacetime from three to five per cent of the German diet. It is possible that during the past two years double the normal quantum of vegetables has been consumed. Rubner took the wind out of the sails of the popular advocates of green vegetables for the war diet by pointing out that to replace 5.4 ounces of meat or 3.6 ounces of rye bread one would need to consume forty-six ounces of spinach, thirty-one ounces of cabbage, forty ounces of apple or thirty-six ounces of turnips. Nor was anything to be gained by adding to the diet the weeds of the forest or the straws of the field, since experimentation only proved what experience had indicated before—that we are not constituted to digest them.

If there was confusion in the vegetable market during the past year there was double confusion in the fruit market. The retail prices for fresh fruit reached unheard-of elevations during the summer of 1916. The growers' prices were high, in extenuation of which the high cost of fertilizer, cultivation, picking and packing were adduced. The perishable nature of the product and the intense desire of the people for fresh fruit afforded unusual opportunities to the manipulator.

The maximum prices first set were low—then the growers refused to pick; the prices were raised—thereupon green fruit was sent to the market. The people were encouraged to put up fruit by sterilization by heat, and with saccharine; but the housewife was not inclined to experimentation. Thereupon the food controller confiscated the entire crop of early apples and plums, supplied the sugar, and had them converted into jams.

This was an excellent move, as the jams would probably not have been put up on private initiative. The importance of jam and marmalade is greater than can be appreciated at this distance.

Butter is scarce and will continue to be so. Coffee is very poor. It was all important to have marmalade and jam for breakfast, else there would be nothing left of the Continental breakfast. The exclusion by the blockade of the large supplies of dried fruits previously obtained from California has been keenly felt.

When sugar became scarce the law prohibiting the use of saccharine was abrogated, and in March the public was encouraged to use saccharine. Two months later this use became compulsory in certain directions. Since then, eating houses have not been allowed to serve sugar with beverages, and many soft drinks and other addenda of the dietary must contain saccharine instead of sugar. During the summer it was widely used in jams and marmalades, and also made its appearance in beer. It was frankly admitted by the authorities that the use of saccharine was a questionable policy, as it was a constant reminder to the people of the straits in which Germany, a sugar-producing country, found herself.

Saccharine can never be termed a substitute for sugar from the gustatory or any other point of view. Certain articles of food containing saccharine have the normal taste, as though they contained sugar; to other articles of food, however, an abnormal aftertaste is given by saccharine, a condition particularly noticeable in beer. Amazingly enough, though ironically so to the people of Germany, the supply of saccharine was so short that for a time it was almost as difficult to secure saccharine as to obtain sugar—a condition, of course, that was only temporary.

The Scarcity of Eggs

A subject that possessed an interest in the cities, and occupied an amount of space in the newspapers out of all proportion to its importance in the diet, was the egg. The peacetime consumption of eggs was two per capita per week. The domestic production varied from sixty-five to seventy-five eggs per capita per year. These were mostly consumed in the country districts and the cities supplied largely by importation. The eggs secured by importation came principally from Austria-Hungary and Russia in reality from Russia, since they were largely Russian eggs that came from Austria-Hungary.

A fragile and perishable article like the egg is a poor blockade runner; and when Austria-Hungary, at the beginning of the war, prohibited exportation to Germany, the consumption was reduced to the plane of domestic production, since the surrounding neutral countries produced few eggs. Since the imported eggs supplied the cities, a situation was created that was just made to order for the market manipulator. During the first year of the war, when there was little scarcity of food, eggs could always be obtained in the city markets at high prices. During the second year of the war the country districts were less inclined to send their eggs to the cities, except at very high prices. When the spring of 1916 appeared the usual spring increase of eggs was awaited with great expectation.

But the eggs did not appear and winter prices were maintained.

The use of eggs had been prohibited in ordinary cakes and limited in the making of tart. Local regulations appeared in many cities, fixing maximum price, limiting the number that could be bought, prohibiting the serving of eggs at breakfast—and finally the egg card appeared. The wealthy classes had become very dependent upon eggs in their diet and the egg dealer preyed upon them. Among the students in Germany a popular story was current long ago to illustrate the limitations in the average student's wardrobe, depicting him counting his clean laundry, ending with *und das Hemd*—"and the shirt." Now it had become *und das Ei*—"and the egg."

The wealthy classes resented the restrictions on importations made by the central purchasing bureau, convinced that if the authorities had not centralized imported eggs, but had permitted buyers of eggs in Germany to compete with buyers in foreign lands, eggs would have been available, though the prices would have been very high. As a matter of fact, the supply of domestic eggs was not reduced below the figure for peacetime. In peacetime a few million Germans consumed eighty per cent of the eggs. The total number coming to the cities was reduced and most of these went to the wealthy and to public eating houses.

In June the number allotted in the cities was two per week per head. In July this was reduced to one per week, which was the allotment in September and October; the

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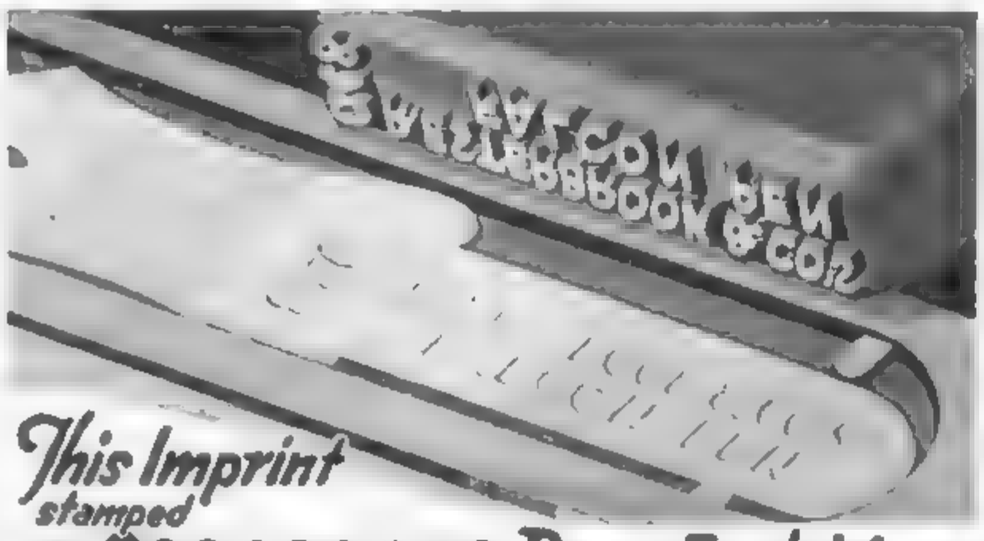

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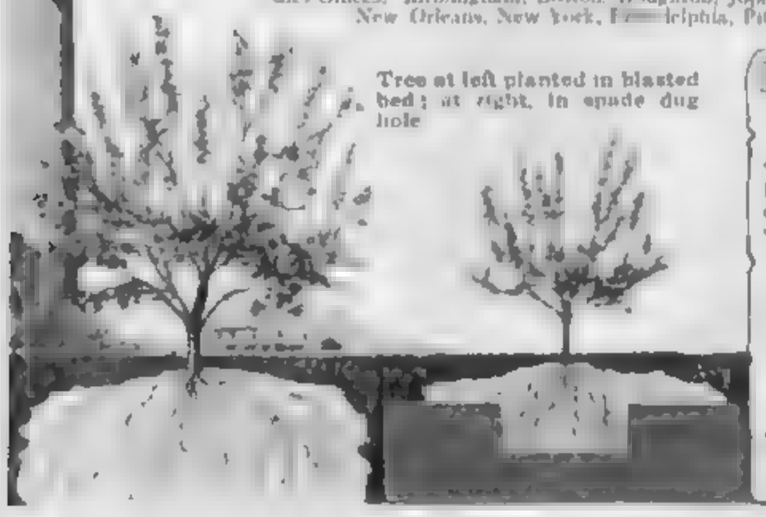

Tree at left planted in blasted bed; at right, in spade dug hole

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A

price, seven cents. In October the controller enacted regulations of confiscation in order to protect the needs of children, the army and the sick. The producers were supposed to retain a portion of their production; the remainder was to be turned in to the food controller.

When it becomes a question of dividing the eggs of the peasant's hens between the war nutrition department and the peasant's wife, it will be safe to place the wager on the woman. In the channel of trade the egg is too evanescent an object to be placed under rigid regulation. Enforcement of the egg regulation in hotels was out of the question, and circumvention was always accomplished. When the writer was last in Berlin, in October, he could without difficulty secure an omelet each day in the same eating place, and this not out of any regard for his being an American.

In peacetime the majority of Germans had not over two eggs a month, while a few had thirty a week. Now all have three or four available a month. The cuisine of the well-to-do is hit hard by the lack of eggs, and the well-to-do have loud voices. It is a clamor for luxury. The government will, under these circumstances, find it difficult to effect a confiscation of the peasant's eggs for any other purpose than the needs of the sick and the wounded; and one may be assured that, once an egg reaches the channels of trade, it stands little chance of ever landing upon a poor man's table.

During the first year of the war there was no scarcity of tea, coffee, cocoa or chocolate. Apparently the stocks in Germany were large; considerable amounts were obtained in Belgium; a large amount of Brazilian coffee was confiscated in Hamburg and Bremen; and until July, 1916, importation was not seriously restricted. During the past six months, however, there has been scarcity, which has been met by regulation of use. The first regulations made obligatory the use of substitute with coffee, half and half; and all middlemen were wiped out, retailers securing supplies direct from the authorities. Hotels and restaurants were allotted half the amounts to which they were accustomed, with equal amount of substitute.

Supplies of Chocolate and Milk

In October final regulations were issued. Coffee now comes in three grades ten, twenty-five and fifty per cent coffee; the rest is substitute. The best coffee has the maximum price of sixty cents a pound. Many substitutes are on the market, composed largely of browned grains, with a certain amount of chicory. The quality of these surrogates finally became so bad that they were placed under the control of the coffee commission.

Tea never possessed the standard of a man's drink in Germany, and the supplies were satisfactory until last May, when the tea was confiscated and the retail sale regulated, the limit being set at half an ounce. The use of substitute was not made obligatory; the prices varied from one to two dollars a pound.

Cocoa was little used as such in Germany and chocolate to a very large extent in foods rather than as a beverage. The writer was never able to understand where the limitless supplies of chocolate in Germany came from. In the smallest hamlet and the largest cities were shops after shops filled with chocolate candies, often of very low grade, but, nevertheless, inexplicable when viewed from the standpoint of quantity. Up to November there was no limitation in the use of chocolate.

No item of the German food supplies has attracted more attention in Germany and in the outside world than the scarcity of milk; and ever since the beginning of the war periodic appeals have been made to the governments of neutral countries to induce them to exert their influence toward such modification of the blockade as would permit the shipment into Germany of milk for little children. Laudable as was the motive of these appeals from the humanitarian standpoint, they were based upon a misconception of the amount of Germany's milk supply that naturally went to the children, since they assumed that any reduction in the milk supply must naturally fall proportionately or disproportionately upon the children.

This was an erroneous assumption. According to the Eltzbacher Commission, from forty to forty-three per cent of the milk produced in Germany in peacetime was

(Continued on Page 41)

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Actual tire trouble is not needed to ruin the pleasure of a motor trip—the fear of it works almost as damaging an influence.

And the fear of it springs from what? From the thought that the single spare or the pair behind *may* not fully outrank the chances of accident.

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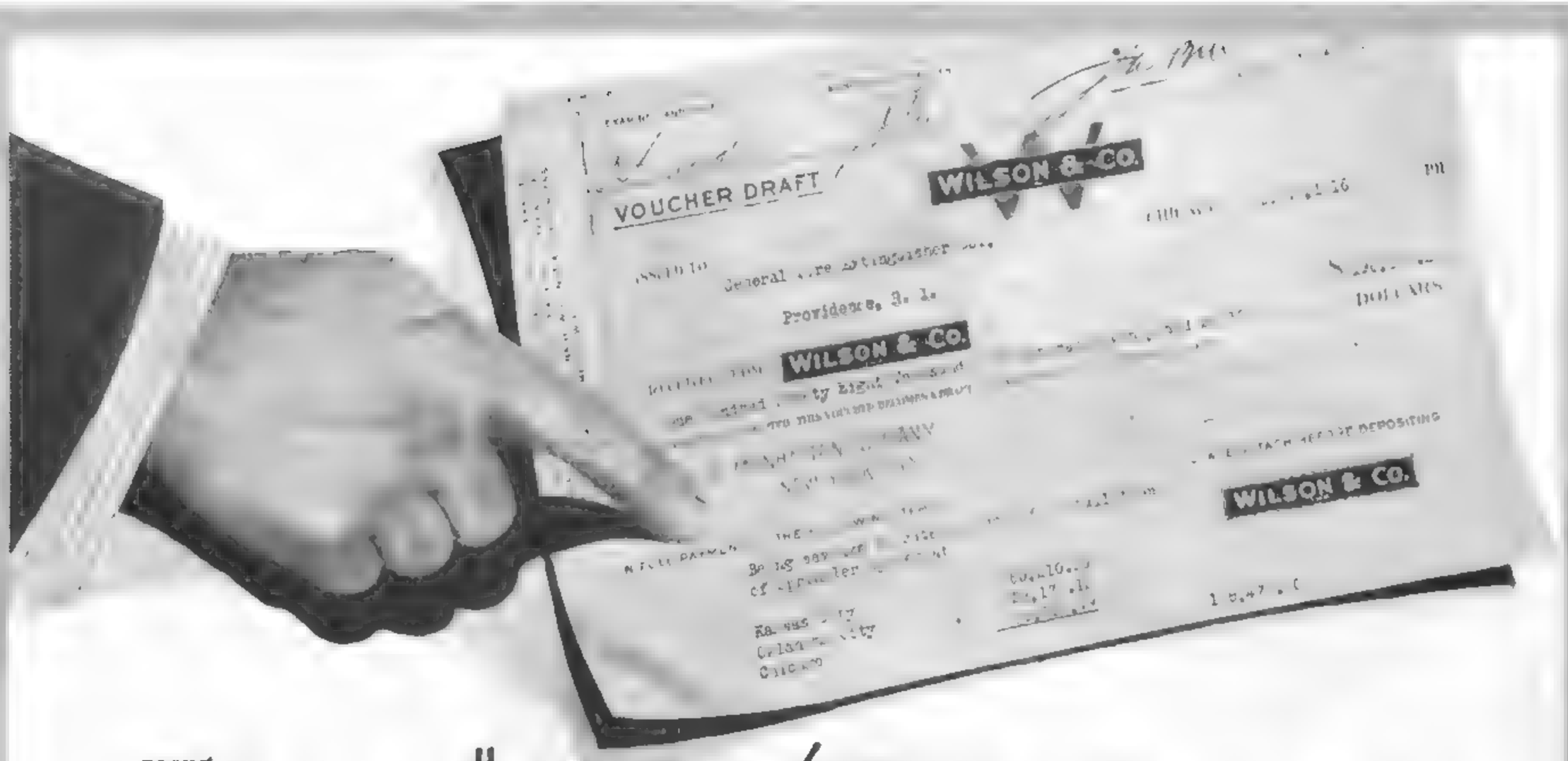

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He found that Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers would reduce the average insurance rates on his packing plants 85%.

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Forthwith, he contracted to have Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers installed in all the large plants of Wilson & Company.

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Many concerns can make the same ratio of saving as Wilson & Company even though their insurance premiums are as low as $500 a year and, what is more important, secure the same measure of protection.

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In case you cannot spare working-capital, we can give you the names of reputable concerns who make a business of accepting insurance savings as partial payments for a sprinkler system. This plan not only safeguards your working-capital from the calamity of fire, but also, practically with no investment, adds a Grinnell Sprinkler System to your real estate assets.

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Why not take a leaf from the books of the wisest business concerns in America, and get in touch with us to determine quickly the cost of protecting your *going* business? Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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THE FASHION CAR

(Continued from Page 38)

consumed in the household, as such, as beverage and in cooking. The remainder was devoted to the manufacture of butter and cheese. Of the amount consumed as such in the household only two-thirds was required for the children if every child under ten years of age received a quart of full milk a day. From this it is clear that what might be termed the direct childhood need of milk was less than one-third of the normal milk consumption of Germany. Over half of the milk, in terms of units of casein, was fed to livestock. In the final analysis, therefore, the need of the German children for milk was not particular or different from their need for other foodstuffs.

When the government, in the spring of 1915, killed off ten per cent of the milch cows, it was with the idea that the remaining ninety per cent could be so fed as to regain normal production. In other words, the milk production of the empire would be reduced not over ten per cent. In any event it was obvious that reduction in the milk supply, at least down to fifty per cent, need have no effect upon the children if the adult population permitted the reduction to fall upon their butter and cheese. In the light of later events, it is clear that the slaughtering of only ten per cent of the milch cows was a mistake. The production of milk in peacetime was dependent upon imported concentrate to the extent of practically one-half.

The dairies of Germany could almost be compared to dairies in a city cut off by a railroad strike. The slaughter of the lesser number of milch cows was based upon the proposition that, if more swine were slaughtered, fodder that was devoted to them could be diverted to milch cows. The calculations of the commission have been shown by events to have been unfulfilled, since the feeding stuffs that were supposed to be diverted to milch cows were, in fact, not so diverted; whereby the ratio of milk production as against maintenance per head was materially lowered.

The milk supply in the first part of the war was not far from normal. This was aided by the continued importation of oil concentrates from the United States, not checked until well into the second year of the war. The low yield of grasses and hay in 1915, together with the small crop of grain and the scarcity of all concentrates, combined in the fall of 1915 to bring about a scarcity of milk that has since constituted one of the most difficult problems in Germany. The problem has concerned only the industrial population. The agricultural population has throughout the war enjoyed practically the normal supply of milk.

Milk Regulations

The first regulations were enacted in the summer of 1915. Nursing mothers, infants and children to the twelfth year, and the sick of all ages, were given first call upon full milk. The use of milk in the kitchen and public eating houses, and as a beverage for adults, was restricted. With the onset of winter, the supply of milk became very much reduced, and in particular the milk supply of the cities was far below the normal. It is probably not far from the truth to state that, from December, 1915, on, not over half of the normal milk supply reached the large cities of Prussia, Saxony and the lower Rhine.

The authorities were at the outset loath to interfere, since milk is such a perishable product. Attempts were made to regulate the prices and to fix the volume of trade in different directions in the geographical sense, and thus secure equitable distribution by middlemen. As a matter of fact, the distribution was exceedingly inequitable until the advent of the new food controller. No milk carrier could supply the normal demands of his route; no milk shop could meet the requirements of its clientèle. Therefore, the milk went to the highest bidder, and customers searched for milk from shop to shop.

The authorities attempted to force production. The producers replied that in the reduced condition of the cows forced production was not profitable at the prices of feeding stuffs and at the price of milk. The scarcity of feeding stuffs tempted the peasant to feed milk to his young stock. Grain offal was supposed to go to the milch cows rather than to beef cattle. It is clear, however, that at the prevailing prices of milk and beef it was more profitable to convert it into meat than into milk; and we may be sure that this was done. The low ration of flour resulted in a larger consumption of milk by the peasant class. The high prices of butter induced the peasant to produce butter rather than sell milk.

Gradually the price of milk at retail was raised from five to eight cents a quart. Nevertheless, increase of price did not bring increase of production. During the winter months the public was urged to be patient until the coming of spring, which would yield the green fodder on which the freshened cows would again produce satisfactory amounts of milk. The spring came, but with it little increase in milk. The cows had calved in such poor physical condition that when the new fodder became available the excess of intake over maintenance went to restitution of lost tissues and not to increase in the flow of milk.

Just at this time the use of crude sugar was prohibited, potatoes were becoming scarce, and grain also; and there was no relief. With the advent of spring the cows of the peasant were placed at work, since the scarcity of horses and work oxen made this necessary. Emaciation of the cows, subsistence on green fodder and subjection to hard work in the fields were not conducive to a large yield of milk; only a low production of milk could be expected and nothing else materialized. These considerations did not apply to the large dairies; but the large dairies lacked concentrated feed.

Chances for Leaks

Milk cards appeared throughout the spring and summer as local regulations. In September, 1916, the supply of milk was very low—scarcely more than enough to cover the needs of mothers, infants, children and the sick. The rule imposed upon the dealer that he should confine himself to his old customers, and not accept new ones did not prevent him from practicing favoritism with his old customers; and the instruction of the controller to sell not over one-fourth to one-third of the peacetime amounts could not be enforced, as in the last analysis it had no reference to the size of the household.

The point of failure in the entire attempt at regulation, up to the control introduced in October, lay in the fact that the enforcement of specified use was imposed upon the consumer.

The final system inaugurated in October was founded on four considerations: the milk of peasants and of dairies was separated in the regulations; the use of milk in the household, guaranteed on the milk cards, was based on the composition of the family; the amounts of milk devoted to household use and to the manufacture of butter and cheese were regulated at the source; and the feeding of milch cows was effected by rationing by the authorities. Large dairies are supplied with rations, and must return specified amounts of milk. The small producers' milk was not confiscated. They were advised to use the normal amounts and turn the balance over to the authorities.

Here, obviously, was left unguarded an opportunity for a leak, since the peasant might feed milk to swine or calves. The nonagricultural population has been placed upon a strict milk regulation. During the last three months of gestation, during the period of nursing and period of recovery therefrom, a woman receives one liter of full milk daily. The bottle-fed child up to the second year is to receive daily one liter of full milk; between two and four years, three-fourths of a liter; between five and six years one-half of a liter. After the age of six, no milk ration is guaranteed, but of skim milk the child may receive as much as the market affords.

Full milk is allotted to the sick under the care of a physician. After these amounts have been allowed for, the remainder of the full milk goes to the manufacture of butter and cheese, the skim milk being returned to the market for unrestricted sale.

The medical world expressed criticism of the exclusion of milk from the diet of the child over the age of six. A choice had to be made between the milk needs of these children and the butter needs of the entire population; and the controller evidently reasoned that the child would receive the skim milk, and in their ration their share of the butter. There is little doubt that, under the operation of the present system, the people of the cities in industrial sections receive more milk than they secured during the first nine months of 1916.

The manufacture of cheese was regulated and the total cheese production of the empire, outside household cheese, confiscated.

(Continued on Page 43)

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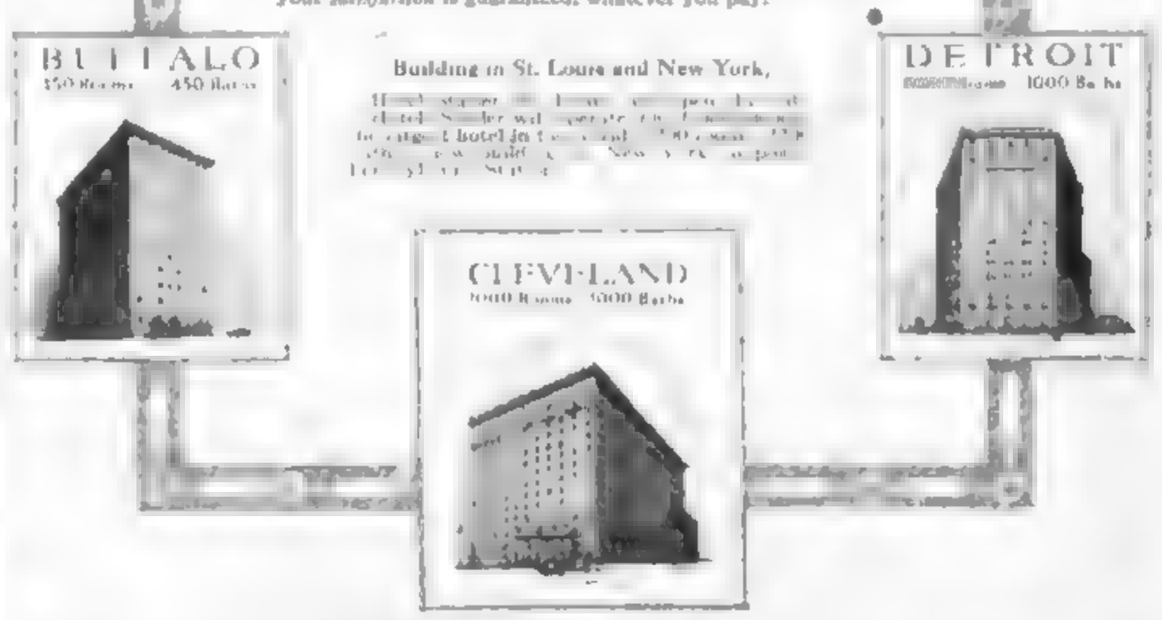

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"Mine Is a Twin Type"

Other men have Eights and Twelves. And they used to feel that added cylinders gave the car added prestige.

But the present Hudson owner knows this:

The Super-Six, in all sorts of tests, has outperformed other types. It has won in speed, in endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration. It holds all stock car records worth while.

Hudson also built Eights and Twelves before the Super-Six invention. Those types, no doubt, would have displaced Sixes, had the Super-Six not appeared.

We, with others, had turned to the Twin Type because of the unsatisfying limitations of the Six. Then we invented the Super-Six and found it gave all that was sought for by those who had developed the multi-cylinder cars.

How Much Friction?

The question is not between Sixes, Eights and Twelves. It is, What type best minimizes friction? For that is what all aim at.

Friction wastes motor power. It limits motor speed. It causes wear, prohibits endurance.

It was by reducing friction almost to nil that the Super-Six gained its supremacy. It is through the endurance which results that it won its amazing records.

The evidence is clear that the Super-Six best reduces friction. Until some type excels it in that respect, it holds the leading place. Every motorist must concede that, whatever type he owns.

Not Waste Alone

Much of the power was wasted in the old-type Six. We knew that, as did others. And, like others, Hudson engineers sought ways to correct it. We clung to the Six because this invention made the Super-Six excel.

By saving this waste, we get speed, power and flexibility such as like-size motors never showed before. We get more than you need, or will use.

But we get, above all, endurance. The fiercest strains, continued thousands of miles, have failed to show in the Super-Six the slightest evidence of wear.

We now combine this Super-Six motor with the limit in beauty and luxury. We have added to the car a great gasoline saver. No effort has been spared to make the Hudson supreme in every detail.

It is today the world's great car. And it probably always will be. The Super-Six motor comes so close to perfection that it leaves little room for improvement. And our patents control it.

Its owner knows that it can win in any sort of test. And, above all, in the test of long life.

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Roadster, 2-passenger		Town Car	2925	Limousine	2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 41)

The importation of cheese has suffered little during the war. Up to September, 1916, there was no regulation controlling the purchase of cheese; there was no maximum price, though the prices were high, and the cheese shops presented the normal appearance of peacetime. In September all imported cheeses were withdrawn from the market and allotted to the army, hospitals and prison-of-war camps. The domestic cheese is being distributed through control bureaus established in different cities. There was, up to November, no cheese card and no limit to individual purchase.

In Germany prior to the war, butter was the fat of the rich, lard and margarine the fat of the poor. According to the Eltzbacher Commission the per-capita consumption of butter fat was about 3.5 ounces a day, of which nearly one-half was obtained by importation directly or indirectly. In peacetime Germany imported hundreds of thousands of tons of both vegetal and animal fats for direct consumption, for manufacture of margarine in concentrates, and for industrial purposes, as for manufacture of soap.

In Germany under complete blockade, the dining table, the feeding trough and the factories compete for the fat of domestic production. It is at fats that the blockade of contraband and the blockade of foodstuffs overlap. Battleships need painting; therefore fat is contraband. Leather needs cleaning and dressing; therefore fat is contraband. Glycerine is used in smokeless explosives; therefore fat is contraband. In the polar and tropical zones fat is produced in excess; in the temperate zone fat must be cultivated. This cultivation Germany had neglected and it has proved the weakest as well as the noisiest gear in her transmission.

Of the different varieties of fat, the largest relative importation was in butter, two-thirds of which was indirectly or directly derived from the outside world. The butter consumption of Germany was not evenly distributed, geographically or in classes. The people of North Germany consumed more fat than those of South Germany. The people in the cities consumed more than in the rural districts, the public eating houses being the great dispensers of butter. During the months of scarcity of butter there was, of course, some complaint from the working classes; but, for the largest part, the complaints came from the spoiled rich, whose tables were conducted like those of a hotel.

During the first year of the war there was little scarcity of fat and butter, and there were no regulations concerning their uses. The second year brought scarcity and regulations. Butter, margarine and other fats became so scarce in December, 1915, that regulations were enacted compelling the large dairies to turn over to the Central Buying Bureau portions of their output for distribution to the cities. Cities, towns and communals then introduced butter cards and fat cards. Two fatless days were prescribed—Mondays and Thursdays; on those days the use of fat on the table and in the preparation of food was prohibited.

Fat and Butter Cards

The butter cards' allotments were unequal, allowing from five to ten ounces a week. In the smaller towns there was practically no limit. With each month in the cities the stringency became more pressing. In some places maximum prices were set; in others not. The retail prices in the shops rose gradually until the best grades of butter sold as high as one, or even two dollars, a pound. The authorities attempted to have the card follow the supply, and gradually the figure fell, until in May, in the cities, the weekly allotment was rarely above four ounces, and the ration of children had been reduced to one-half.

During the summer of 1916 there was considerable importation of butter from the surrounding neutral countries. All manner of butter substitutes were placed upon the market for the deception of the poor; while the willingness of the wealthy to pay large prices afforded the basis for widespread manipulation. The standards of manufacture were slowly reduced, and each day the butter and margarine became more watery. There was confusion in the administration of the several departments controlling the dietetic and industrial uses of fats, and in some places there were at one time four different cards for the use of fats. In the cities artificial gradings were established that expressed price distinctions, but not qualities.

The wealthy devised a pretty scheme to circumvent all regulations. A peasant possessing ten milch cows would sell one to each of ten men of means. Then each would employ the peasant to care for his cow, supplying the fodder, and having the milk and butter delivered to him, claiming exemption as an individual producer. The scheme was expensive; but it provided butter and milk in excess of the allotment of the cards.

With the advent of the new controller all fats were confiscated. The outputs of dairies were exacted on the basis of their milk supplies, and their cattle were rationed by the state. The killing of milch cows was made illegal. The butter cards became obligatory for the empire, and the selection of dealers was made compulsory. During June, July, August and September rations in cities varied from three and two-tenths ounces to four and six-tenths a week. The prices averaged from twelve to fifteen cents for three ounces. Communal authorities seized all butter produced by dairies of over fifty-quarts capacity a day, determined how much should be distributed locally and how much should be sent to the Imperial Bureau for Fat for the Use of the Cities. Peasants were not allowed to sell butter except to the communal authorities and the peasant's butter and milk were both liable to requisition.

To illustrate how hard it is to scotch the peasant, one needs but to state that, in Bavaria, it is contrary to law to sell a centrifuge or churn to a peasant, unless he contracts to sell his butter to the communal authorities.

Substitutes for Soap

The margarine and fats are now distributed by the same organization. The results of the new system have been a marked reduction in prices, but no increase in quantity. During October the usual ration in cities was three and two-tenths ounces of table fat a week; butter, two-thirds; margarine, one-third. The prices were from six to eight cents for two and one-tenth ounces of butter; for margarine, three cents for one and one-tenth ounces.

Lard and tallow are classed either as meats for purposes of the diet or as industrial fats. The cultivation of vegetable fats has been greatly stimulated and the crop of 1916 contained very material amounts of fat obtained from chestnuts, beechnuts, rape, marigold, poppy, sunflower and mustard. Slaughterhouse residues are no longer fed to animals until after all the fat has been extracted.

According to Liebig, the great German chemist of two generations ago, the civilization of a people may be measured by the consumption of soap; and if this dictum be accepted the Germans will have to admit that one other people is more civilized—namely, the Americans. The peacetime production of soap in Germany was some seven hundred thousand tons, ten per cent of which was toilet soap; nine thousand tons of glycerine were obtained as by-product. The per-capita use of soap was a little over twenty-two pounds a year. When fats became scarce in Germany, in the winter of 1915–16, the soap makers were among the first to feel the pinch.

In March, 1916, the soap card was issued. The ration at first was three and three-quarter ounces of toilet soap and one and one-fifth pounds of common soap a month, purchased on the bread card on the twenty-fifth of the month. The use of soaps for common cleaning purposes—steps, woodwork, leather—has been prohibited. Since July the monthly soap ration has been one and four-fifths ounces of toilet soap and half a pound of bar soap. There is now an Imperial soap card, guaranteed and uniform throughout the empire. Special provision has been made to cover the needs of children, nurses, physicians and dentists.

A large number of synthetic cleansing agents have been devised. Some of these, which are entirely free of soap and resemble tooth powders or tooth pastes in appearance, are very effective in the cleansing of the skin, operating after the fashion of almond meal. The scarcity of soap illustrates strikingly the scarcity of fats. When one considers the high value of glycerine to a nation at war, one may be certain that all the fat which can be spared from human consumption and technical uses will be spared; and the soap production becomes, therefore, a reliable index of the availability of fat.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Smart Clothes

Men wear Stein-Bloch clothes because success and the appearance of success are so closely associated with each other.

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors Registered 1888

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
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THE COLT WAY
"I tiptoed downstairs with my 'Colt' ready—switched on the lights and caught him red-handed. Then I telephoned for the police. If it hadn't been for my 'Colt'—well!—I don't know what would have happened."
COLT
THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER
You can't forget to make a Colt safe"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

An appeal
Listen.

Overland

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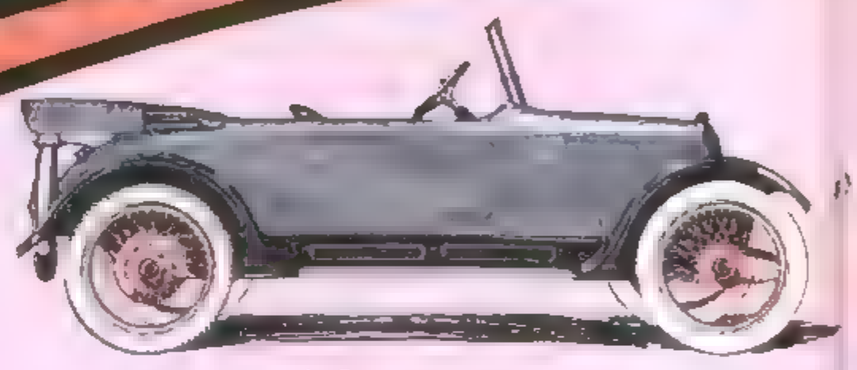
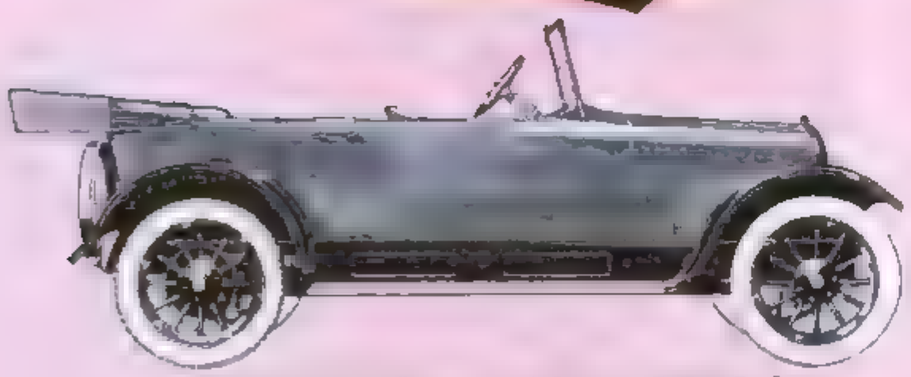


Overland Light Four Models

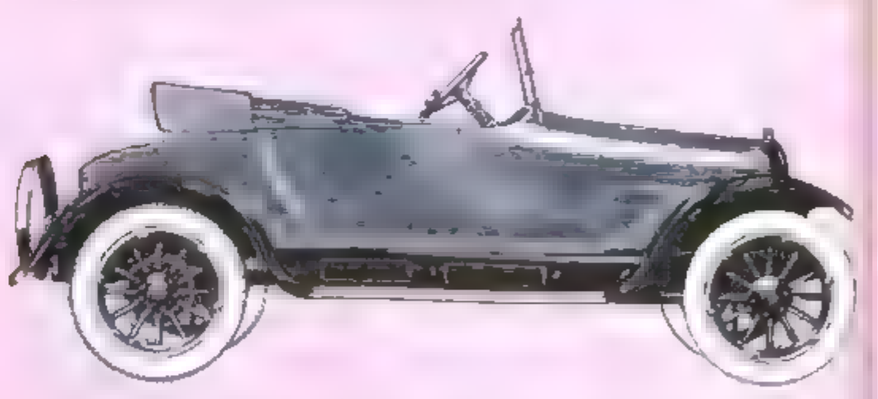
Roadster, 104-in. wheelbase	$650
Touring, 106-in. wheelbase	$665
Sport Model, Country Club (Illustrated)	$750



Overland Big Four Models

Roadster, 112-in. wheelbase	$835
Touring, 112-in. wheelbase—(Illustrated)	$850

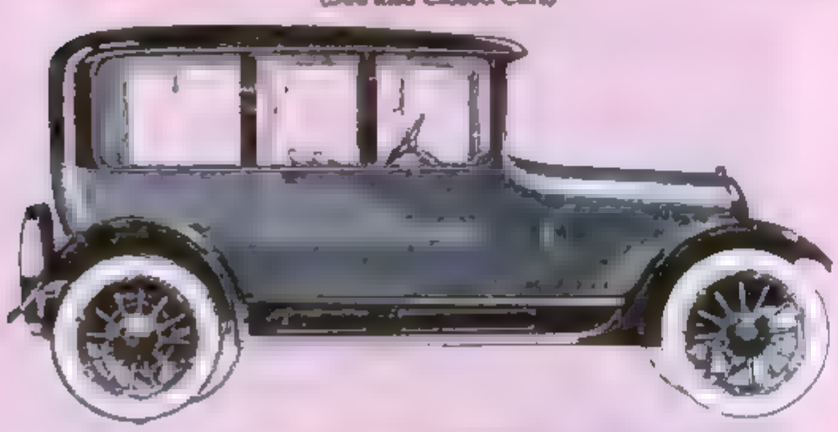
(See also Closed Cars)



Overland Light Six Models

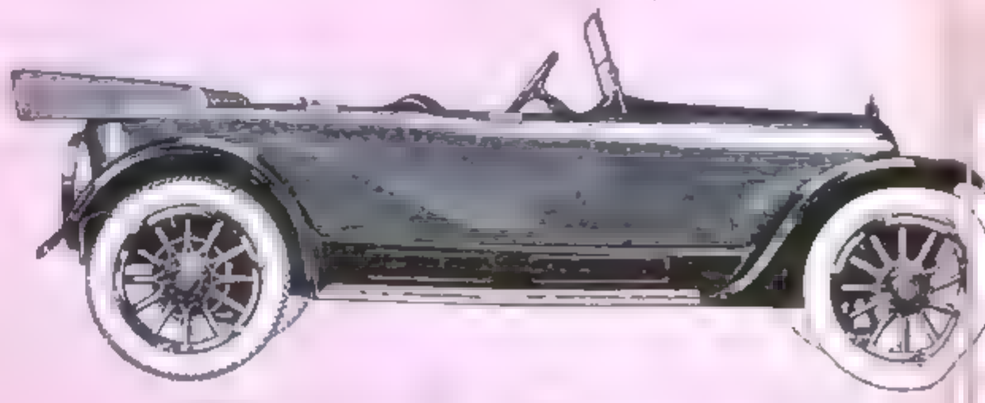
Roadster, 116-in. wheelbase—(Illustrated)	$970
Touring, 116-in. wheelbase	$985

(See also Closed Cars)



Overland and Willys-Knight Closed Cars

Overland Big Four Coupé, 112-in. wheelbase	$1250
Overland Big Four Sedan, 112-in. wheelbase	$1450
Overland Light Six Coupé, 116-in. wheelbase	$1385
Overland Light Six Sedan, 116-in. wheelbase (Illustrated)	$1585
Willys-Knight Four Coupé, 114-in. wheelbase	$1650
Willys-Knight Four Sedan, 121-in. wheelbase	$1950
Willys-Knight Four Limousine, 121-in. wheelbase	$1950

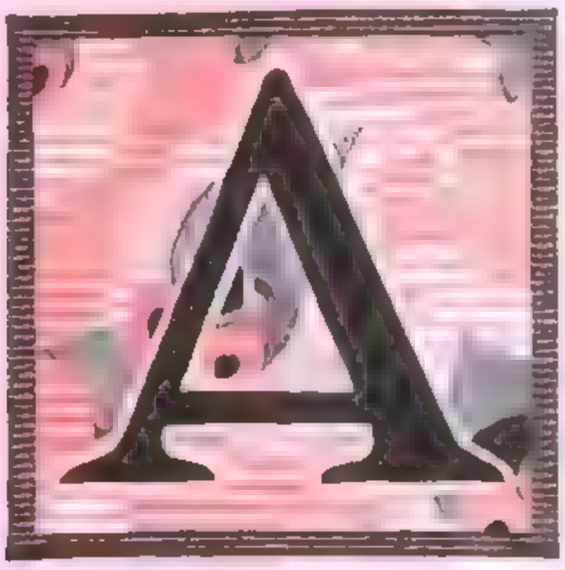


Willys-Knight 7-Passenger Models

Four Cylinder Touring, 121-in. wheelbase	$1285
Eight Cylinder, 125-in. wheelbase (Illustrated)	$1950

(See also Closed Cars)

to Reason
to Logic



better motor car for *less* money.

Overland success means just that to you.

For five years we have outsold all cars in our class.

Last year our sales were millions of dollars ahead of any make selling over $400.

Economies were greater—values greater than ever.

This year, through an achievement new to the American Automobile Industry, we apply the economies of vast production to a *complete* line of cars.

We have been working toward this end for eight years.

All the general expense heretofore charged to a single class of cars we now *distribute* over several groups including not only low priced cars but cars in the high priced class as well.

Our dealers this year have contracted already for $180,000,000 worth of these cars.

On this volume we will save millions of dollars in manufacturing and sales economies.

We offer you a most attractive line of automobiles in the high priced class—at moderate prices.

We offer you the dominant value in lower priced cars—greater values than ever.

There are Light Fours, Big Fours, Light Sixes and the Willys-Knight group which includes the new Willys-Knight Eight.

Body styles, *all new*, include

—roadsters, two and three passenger,

—Country Club, four passenger sport model,

—touring cars, five and seven passenger,

—coupés, three and four passenger,

—sedan, five and seven passenger,

—and the limousine.

You will find in the Willys-Overland line an automobile of high quality, exactly adapted to your any need or pleasure.

In every class these cars represent such remarkable value that every consideration of pride, economy, safety and enjoyment must urge you to consider the Willys-Overland line first.

Tell the Overland dealer what kind and class of car you want. Let him help you solve your personal automobile problem as thousands of others are solving theirs—permanently.

See the Overland dealer now.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles and Light Commercial Cars

"Made in U. S. A."

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If you only knew how wonderfully it would improve the appearance of your furniture, you would go right out and buy a bottle of

3-in-One

this very minute! Yes—those stains, smuts and finger-marks—even surface scratches—that mar so many handsome pieces of furniture, so many pianos and phonographs, can all be removed—quickly, easily. Try this 3-in-One treatment—

It Will Restore the "New" Look

Pour just a little 3-in-One Oil on a cloth wrung out of cold water. Wipe thoroughly each piece of furniture. Don't cover too much surface at a time, and be careful to rub only with the grain of the wood. Dry and polish with soft woolen or cheese-cloth. Do this today. The transformation will surprise and delight you

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles, and in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent free for the asking.

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The Charm of

LIFE SAVERS

Man—tickle on tongue—Life Savers in pocket—hand reaches down—unwraps tinfoil—places one Life Saver on tongue. CHARM! DELIGHT!

Always carry Life Savers—the better candy mints on a million tongues. Get the mints *with the hole*. Avoid imitations. 5 cents.

Three flavors: Pep-O-mint Wint-O-green Cl-O-ee

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York

MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd
Montreal

(Continued from Page 43)

The peacetime consumption of meat in Germany was about two and a quarter pounds per head per week, practically double the consumption of a generation ago.

The meat production of Germany was to a considerable extent dependent upon imported foodstuffs. We shall not go far wrong if we assume that the fat concentrates were devoted to milk production and the grain concentrates to meat production. If the data of the total fodder consumption and imported feeding stuffs be contrasted, and evaluated according to the rules of scientific stock feeding, we learn that approximately one-quarter of the meat consumption of Germany was derived from imported feeding stuffs. The meat production of Germany had long been upon an efficient plane, as the livestock yielded annually over half their weight in market meat. Germany also imported meat and meat products, and especially fat.

Following the recommendation of the Eltzbacher Commission, one-third of the swine were slaughtered late in the winter of 1914–15; presumably between six and seven million swine were killed. During this winter there was undoubtedly an unusual consumption of meat. Of the conserved meat, which should have been available for reserve for the ration of the following year, a great deal was lost by decomposition; so that, beginning with the autumn of 1915, the meat consumption was reduced to the plane of meat production, and this was low, because the fodder and grain crops of that summer, with the exception of potato, were far below normal.

According to the plans of the scientists, the number of head of domestic animals was to be kept down to the available fodder. When, in the fall of 1915, the available feeding stuffs were recognized to have fallen far below the plane of the number of animals, a second slaughter should have been decreed. If the slaughtering of animals was necessary in 1914–15 it was doubly necessary in 1915–16. Now this did not meet the views of the agricultural population at all. They wished to nurture their stock in order to restore their possessions and stand equipped, ready for the return of peace, which was regarded as certain to come within a year.

When Meat is Not Meat

If the peasant fed up his young stock this could only be done at the expense of proper feeding of the milch cows and by the utilization of potatoes, sugar beets and molasses; to some extent also of grains, the feeding of which to stock was prohibited. All of these the peasant did feed, with the aim of restoring his count of livestock.

During the winter of 1915–16 a great deal of meat was requisitioned for the army. The peasants killed many animals in domestic slaughtering, consuming the meat themselves outside of all control and dispensing large amounts outside the channels of trade, to people living in small towns and in the large cities. Under these circumstances the stock in the best condition was killed. There was not enough feeding stuff to maintain all the animals in reasonably good condition; therefore, the remainder of the stock was carried along on what was little more than a maintenance ration.

When the cities, buying through the channels of trade, went to the country for livestock they could secure only cattle and swine of low grade, thin even to emaciation. Such animals yielded little meat and when placed upon the market did not suffice to meet the demands. Thus, with each month following October, 1915, the scarcity in meats became more and more pronounced. There was little or no meat procurable by importation during the winter of 1915-1916; certainly not over one hundred thousand tons, as meat was scarce both in Holland and in Scandinavia.

Local meat cards appeared in various portions of the empire late in 1915 and became universal in the cities early in 1916. Two meatless days were established—Tuesday and Friday. There was little control in the country districts or in small towns that could secure their supplies through personal dealings with the growers. The country districts made the exportation of animals and meat products to the cities directly and indirectly difficult or impossible. Maximum prices were placed on certain meat—pork—which had the simple effect of driving that meat from the market and inducing others to appear at higher prices.

The situation was, of course, taken advantage of by manipulators, with the result that the rich secured the meat and the poor in the cities had practically none. In the cities there were fine distinctions as to when meat was meat, and when it was not meat. Thus, loin of veal was meat; but tongue and liver and tail were not meat.

In March, 1916, the open market for cattle was practically empty and the provisioning of the cities with livestock was placed under regulations. The cities contracted with livestock associations to furnish so many head a week. Thus, Berlin, in peacetime, consumed one hundred thousand swine a month. In April fourteen thousand swine were ordered to be purchased for the city markets; only twenty-three hundred were secured. The simple truth was that the swine were not fit for slaughter. The cities had no power to confiscate the animals.

Conditions in South Germany

Meantime, in South Germany, the meat cards provided for one and a half to two pounds of meat a week. The cities attempted to meet the situation by buying their stock directly. Failing to obtain stock fit for slaughter, as early as May they began to buy lean stock; and, securing supplies of feeding stuffs, proceeded to prepare the animals for their markets. These meats went largely to the poorer classes.

For example, in May, 1916, four hundred thousand swine were purchased by the city of Berlin, to be used as feeding stock. The cards throughout the cities, from January to May, called for from one-half to one pound a week. The amount of meat available was so small that only a small percentage of the buying public could secure meat, and the average weekly ration in many cities in the spring months was not over three-quarters of an ounce, and this on paper.

In May conditions became so bad that a uniform card regulation was attempted, and this was elaborated when the new food controller took charge. Each householder had to select a meat dealer. The central slaughterhouses and the wholesale buyers were eliminated. The cities sublet contracts for slaughter and delivered the meat directly to retailers, who obtained meat in return for retail cards turned in by them. The amount stated on the cards was reduced to nine ounces a week. At this time the meat ration in the army was reduced to three-quarters of a pound a day, with two meatless days a week for soldiers not on active duty. The card system at this time was necessarily a failure because the amount of meat available was so much smaller than the amounts called for by the cards.

In June a survey of the livestock situation convinced the authorities that it was useless to attempt to increase the ration. The plan was then formulated to keep the ration low and feed up the younger stock, with the intention of increasing the meat ration in the autumn. Practically speaking, conditions in the summer months remained unsatisfactory from every point of view until the Imperial meat card was issued in July. This accomplished more equitable distribution of meat; but the ration remained very low. In August pork was practically withdrawn from sale. A survey of the rations of the different cities of Germany during the summer months indicated that the individual allotment secured each week was not over one-third of a pound.

In September the final system of the war nutrition department was put into effect. The essential feature of this system was the confiscation of the livestock and the control of the feeding of this stock and its delivery to the market, precisely comparable to the system described for the dairies. The livestock remains in the physical possession of the peasant, but the use belongs to the state; the state furnishes the feeding stuffs, allots to the peasant a certain fraction of the meat, and claims the balance for the nonagricultural population.

One concession was made to the peasant which, it was fully realized, carried grave dangers: the peasant was permitted to slaughter stock for his own use, but was supposed to kill such animals as gave a meat ration comparable to the meat card of the nonagricultural population. There is good evidence that this concession was being widely abused in the early months of the autumn of 1916; and, indeed, nothing else was to be expected.

Looking back over the nine months preceding the introduction of the Imperial meat card, in September, 1916, one may concisely describe the situation by saying that the

agrarians took food from the people of Germany and utilized it, with their own feeding stuffs, in order to carry along a number of animals so large that the total available feed for them was not enough to produce comparable amounts of market meat or dairy products, the nutrients being largely utilized by the animals for mere maintenance. This has been made clear by the results of the census of animals.

The number of swine left at the time of the great slaughter in 1915 was supposed to have been some seventeen millions. In October, 1915, the count was over nineteen millions. In December, 1915, it had fallen to seventeen millions. Thecount in April, 1916, gave a figure a little over thirteen millions. This indicates the number of pigs that were killed during the winter for use by the peasants and for sale outside the open channels of trade. On September 1 the number had risen to over seventeen millions. In November, 1916, another census of swine indicated that the count had risen to practically the figure of June, 1913—some twenty-one millions. In other words, the young pigs born early in 1916 had been fed up during the summer.

The count of cattle in April, 1915, was 24,900,000; in April, 1916, it was 19,900,000, and the milch cows were only eight hundred thousand less than in December, 1914. In November, 1916, the number of milch cows was back to the number before the great slaughter. In other words, the calves had not been killed; the heifers had been raised to milch cows. All in all, the peasants during the year from May, 1915, to October, 1916, had accomplished the restoration in numbers of the livestock in Germany.

If Germany, in December, 1914, did not have the feeding stuffs to maintain the animals, then she certainly did not have them in November, 1916; and all the work of the Eltzbacher Commission to regulate the relative consumption of food units by domesticated animals, and by man, has been in vain. Germany during the winter of 1916-17 is consuming, according to the card, a little over half a pound of meat a week from the same number of animals that in time of peace yielded over two pounds a week, of which one-fourth of a pound came from imported feeding stuffs. The experience of the past year has been an experiment to determine how many head of stock and of human beings could be maintained on a minimum of food and feeding stuffs; but this has not redounded to the credit of the agrarians or to the nutrition of the industrial classes.

Von Hindenburg's Appeal

Now that it has passed, it may be a source of satisfaction to the people of Germany to realize that these animals will be of utility in the near future. It is, however, improbable that the present crop will flesh en and fatten the number of animals now in hand. Until the enactment of the comprehensive regulations of the food controller in September the agrarian population was permitted to decide between the maintenance of their domesticated animals and of their fellow citizens; and the fellow citizens had a close shave.

All through the summer of 1916 the industrial workmen of Germany, underfed and overworked, supported their government with the assurance that they would "hold through." When they come to realize that they have had to "hold through" as much against the mismanagement of their agrarian brothers as against the Allies' blockade, the breach between the Social-Democrats and the Agrarians will be wider than ever.

The system of regulation now in operation had it been placed in effect in the fall of 1915 would have spared Germany to a large extent the meat and milk scarcity of the past year. If the accounts in the public press of this country, to the effect that Field Marshal von Hindenburg has appealed to the agrarians for a square deal with the industrial population, and for a strict compliance with the regulations of the food controller, are true, that fact suggests that the regulations of the President of the War Nutrition Office were being evaded.

On the face of the returns one cannot believe that it will be possible during the present winter to maintain in a productive state the swine and cattle of Germany, except by restriction of the foodstuffs now assigned to the industrial classes by the excellent system worked out by Von Batocki.

It is possible that the final struggle between scientific control of the food supplies and the class-interest policy of the agrarians is now at hand. Last year the industrial population went on short rations. This year it must be the livestock alone, or German efficiency has gone to wreck.

The use of poultry in Germany was restricted practically to the well-to-do classes and the accentuated scarcity of poultry, with its higher prices, concerned them alone. On the other hand, the reduction in the supplies of fish affected the common people. From one-half to two-thirds of the supply of sea fish in peacetime was drawn from waters that are now more or less closed to German fishing. Importation of fish from Holland and the Scandinavian countries was extensive until the pressure of the blockade forced these countries, first, to reduce the scope of their fishing operations, and, second, to prohibit indirectly or directly the sending of fish to Germany.

Under these circumstances the sea-fish supply was much reduced during the summer of 1916. The German catches of Baltic and sweet-water fish were increased. The higher grades of fish were consumed by the well-to-do in peacetime, but the cheaper grades of fish formed a staple in the diet of the working people. These cheaper grades of fish, both fresh and smoked, are now expensive. Herring were so cheap in peacetime that they were used as fertilizer; now the prices on the coast range from ten to twenty cents a pound.

A Reduced Beer Supply

A survey of the fish markets and of the reports in the trade papers confirms the opinion, expressed in the daily press, that the total fish consumption during the past summer was probably not much lower than in peacetime; but that the distribution was different, since fish went to replace meat in the households of the well-to-do and middle classes. The supply of fish during this winter must be very much reduced, since the sweet waters now furnish very little; and even in peacetime the salt waters furnished in winter much less than in summer.

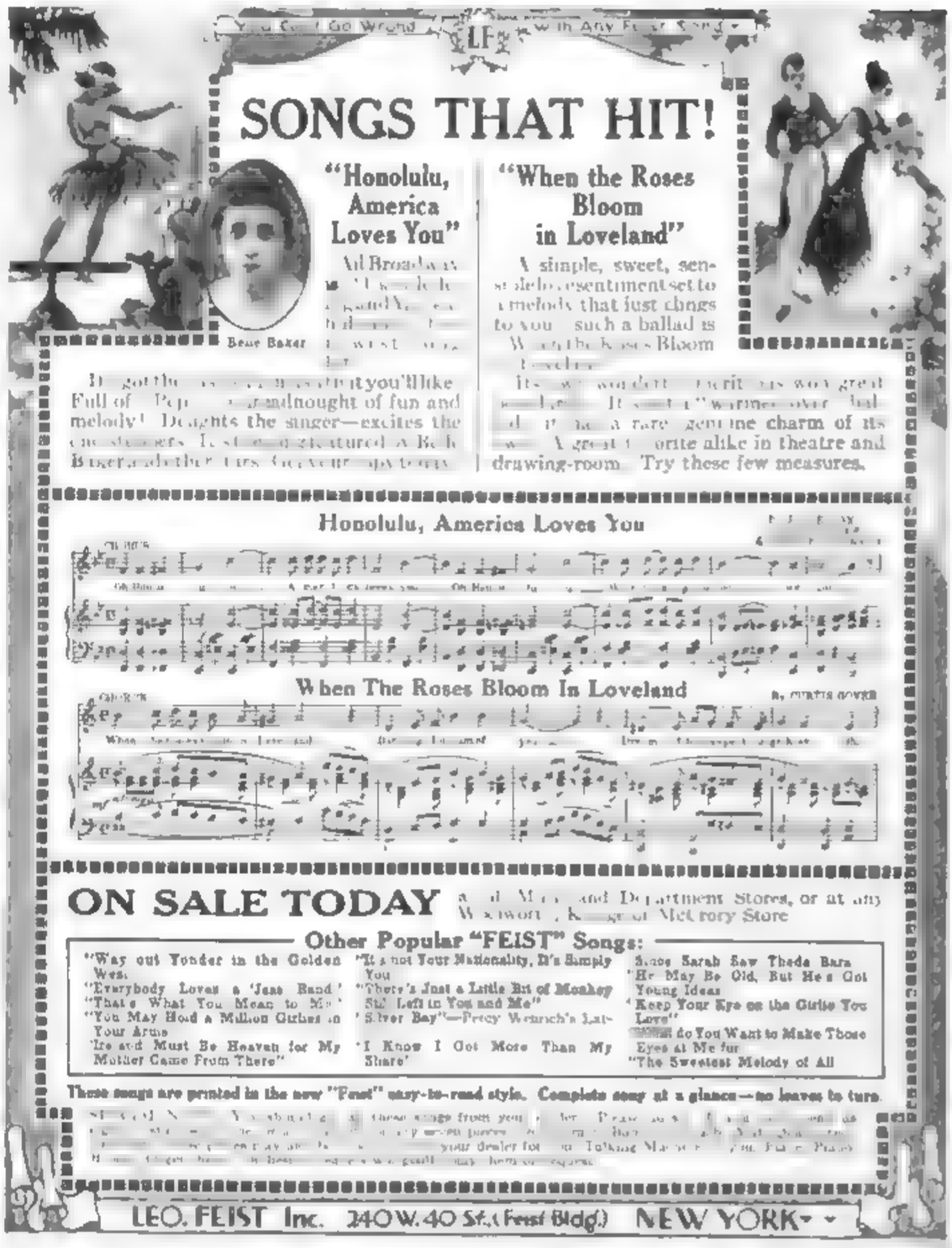
In the years directly preceding the war the consumption of alcoholic beverages by each person a day in Germany was seven-tenths of a gallon of beer, two hundredths of a gallon of spirituous liquors and three-hundredths of a gallon of wine. Some thirteen per cent of the beer was made from imported barley; half of the wine was imported. The per-capita consumption of alcohol yielded one hundred and ten calories daily—between four and five per cent of the total intake in calories. The Germans ingested more calories in the form of alcoholic beverages than in vegetables and fruits.

Reduction in consumption of alcoholic beverages was determined upon early in the war, but really carried into effect only after the low harvest of 1915. The alcoholic beverages contain but a small fraction of the protein and calories of the grains from which they are manufactured; the protein is entirely lacking in spirituous liquors. Entirely apart from questions of the effects of alcohol, restriction in manufacture was necessary to minimize loss in grain and to reduce the labor required in the processes of manufacture.

That the prohibition of vodka was necessary in Russia was regarded in Germany as evidence of the lack of civilization in Russia. The amount of barley that could be devoted to the manufacture of malt was reduced to sixty per cent; grain devoted to whiskies was understood to have been reduced one half. More recently the making of grain whiskies has been interdicted. The importation of French wines apparently continues; otherwise there must have been immense amounts stored in Germany, for these wines are everywhere to be had.

The hours of sale and the amounts allotted for daily sale were fixed differently in different parts of the empire. In Berlin limitation was by hours; in Munich limitation was by quantity—so much for each resort for each day. In the summer of 1916 sophistication of the beer by addition of saccharine was first permitted; later it became compulsory. This adulteration has been resented by the people, as saccharine almost ruins a good beer.

Abuse of alcoholic beverages was very rarely observed by the writer during the months he was in Germany, moderation being due largely, he is convinced, to the restraint imposed by the psychology of war and to preoccupation with work, thus indicating again that alcoholism results from idleness rather than from overwork.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The third will appear in an early issue.

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THE CHARM of this player-piano is not merely that it can reproduce the performance of artists but that it enables you to actually play the piano with the same pleasurable sensation as if playing by hand.
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It answers cost
It answers comfort—

Neōlin—our wonder-sole of wear

We sat discouraged, my wife and I, listening to the pounding of the children's feet—thinking of the monthly shoe-bills which seemed to set each little sacrifice of ours at naught.

We sat discouraged, my wife and I—I, foot-weary from the busy office, she from all the foot-miles of her household tasks. And then I spoke:

"Ah! if there were but something BETTER THAN LEATHER—something that would wear better and be more foot-comforting."

How little did we know that even at that moment Science had produced something far, far better than leather—better feeling, better LASTING, and with looks that match its wear!

* * *

Six months after, I made my great discovery.

I had picked up a shoe idly from where it lay on a shoe-store shelf. It was a beautiful shoe, styled and smart.

And about the sole was something—well, *modern* would be the word, I think.

So first I saw a Neōlin Sole. The next moment I had tried it. That moment was a memorable one for me—for flexible and foot-easing Neōlin was, and soothing as a slipper from the first smooth step!

And that was but the beginning of my wonderful Neōlin experience.

For, as day by day and month by month I wore my new Neōlin Soles, an increasing wonder came. They were wearing as no other shoe-soles had ever worn. And then—!

Well, my wife wasted not a moment! Neōlin looks had already won her—and now that Neōlin wear and comfort were proven facts, there was nothing for it but Neōlin Soles for the whole family!

Yes, life is somehow different since Neōlin came—and we thank Neōlin for that. Since then the shoe-bills have hoisted a permanent relief sign, and Willie and Margaret and Dorothy can play and jump and pound, and, bless you, we won't worry. Isn't Neōlin there to wear and save? Yes, and to do far more than that:—

For Neōlin saves the doctor bills as well through snug-foot, waterproof tread—and we just thank it again for that.

Wouldn't *you* thank Neōlin, too?

* *

Neōlin is for new shoes or new soles. It comes in black, white, tan; and your shoe-dealer or repairer probably has it. If not, *insist* and both will get it next time. Remember, it costs no more. And its quality is always the same on any price of shoe. To avoid the imitations—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

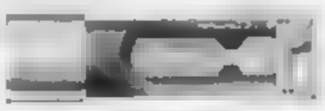
Better than Leather

ONE MOTOR OR THOUSANDS

in your plant, ECONOMY renewable FUSES

Should always be used to break the electrical circuits when excessive currents cause fire and accident hazards. Safe under all conditions of service, Economy Fuses have the additional advantage over old-style "one-time" fuses of being renewable—just the replacement of an inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores an Economy Fuse (after it has operated) to its original efficiency.

Thus Economy Fuse users (large and small) cut annual fuse maintenance expense 80% besides obtaining positive protection.



This is a sectional view of an Economy ferrule type renewable fuse. They are made in all commercial capacities (both ferrule and knife blade types) from 3 to 1000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts

"Drop Out" Renewal Links are accurately rated, inexpensive, and their use renews an Economy Fuse over and over again.

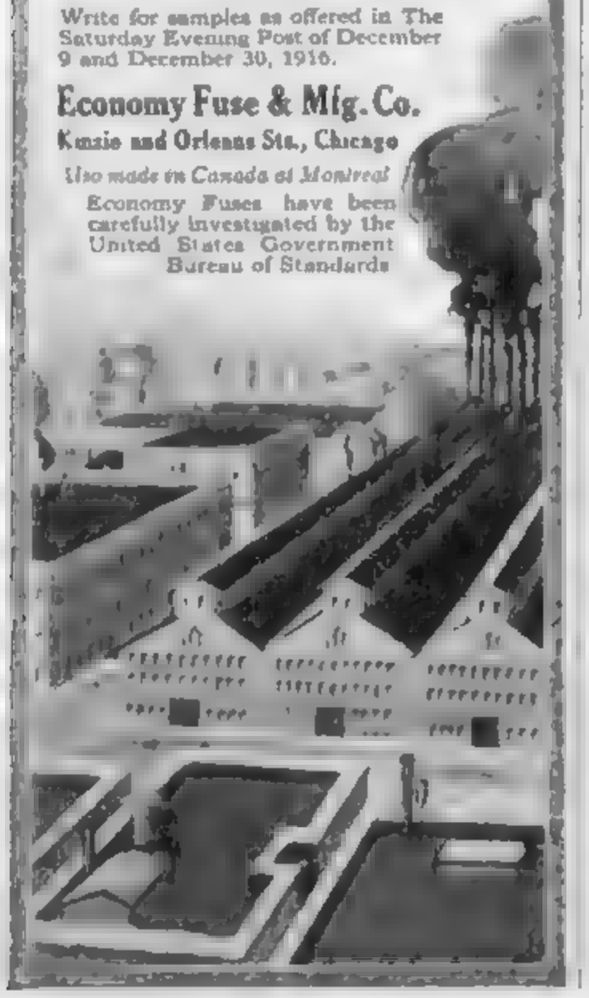
Write for samples as offered in The Saturday Evening Post of December 9 and December 30, 1916.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.

Kinzie and Orleans Sts., Chicago

Also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the United States Government Bureau of Standards



Making Business Men

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

"THE trouble with business," said Bittner, sitting down opposite me—he had just come in from the smoking car and smelled strongly of other men's smoke—"is rivals."

"Is business bad?" I asked. I had been in the West for a year in business for myself, and I was eager to get at the heart of things with my old employer, with whom I was now returning to Chicago as full partner. He had come West and summarily carried me off on the suggestion that he had a big new scheme on foot, but he had given me no inkling of what it was. His suggestion of rivals now made me wonder whether things were going altogether well with the old Bittner & Binks concern.

"Business ain't what you might call bad from a box-office standpoint," he said, pulling out his knife and looking about for something to whittle, while I grew uneasy for the Pullman furniture.

"And every business must have rivals," I put in cheerfully. "That's inevitable."

"If they can get away with it, it's theirs," he came back, jabbing viciously at his umbrella handle. "I ain't got nothin' against the general run; they get theirs, natural. And when once we get our new scheme rival proof, rock-ribbed and riveted, we'll step over to it so slick and clean there won't be no chance for any of our old rivals to tack and follow. You're not standin' to lose, comin' in with me; but there'll be some hard tuggin' for a while."

I suddenly thought with comfort of my Western ranch, acquired the past year. My own future was secure, whatever happened. New schemes, even with a business genius like Bittner, had diverse possibilities.

"Will this new scheme do away with the old book business?" I asked. We had traveled two days, but owing to Bittner's many excursions to the smoker and the crowded condition of the Pullman car, we had got only this far. Bittner would never talk business in another's hearing.

Plowing With Razors

"It'll swallow it," he answered. "It's bigger." He gouged on for a while; then glancing back to make sure that no one was in earshot he continued: "My idea is that a big proportion of American business men are doin' the other fellow's work and noddin' over it. Their job ain't no alarm clock to their senses. When they started in they didn't know enough about business in general to choose right, and they ain't earned enough or learned enough since to make a change. My new scheme's to put 'em wise to business principles and conditions at the present moment, make 'em know the whole market and their own value in it. Creator's played mighty fair—ain't started none out without his tools, but a lot ain't never found theirs. They're plowin' with razors, and they just rough up the field and ruin the razor."

I sat for some moments thinking over the new scheme. It sounded gigantic; but just how was it to be carried out?

"Is the new scheme pretty well worked out?" I asked. He looked quickly round. Two men had just taken the seat behind us.

"The thing's all blocked out, and that's the biggest part," he said in a low tone. He looked at his watch. "We can't talk here, and there's a man I've gotta see before he gets off. I won't wait for you in the mornin'. Come to the office as early as you can, and we'll go into everything root and branch."

The first whiff of the office air reminded me that as partner I now had a voice, and I instantly determined to raise it in the cause of ventilation. A hundred typists were clicking away for dear life in the large operating room. Miss Krog, the handsome blond forewoman, well tinted and tailored and more of a presence than ever, was showing a new girl how to fill in lines on follow-up letters. The same old bookkeeper was busy in the cage, her swarthy, heavily lined face bent over her books, and her big, intense black eyes peering through ugly, horn-rimmed glasses, fairly daring a figure to get away uncounted. The private office was neglected and ill-kept, though sturdy William, the bullet-headed office boy, had evidently attempted to bring about a semblance of order on the surface of things.

Apparently I was not expected. Miss Krog's expression changed to frowning surprise when she saw me—I caught the antagonism before she could mask it; then she came over to shake hands.

"Glad to see you back," she said in a low, constrained voice.

The bookkeeper left her cage.

"Where you stopping?" she demanded in an inquisitional tone.

"At the Harrington."

"Umph! I looked there once."

William stopped his dusting, rubbed his hand on his trouser leg and thrust it out to be squeezed. He didn't say a word, but there was heart in William's greeting. Each went quickly back to the tasks that had been interrupted. The dull, heavy atmosphere of the great barnlike place contrasted drearily with the remembered brightness of my own snug little office in the West. I had forgot the cold, machinelike inhumanity of a large office. I suddenly wished with all my heart that it would prove a dream, that I would wake up presently and find myself back at my own quiet desk, where business was human. How many times in the next months I was to repeat that wish! Had I imagined then what was ahead of me, I would have taken the first train out of the city.

While I was hanging up my wraps Mr. Bittner came in, spoke to Miss Krog, nodded to me, and went directly to his own much-hacked, flat-topped desk and began to open mail.

"That un's yours," he said, jerking his head toward a handsome new mahogany desk in the lightest corner of the private office.

I went to it, pleased in spite of myself with this compliment to my taste—it was the only good piece of furniture about the place. Further than that, deep down inside I was thrilled by this demonstration of the will and determination of the man. He had bought the desk before leaving for the West, not doubting that I would return with him. I felt once more that peculiar sense of certainty that whatever he ordained would eventually come to pass. And with the feeling the thrill of adventure returned and for a time banished regret. I sat down at the desk, rolled back the top and began to investigate the little pigeon-holes and drawers.

Bittner Goes on Record

Mr. Bittner came over and placed a bulky package before me, then he drew up a chair and sat down. At last I was to hear all the details of the big new scheme.

"First off," he began, squinting up over his carving, "we gotta get rid of our rivals."

"I thought this was wholly new, without rivals!" I exclaimed, dropping back in my chair, disappointed.

He gave me one of his steady sidelong looks, then went on: "Before a new business is dry from the shell the come-ons are ready. We gotta put up bars as fast as we travel—bars that'll be hard to get over. I want you to write a complete history of the beginnin', growth and development of the new scheme. Give the date of its startin' now; the name of the founder—me; the purpose—to make and place business men; and then tell what it's done in the way o' wakin' up American men and puttin' 'em right with themselves and business. State it clear that it's the only enterprise of the kind in existence. After the scheme is goin' good, carry this history over to the State Historical Society, have it filed, and get a receipt for it that will read like this:

"'Received and filed by the State Historical Society a complete history of the founding of the first enterprise in existence for the making and placing of business men.'

That'll be the first bar for the imitators to get over—that record provin' that we are the first. Then there's one more bar: I gotta get recognized in some public way as an authority on business; but I ain't got that figured out yet; and ——"

"Mr. Bittner," I interrupted, "you are! It's perfectly wonderful how all over the West business men defer to the Bittner & Binks books."

"It's gotta be in shape so's they can see it, like a label or a blue ribbon put on at a fair. But that can wait. You go ahead with the history."

"Please be specific, Mr. Bittner. Just how are you going to make business men?"

"By the aid o' your Uncle Sam and Bittner's Fifty Business Principles," he said.

"Then it's a course of study by mail, that makes plain the entire industry of money-making and shows a man his place in this industry?"

"You've got it. It's one thing to have the makin's and another to roll the cigarette. I'm goin' to do some rollin' that'll make folks take notice. Dope's all there." He tapped the bulky package, got up and ambled over to the bookkeeper's cage.

I untied the package and began to straighten out his notes. Soon I was into the thing and my enthusiasm awoke. I saw men of all stations in life, everywhere, doing uncongenial work, and I saw how this plan of Mr. Bittner's might be tremendously helpful, not alone to the man already marked with the stripes of deadly routine but to young men ready to enter business. By noon I had the plan fairly well in mind.

I found myself hurrying through lunch in the old-time spirit of not wanting to lose a minute. I was eager to finish reading the Fifty Principles and get at the History. At least I told myself that this was the reason why I gulped down tea and sandwiches in the regulation busy way; but I think the power of suggestion was really responsible. I was back in the land of rush and hurry, and already I was moving to the marching time business ever plays in large cities.

That afternoon I finished reading the notes on the Fifty Principles and the following morning began blocking out the History. The work went rapidly, and in a few days I was ready for the task of arranging the course of study. It was to include fifty short problems, a printed talk on each one, and as many personal letters as the subscriber needed.

Each problem involved one distinct and vital principle of sound business. It stated a complication, similar to a problem in arithmetic: "Mr. A, starting in business for himself, receives a call, apparently friendly, from Mr. B, who is already in the same business. How is he to treat that call?"

"They gotta be fooled into exercisin' their brains," Bittner had said, "same's a schoolboy over his arithmetic. He just thinks he's gettin' the answer."

The plan was to correct the subscriber's answer to the problem and return it to him, together with a printed talk on rivals and a personal letter. The meat of the whole course was in these talks. They so analyzed business, specific avenues and the type of mind especially suited to each one, that any man on its completion would have not only a very practical understanding of the entire business world and the principles on which success is founded but a pretty clear idea also of what his own brain could most readily accomplish!

Promising Profits

As formerly, my work consisted mainly of editing. The talks were scientific, based on experience and a keen knowledge of men, and they were tremendously human. I left them largely in Bittner's own peculiar style. I believed they would prove a sharp relish to the most jaded of minds.

The printing for each set of talks and problems would amount to about fifteen cents; the stamps for the entire course would come to about two dollars. Allowing from ten to fifteen minutes of our time for the correction of each problem, two days' work to a subscriber would be the outside limit. As we were to charge fifty dollars for the course, this would make our profit on each subscription in the neighborhood of forty dollars. I saw the practical soundness of the plan. It was not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a very excellent method of meeting a very real need. Business is making greater strides to-day than any other one science. Its tactics change, new departments spring into being, with new discoveries and inventions, and expansion is constantly going on. The very language of business changes year by year. Business literature, like medical works, is of small value a few years after it is printed. Getting down to our personal problem: To sell our books at a price to meet others on the market, we had been compelled to print in large quantities; and before these vast editions could be exhausted the books needed revision. By putting the whole science of modern business and business psychology in the form of fifty principles, each in a pamphlet to itself, the matter was simplified. Year by year new pamphlets could be added and old ones eliminated as they lost their value, without losing on the whole mass. I bowed to the astuteness of my partner.

So often I find that a lack of understanding in the accuser is the fault, rather than a fault in the accused.

I was soon ready to begin dictating the rearranged pages, and I asked Miss Krog, who had held aloof ever since my return, for her best stenographer. She thought a moment.

"I'll give you Gladys Howe," she said. "I find her very satisfactory."

I must confess that I doubted Gladys when I saw her coming. She was a lumpy sort of a girl, with blond hair falling over her eyes, fat arms and neck emerging from a blouse known as "peekaboo," fat hips that wabbled and large feet that overran her shoes. Her face was rather pretty, in a baby way, and she appeared amiable. She sat down by my desk and opened her notebook. Her nails were not nice, and she heaved in a short-of-breath manner as though her clothes were too tight for her.

She seemed to take her dictation readily, however, and I made up my mind to overlook her untidiness; but during the remainder of the day I paid for her readiness. Half a dozen times she came to me to get her notes straightened out, and frequently I had to redictate. She had probably done very well for Miss Krog, whose dictation varied little, day after day, and always concerned the business books. Gladys had achieved Miss Krog's vocabulary. But the work I was doing was of a different order and required a much larger vocabulary. Gladys didn't have it.

Gladys and Her Beau

I went to Miss Krog: "Can't you get me a better stenographer?"

She lifted her handsome eyes in a questioning way that put me all in the wrong. "That's very strange," she said icily. "Gladys does my work very well. I gave you the best girl I had."

I decided to try her a while longer. The next day, in smiling good nature, Gladys took her place. I dictated more slowly this time and had her read each paragraph back to me. I spent the forenoon dictating matter that I could have given to a competent stenographer in a couple of hours. But when she brought me the transcribed pages late in the afternoon they were full of errors. She had written "act yes" for "acquiesce," and said an "author" had expired when I had dictated "offer."

"Gladys, did you really think I dictated 'author'?" I asked. "It doesn't fit in with the context in the least."

She looked blank and ceased chewing gum for a moment.

"I didn't think," she said, blushing.

"Try thinking to-morrow."

I really did my utmost to get along with Gladys, as I could see plainly that Miss Krog did not intend to brook interference in her department, and she had always engaged the employees. She resented any criticism of a girl that she had hired as a criticism of herself. Miss Krog did not seem fully to understand my new position with the firm, or else she preferred to ignore it. Undoubtedly it was hard for her to see another woman in more confidential relationship with Mr. Bittner than herself, when she had been with him for so many years.

She had grown up with the business and she may have hoped some day to be given an interest in it. But Miss Krog had not grown beyond the business—that is, she merely kept up with it. She was an excellent forewoman, but that was all.

I foresaw trouble should I interfere with her in any way, so I determined to be as tactful as possible. The situation was a fire all laid, ready for the stroke of a match. I would not be the one to light the match. Day by day, however, Gladys became more irritating, and in spite of my good resolutions I decided I should have to get rid of her. However, an amicable way of doing so presented itself.

"What is that ring you are always twirling?" I asked one morning as she sank like lead into her seat.

"My engagement ring."

"When are you to be married?"

"I'm not giving notice," she said. "I'm working to get my wedding clothes."

"Is he a good man, Gladys?"

"Oh, yes! He gets eighteen a week and often overtime. He's a printer."

"Then why wait? Isn't he ready?"

Have You Tested the Waterproofing of Your Shot-Shells?

Will the shells [illegible] soften and swell when they get wet? If [illegible] what's going to happen some day when you're in a leaky boat or get caught in a downpour?

Put a Black Shell into a glass of water for half an hour. Get it wet [illegible] ever actually get your [illegible] You'll find it still chambers and shoots as well as if never wet.

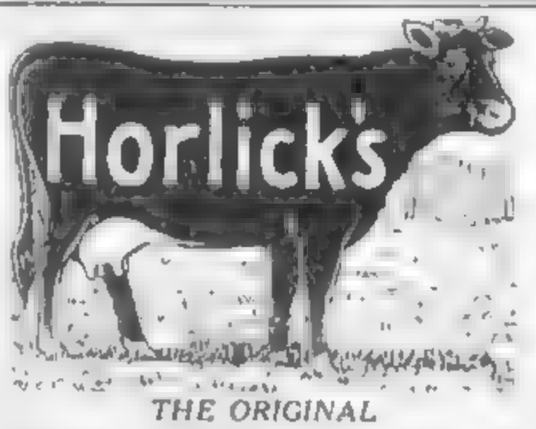
It's a good thing to know how much soaking your shells will stand.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

[illegible] General Selling Agents National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. [illegible] Smelting & Lead [illegible]

UNITED [illegible] CARTRIDGE [illegible] MEAN", 500 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK



THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

Rich milk, malted grain extract, in powder. For Infants, Invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.

The Food-Drink for all Ages

More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc.

Substitutes cost YOU Same Price

Ask your Dealer for Children's Shoes with the

TEL-TIL-TIP

"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose."

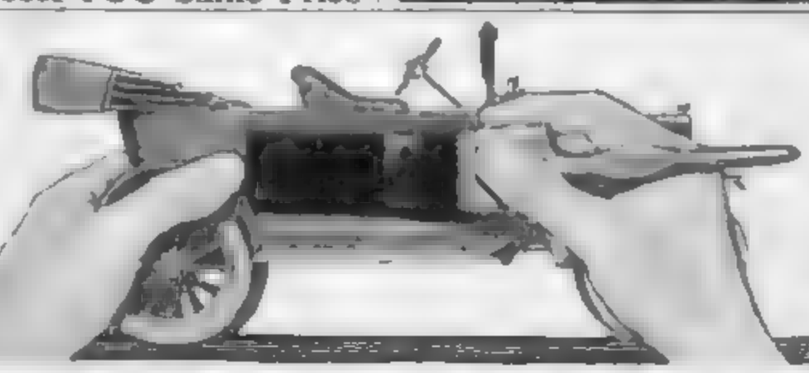
Don't allow your children to wear shoes with scuffed out, peeled off toes! Give them shoes reinforced with the ever-wearing Tel-Til-Tip and save money. [illegible] different [illegible] rest of shoe [illegible] Water proof. [illegible] Non-[illegible] If [illegible] will not supply you [illegible] To Tel-Til-Tip trade mark on each sole, [illegible] Booklet of Children's Games and details of Tip free.

TEL-TIL-TIP

Tel-Til-Tip

COMPANY

371 W. 16th St. Holland, Mich.



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

You can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish
—easily because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car look new with only one coat
—quickly because it goes on in short order and dries in less than 48 hours
—conveniently because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.

Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1501 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

FEDERAL

Double Cable Base TIRES

Federal Tires have all desirable features of the best tires, and something more.

Equal to any in construction, service and non-skid qualities, they contain an improvement found in no other automobile tires.

Double-Cable-Base

As the greatest strain upon a tire occurs at its base next to the rim, there are built into the base of every Federal Tire, four staunch, twisted steel cables of great tensile strength.

These cables hold the tire so securely to the rim as to withstand the most severe service strains. It is an exclusive strength and safety feature which overcomes the causes of most tire troubles.

Federal Tires in Rugged (white) and Traffik (black) non-skid treads are especially built for Extra Service.

Recommended and sold as such by leading dealers everywhere.

The Federal Rubber Company OF ILLINOIS
Factories: Cudahy, Wis.

Mfrs of Automobile Tires, Tubes and Quadrics, Motor cycle Bicycle and bar Mesh Tires Pads Rubber chaps Rub Carriage Tires, Rub Boots, Horse Shoe Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

"Oh, yes, but I want lots of pretty clothes."

"That is foolish, Gladys. You get married right away. This office will ruin your looks, and a girl's looks mean more to a man than her clothes."

She slapped a pudgy hand to her plump cheek. "He said I was losing my color. To think you noticed it too!"

"Get married, Gladys; that's the best thing for you to do."

Several mornings later she came to my desk, blushing: "We're going to," she whispered. "I'm leaving Saturday."

I closed my eyes to the sloppy, untidy wife she would make, and encouraged her to go ahead. Maybe the man wouldn't mind. She was lovable in an easy-going, good-natured way, and men prefer lovableness to efficiency in their wives, if they can't have both.

So passed Gladys. My next stenographer, Miss Douglass, was a horse-faced girl with eyes high in her head and fingers of steel. Miss Krog sent her in for me to test before hiring her, and I found she read her notes easily. She demanded—and got, as I upheld her—ten dollars a week. I simply could not spend so much time correcting work and searching my vocabulary for simple words. Miss Douglass showed no matrimonial symptoms in the way of a ring. She was neat and orderly and always on time. That problem seemed settled, provided she did not insist on a raise too soon. It is only the inefficient women who reduce wages. The efficient ones demand and receive pay commensurate with their abilities. The great mass of drifting, unambitious girl workers, who are merely doing time till some man makes it possible for them to "quit workin'," have established a wage that just about measures their worth. Their standard need not frighten a girl who is ambitious and really tries; who brings a brain as well as fingers to the typist's job.

When I was not busy with my stenographer I was usually working with Mr. Bittner. He put himself into the Fifty Principles with a fierce, constant, burrowing force that sometimes startled me, so determined did he seem to wrest from life and experience every particle of business value. Once when I suggested that he let well enough alone, as the course as we now had it was sufficiently unique and thorough to please American business men, he came back with:

"You're forgettin' Borrige & Kemp!"

Hated Rivals

Borrige & Kemp, I had discovered, were the particular rivals that Bittner feared in his new field.

I laughed outright. "Aren't you a bit dippy on that firm?"

"I'd be dippy to forget 'em," he returned with a snap of his jaws, and I said nothing more. This was one subject about which there could be no levity.

At the end of three months I again suggested that we begin to advertise the course without waiting to finish it. I was confident of success, and Borrige & Kemp had pushed the business-book advertising to full pages in all the leading publications, again cutting the price. We had been compelled to do the same, thus increasing our expenses while decreasing our income. The book business remained steady, but it did not grow, neither did we get the high class of buyers that had once been Bittner's pride.

"We'll have our hands full after she's rigged," he said, "commandin' her and keepin' her off the rocks. She's gotta be finished to the last ounce o' paint before she's launched."

"Mr. Bittner," I asked one day, "did you ever fail in anything you set out to do?"

"No man can keep on doin' things rapid, one after another, without succeedin' sometimes and failin' sometimes," he said. "If you think the successful men always succeed, just get a searchlight on their careers way back. It ain't a failure that ruins a man and it ain't a success that makes him; it's never campin' by either."

At last the entire course was in readiness, and I determined to hustle the final copying through and get it to a printer as soon as possible, so that Mr. Bittner would have no chance for further changes. I asked Miss Krog to get me a good copyist, for I had decided that I would put two girls on the work.

"I'm advertising Sunday," she said shortly. "I can't spare another girl now from the operating room."

Monday morning Miss Krog was detained at home by a sore throat, and Mr. Bittner

What Do You Do When Your Pipe Gets a Grouch?

"That pipe and I had been friends for years," remarked a pipe-smoker, pulling out an old scorched briar. "Then of a sudden something went wrong. The pipe got a grouch.

"I tried so many cures, my wife started making fun of me. Finally I gave up and chucked the old briar into the ash pile covered it up with every shovelful of ashes I could lay my hands on.

"For two months after that it was one thing after another—new pipes, cigars, and even cigarettes. Between them all I managed to forget.

"But one day a couple of weeks ago I was down cellar brushing up when I thought of my old pipe. Do you know, I dug down in that ash pile like a dog after a bone. And I got it caked in dump ashes and the color of a wet piece of iron.

"Williams came over that night and I brought out the relic.

"'Fill her up with my Edgeworth,' he suggested, handing me his blue tin.

"For a moment I smoked—just deciding what the result was. Then Williams saw the grin that spread over my face. How could I help it? Imagine how it felt to get back to that sweet, satisfying old flavor again, and better now than I had known it before.

"So that's my remedy for a grouchy pipe. Throw it in the ash pile and let it stew for a couple of months.

Now, Williams has another side to this story. He claims it was the Edgeworth that gave that glorious flavor and not the pipe at all.

We won't attempt to decide this for you one way or the other, except to say that Williams has been smoking Edgeworth for years and his word ought to carry some weight. And, we might add, the man who told this story has used it ever since.

Anyway, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco makes a friend or two wherever it goes—mostly among fellows who take pipe-smoking rather seriously.

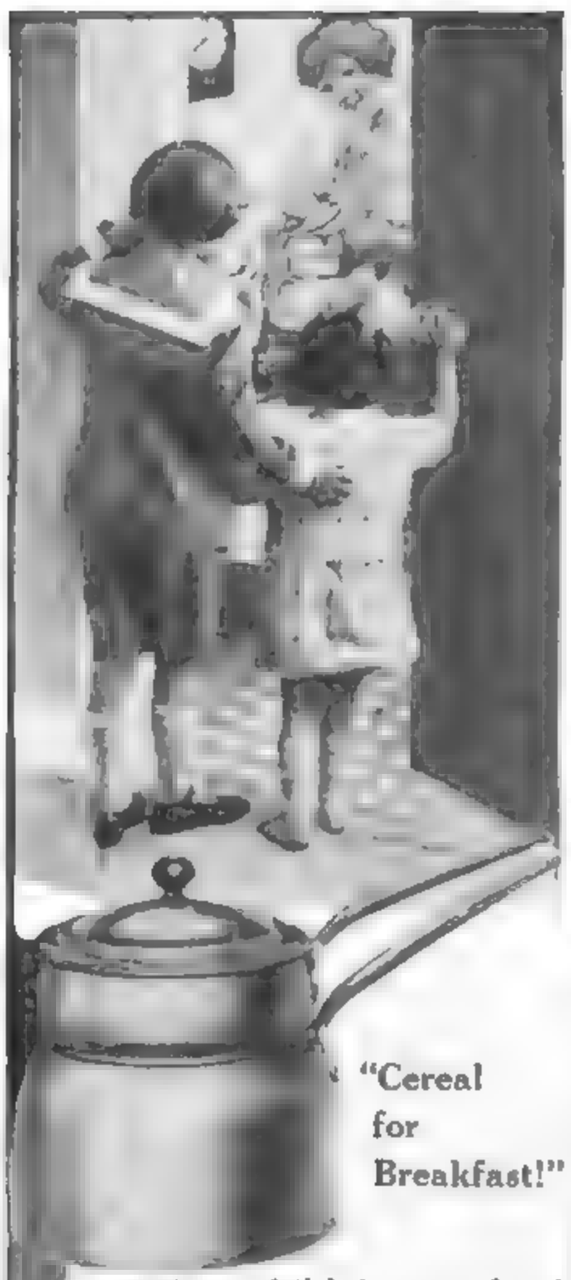
You perhaps have never smoked Edgeworth. We very much wish that you would try it and will very gladly send you enough for several smokes, free. Just drop us a card bearing your name and address, and the name of a dealer from whom you buy tobacco.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. You may have a sample of both and decide for yourself which form suits you better.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Write to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



"Cereal for Breakfast!"

What child is not fond of delicious and nourishing cereal—oatmeal, rice, farina, etc.?

Serve cereals often! They're good for children. Easy to prepare, and the results are perfect, if you use a

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM DOUBLE BOILER

Simply fill the lower saucepan with water, place cereal in upper saucepan, and let boil for about 15 minutes.

You will say, "I had no idea cereals could be made so deliciously soft and creamy."

You can also cook the most delicate sauces and puddings in the **Wear-Ever** Aluminum Double Boiler without fear of burning. And you will find other uses for this valuable utensil from day to day as it remains in your kitchen.

Wear-Ever Aluminum Utensils save fuel because they take the heat quickly and hold it. Remember to turn up the flame high until utensil is thoroughly heated, and then to turn it down low.

Wear-Ever Utensils give such universal satisfaction because they are made up to the highest manufacturing standards.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in **Wear-Ever** dense, hard and smooth, insuring lasting durability.

Because made in one piece, **Wear-Ever** Utensils have no soldered parts, or joints and seams in which particles of food can lodge and form poisonous compounds. They are pure and safe—cannot break, crack or chip.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If you have never used "Wear-Ever" we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan, as pictured, for only 30c if the coupon is mailed on or before March 20th, 1917

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18, or (If you live in Canada)
[illegible] Toronto, Ont.
Send, prepaid, 1 "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Knob [illegible] refunded if not as represented. Mail [illegible]
Name

asked me to go to the reception room and choose some girls. It seemed that we needed an assistant for the bookkeeper, Miss Lutkins, and several typists. I was glad of this opportunity to choose for myself, for I wanted an especially quick, accurate copyist to put on the Fifty Principles with Miss Douglass.

I found the usual throng of applicants and everyone went to my heart, but I couldn't help looking among them for the especially appealing case. I found two. Miss Carrel was a small, emaciated person with a pale, anæmic face out of which burned eager eyes. When I sent her to the table to fill out a blank I discovered that she was also lame. That decided me on the spot. I couldn't send such a girl traveling farther until I had proved her inefficiency. I was delighted to find that she was a rapid copyist, that she had done manuscripts for authors, for this made her just my girl. She was thirty, but she had never worked in an office before. The other girl, Blanch Booth, was too pretty to go around to men's offices looking for work. I still think she was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw—slender, with a beautiful supple figure and patrician bearing. Her features were almost Greek and her fairness made everyone else look dingy. Fortunately she had studied bookkeeping at a business college, so I engaged her to help Miss Lutkins. She was only nineteen and this was her first job. It was well for her to begin in an office made up so largely of women. The other applicants were not unusual in any way.

I took Blanch to Miss Lutkins.

"Here is your new assistant, Miss Booth," I said.

"What?" Miss Lutkins' hard, harsh "What" always made me think of a flatiron coming down on a delicate shirt front. It was fairly slammed at the person who addressed her.

"Miss Booth," I repeated.

Bold Advertising

"Well, put up your things and get busy. There's plenty to do." She again riveted her eyes on her figures and I showed the young girl to the cloakroom. Then I installed the new typists, and returned to the private office where Miss Carrel was waiting. She looked up and smiled so happily and humanly that I was won to her all over again. I had William fix her up a desk near the private office, so that she would not have to walk far to consult me, and then I explained her work.

From the first she was on the job every minute. The way the pages flew from the typewriter under her nimble fingers was a delight. It put new vim into the office force. At noon she sprang up from her desk and hurried over to the reading table where we put magazines for the girls' use. She picked up a business publication.

"May I carry one home to-night?" she asked. I sat watching her.

"Yes, indeed. Bring it back, that's all."

Then she hurried out of the office, dragging her poor lame leg pathetically.

She was late that noon, and I was sorry. I wanted her to be the ideal business girl. But I said nothing about it. Probably it wouldn't happen again—she was new to business rules.

With the two girls working steadily and both of them rapid, the Fifty Principles' typing was soon finished and the manuscript sent to a printer. The next work on hand was the writing of the advertisements. They were subjected to the same tests of writing and rewriting as the Principles. We planned a three months' campaign, during which time we were to spend thirty thousand dollars on space. Had the firm of Bittner & Binks been less well known and without persistent rivals, we should have had a less expensive try-out; but in the face of all the advertising the firm had done during the last six years and with the necessity of springing the scheme full-fledged on Borrige & Kemp, it would not do for us to be niggardly. We must show confidence in our own commodity. This did not really mean a heavier advertising appropriation than usual, however, as we intended to substitute the Fifty Principles for the business books. Not even the advertising representatives knew that a new scheme was in the air. No one had been taken into our confidence—even Miss Krog supposed we were working on another book—so great was Mr. Bittner's fear lest the plan get abroad and reach the ears of our rivals.

The catalogue was an achievement in itself. It was of regular book size and form,

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

It Means More Miles To You

Experts contend that 30% of all tires wear out before their time because of inadequate inflation.

And inadequate inflation usually means an inadequate tube—one that holds air feebly, surrenders some, and inflicts insidious damage by failure to perform properly its part of the tire's work.

Whether you figure it in your tire bills, or in the mileage delivered to you upon the road, you cannot escape the fact that the tube's importance far outweighs its cost.

On this ground it is to your every interest that you put Goodyear Tubes inside your tires.

Putting them there means putting adequate and constant pressure there also—these tubes *hold* air. Putting them there means more miles to you.

They are thicker than ordinary tubes, and stronger—made up of many paper-thin sheets of rubber vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

Their valve stems are vulcanized in also, not stuck on.

We especially recommend the Goodyear Heavy Tourist type for sustained and severe service. It is exceptionally stout and vigorous, a little higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

A Car's Equipment Tells The Tale

A GLANCE at the dash will tell you the quality of any car. Try it out.

Look at the instrument board of any de luxe car.

Chances are you will find the Warner Auto-Meter.

For really fine cars are fine in every detail.

And the Warner Auto-Meter stands out as the one speed indicator suitable for these de luxe cars.

So it is virtually the unanimous choice of all builders of costly cars.

The Warner is a jewelled instrument—compensated against cold and heat—perfect in design and workmanship. It is unerring in its precision.

It is the most expensive speed indicator made. Its superiority is unquestioned. The market can offer nothing better.

A Warner Auto-Meter on the dash is the best outward indication of a car's costliness.

Look for it.

Warner Auto-Meter

$50 to $200

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago U. S. A

printed on good paper and bound in cloth. The title, Bittner's Fifty Business Principles, was on the back, so that it could easily be read if stuck up on a shelf of books. It was printed in unusually large black type, with extra spacing and wide margins, so that it might be comfortably read on crowded street cars or by a poor light. It was not a thick book—it would slip easily into a man's coat pocket. The matter consisted of a direct talk purporting to be from Mr. Bittner to the reader. It was in his intimate personal style. The plan of study was outlined concisely at the close. From beginning to end there was not a stereotyped phrase, a usual expression or a trite claim. If we resorted to any of the ordinary plans by which business is built up, we so worded it that it sounded fresh and new.

In all this work, monotonous and tiring through much repetition, Miss Carrel was far more useful to me than Miss Douglass, though she could not take dictation. Miss Douglass had her one value—she was an accurate stenographer, and she satisfied herself with that. In fact, she rather resented being asked to do anything but take notes and copy corrected pages. But Miss Carrel would be at my desk the moment her work was finished, asking for more. She was interested in everything I did, and wanted to have a part in it. One day she found me laying out an advertisement.

"Can't I help you?" she asked, looking on with interest.

"Not very well. But you can take down that file marked advertisements and read our advertisements for the last year and learn our style. Then later you might be useful."

She took the file and went back to her desk to pore over advertisements until more copying was ready for her.

We tried out our advertisements before they were run. We had them set up and pasted here and there in the advertising sections of magazines, then we would lay them aside until the following day, when we would open the pages to see which style started up most strikingly to meet the eye. We tried them on Miss Krog, Miss Carrel, Miss Lutkins and William, and in this way they got the threshing out that a new campaign generally gets at a cost of thousands of dollars.

The Spring Campaign

We opened the campaign in the March publications. Mr. Bittner had timed this so that we would have three issues in which to test the plan immediately preceding the dull summer months, when business always fell off. This would give us time for any revisions and changes suggested by the practical try-out. For nothing ever works out in every detail as planned.

Some people, particularly women, regard business as a dull subject. I wish a few of these might have spent the month of March with us. When a woman spends two weeks planning a party she is usually on the *qui vive* till it is over. Mr. Bittner had spent two years, and I some seven months, planning a gigantic party for American business men. We had invested over a thousand dollars in the feast and thirty thousand in the invitations, and now the weighty question was—how many would accept?

The first morning after the March publications were on the news-stands I entered the office trembling with excitement and expectation. Bittner was there ahead of me, and he had the publications, all open at our advertisement, spread out on the long reading table. He was pacing the floor with bent head and hands behind his back, every few minutes stopping to look at the magazines. I paused by the table and examined each advertisement carefully. It was dignified, attractive copy!

"Sour on 'em?" he asked, halting beside me.

"No," I said with decision. "I still like them, and it's a wonder I don't hate them, I've worked on them so long. But they still give me a little shiver of pleasure. I believe they are good."

"If they're the right bait we'll soon know it."

I started to ask if Miss Krog had seen them, and then I closed my lips on the words. She was at her desk just within the operating room, and the expression of her elaborately arranged coiffure was ominous. I knew that she had ignored the advertisements. We had kept her in ignorance of the scheme, and she did not intend to show any interest now that the idea was made public. I was sorry about it, but there was nothing I could do. Mr. Bittner had every confidence in Miss Krog's loyalty, but he did not consider it good policy to tell his plans to anyone.

I went to my own desk and found a surprise. Mr. Bittner had put the entire stack of mail there for me to open. Of course he might have shifted the mail opening to me merely because I now had very little to do, since all the work pertaining to the Fifty Principles was finished; but I believed it was his sensitiveness which he would not have admitted for the world—about opening letters that would begin to tell the story of our success or failure.

I began to open letters, and instantly Bittner took up his hat and coat and went out. All that day I opened the mail as it came in each delivery, separated checks from business-book orders and handed the one to the bookkeeper and the other to Miss Krog. Mr. Bittner did not return till closing time.

The following day I began to open mail, keenly expectant, for it was possible that a few inquiries might arrive from the city or near-by towns. All day I sorted letters and listed checks and orders. There was just one Fifty Principles inquiry. A man named Clarke wanted to buy the course outright. He wrote in a very kind, courteous manner, saying that though he appreciated the fact that he would miss a great deal in not subscribing in the regular way, he was too busy at present to do so. He inclosed a money order for fifty dollars. Bittner again spent the day at his club or elsewhere, coming in late in the afternoon.

A Competitor's Work

"It's early yet," I said, handing him the one order.

"It's darned queer," he growled, dropping into his chair and fixing his eyes on the letter. Instantly his head shot forward and his eyes burned their way through the request for the Fifty Principles. He got to his feet in a flash and brought the letter and money order over to me.

"Send it back!" he commanded, with a swift indrawing of his breath that had told me before of white-hot anger inside. "Tell 'im we don't sell outright."

"But, Mr. Bittner, it's really all in the 'talks'; and for a very busy man ——"

"Can't you see he's a tool?" he shouted, shaking the paper in my face. "This is Borrige & Kemp's first move. Can't you recognize fake politeness?"

He went back to his desk and I took another look at the inquiry. Yes, it was rather over-felicitous. I sighed heavily. Then it was all true, Bittner's cause for uneasiness over these persistent rivals.

The third day I was at the office at the earliest possible moment, and eagerly started opening the mail. There was not an inquiry. Bittner did not show up till noon, and then he came in as peevish as a teething child. He snarled at the girls for dropping crumbs, ordered William to clean up, and then went to his desk without speaking to me.

The fourth day there was an inquiry from a man named Wagner, who was connected with a small business college near Chicago. It looked promising, but someway just one inquiry seemed worse than none. It was almost an insult. I attended to it personally and said nothing to Mr. Bittner about it. The fifth and sixth days were repetitions of the first three—there were no inquiries. On the seventh day one letter carried the Fifty Principles key number, and I seized upon it eagerly and tore open the envelope. It was from the one inquirer, Wagner. He wished to subscribe, and accompanied his request with a money order for the full price. When Mr. Bittner came in I showed it to him and tried to laugh about it. "If every inquirer means a subscriber," I said gayly, "we're all right."

Again his eyes flamed with sudden anger and his breath came scorchingly; but he only said:

"Well, start him in!"

One subscriber, when we had figured on a thousand at the start! It was enough to enrage him.

The thing continued throughout March; there was not another inquiry for the Fifty Principles. Day after day Bittner became more silent and morose, and he was more and more absent from his desk.

Early in April I stopped by Bittner's desk and asked him what he thought of changing the style of the advertisements for May. It was too late then to do anything about the April copy. He looked up

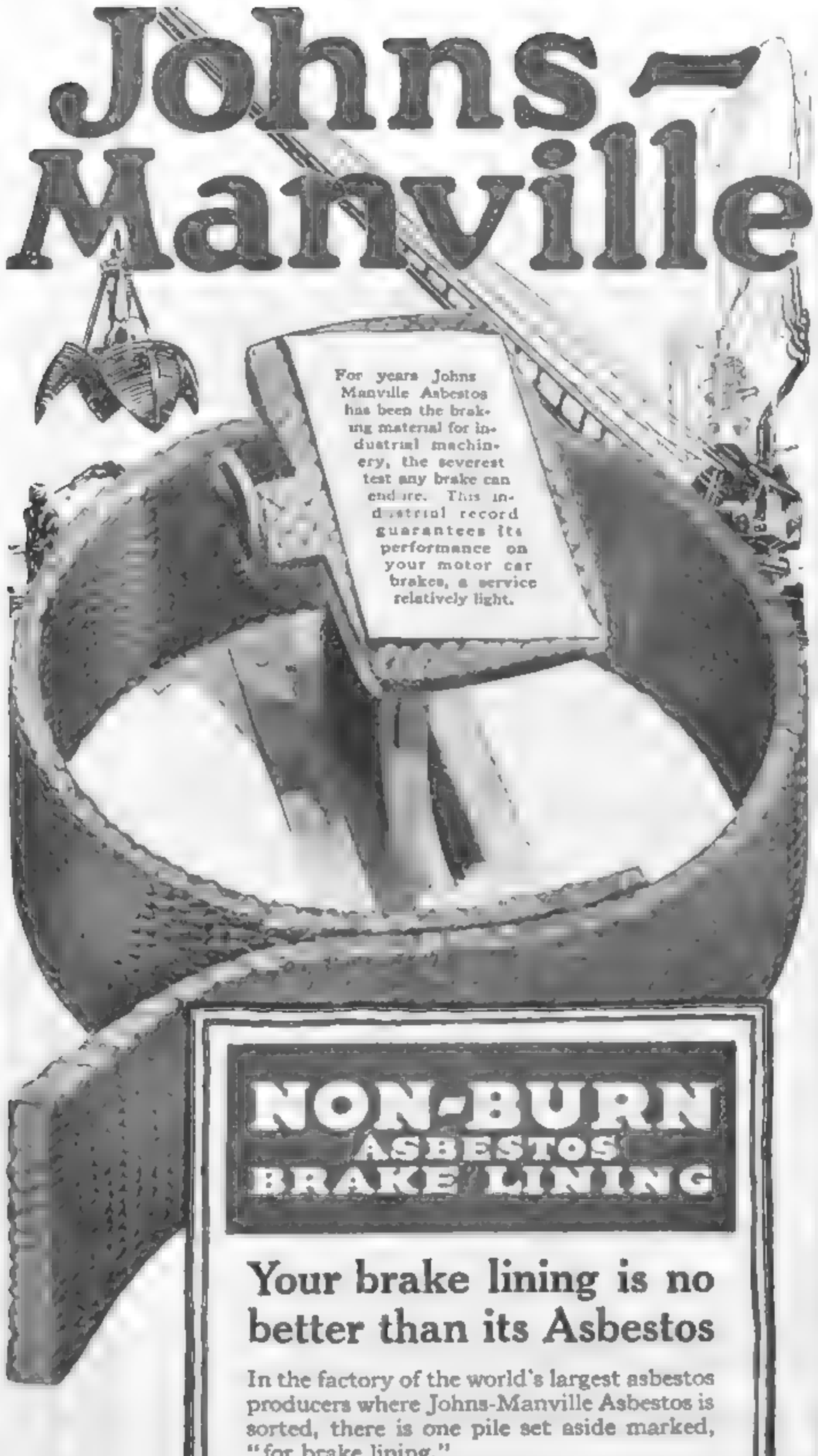
(Concluded on Page 56

Only a few days more will this 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers remain at $1090. On March 1 the price becomes $1250. Prompt action now pays you $160. The roadster price also advances from $1070 to $1250, showing a saving of $180. Either model will prove the most sensible car you ever drove. Sensible because it is neither over nor under weight. Neither a speed car nor a slow poke. Instead: a simple, economical, soundly made car that holds the road, drives straight as an arrow, takes a hill with plenty of reserve, looks the good stuff it is made of, and acts like a thoroughbred. And the saving pays you more than 6 per cent on $2500.

Present Prices

Five-passenger	Touring	$1090	Detroit	Seven-passenger	Sedan	$1850	Detroit
Seven "	Touring	1350	"	Seven "	Limousine	2550	"
Two "	Roadster	1070	"	Seven "	Town-car	2550	"

Johns-Manville


For years Johns Manville Asbestos has been the braking material for industrial machinery, the severest test any brake can endure. This industrial record guarantees its performance on your motor car brakes, a service relatively light.

NON-BURN ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

Your brake lining is no better than its Asbestos

In the factory of the world's largest asbestos producers where Johns-Manville Asbestos is sorted, there is one pile set aside marked, "for brake lining."

It is the prime selection of fibre chosen for its great length and strength, from the thousands of tons of Johns-Manville asbestos—and yet it is not too fine for the best lining made—J-M Non-Burn.

Every strand of this fibre comes from Johns-Manville Mines, every ounce goes into Johns-Manville Looms and every foot of woven product is J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

—and the point is: Your Brake Lining can't be better than its asbestos. So that these selected fibres that go into J-M Non-Burn guarantee you the best lining—tough, non-slipping, durable—safe. It costs no more than others and is just as easy to get—at your dealer's.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities

When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

(Concluded from Page 54)

and I saw that his face was haggard. His eyes were drawn back into his head, and the flesh had melted away from his chin, leaving it sharp and angular. I was shocked.

"Change it! What for?" he snapped. I was sorry I had spoken.

"Some other style might arouse interest," I suggested lamely.

"Didn't we study out those advertisements and decide that they were the right style for the men we want?" he demanded. "Didn't we agree to spend thirty thousand dollars on a three months' try-out?"

I had to admit that this was so.

"Well, then, what's eatin' you!" He sank back into his chair and I went on to my desk.

Daily the strain grew more tense. I was personally interested, but I felt Mr. Bittner's strain more than I did my own. All the years I had known him—and doubtless many more—he had been using his brain-power at full capacity. He had never taken a real vacation. The climax of his achievement was the Fifty Principles. He had put himself into this work like a fiend, never resting, never laying the subject aside.

How often I have heard men say, speaking of some venture in which they failed: "It was a bad year"; or "I got the wrong men in with me"; or "The thing was misrepresented"; always giving what seemed to them an adequate reason outside of themselves for their failure. But there was none of this in Bittner. When he failed he blamed no one but himself. Hard as he was on others, uncompromising in what he expected of them, he was no less hard, no less uncompromising with himself. The evident failure of the Fifty Principles was, therefore, a failure in himself, and it was gripping him vitally.

A Laconic Message

I went to sleep each night with a terrible stack of letters photographed on my mind. I dreamed of millions of letters that I had to open one by one, in an ever fruitless search for a Fifty Principles inquiry. I arrived at my desk each day, dreading a continuation of the strain. I told myself that when the three months were up and the thing was a proved failure Bittner would rally and put his dynamic brain to the task of reorganizing business. But the waiting was terrific.

Miss Carrel and I had just read proof on the May advertisements. Bittner had not been at the office for three days and Miss Krog had hardly spoken to me in that time. Miss Lutkins was more savage than usual and more absorbed. There seemed nothing human about the place, except Miss Carrel's ever eager face and poor little Blanch Booth's unhappy one—she was having a hard time getting used to Miss Lutkins. I think the child had never been harshly spoken to before in her life. I felt a wild desire to kill the May copy, write my resignation, place it on Bittner's desk and escape. I was tired of the strain and uncertainty and of the unsympathetic office atmosphere. I told myself I had earned the right to enjoy. I thought of my sixty thousand dollars tied up in a Western ranch. It could give me freedom and friends—and it should. I was a fool to remain longer in a place where the women were jealous or suspicious, and the one man always absent, leaving me to bear the brunt of things. I wouldn't wait a day longer. I seized my pen and began to write my resignation, when I saw William leading in a messenger boy.

"That's her," he said, pointing to me. Then he turned back to his parcel-wrapping. The boy came over to my desk and I experienced a sudden sinking sensation. He handed me a note. With trembling fingers I tore it open and read in an almost illegible scrawl:

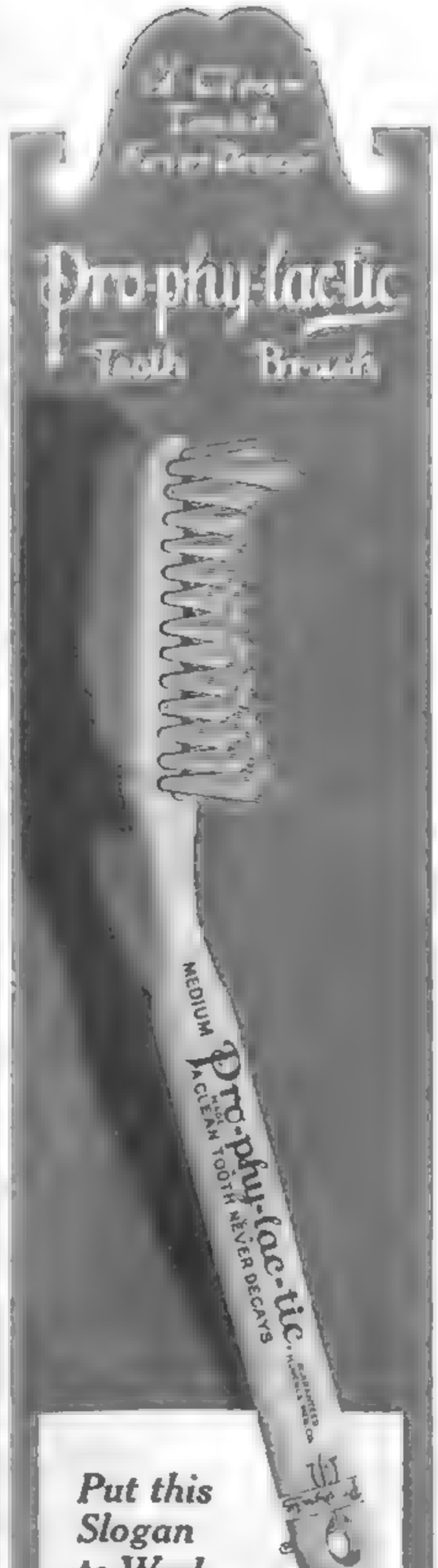
"Come at once with the boy. Say nothing.
"BITTNER."

I closed my desk, and putting on my hat followed the boy out. Bittner was in some kind of serious trouble, or he would never have sent for me like that. When we reached the street I turned to my companion.

"Where are we going?" I demanded sharply.

"To the St. Mark's Hospital. Guess it's a deat' or somepin."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe. The second will appear in an early issue.



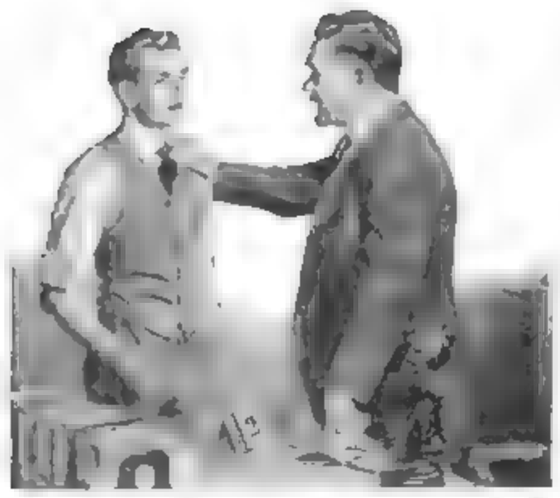
Put this Slogan to Work

Why not put the slogan, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays," to work in *your* home?

When you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic you have the double satisfaction of knowing that it is the *world's standard tooth brush* and that no other tooth brush so perfectly cleans the backs of teeth and in-between

Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes—rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles. Always sold in a Yellow Box

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes



"You Get The Job"

"We've been watching you, young man. We know you're made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions. You're getting your promotion on what you know, and I wish we had more like you."

The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it.* He's watching ***you*** right now, hoping you'll be ready when your opportunity comes.

The thing for you to do is to start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

I. C. S., Box 3973, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

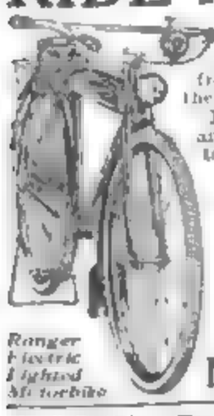
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 3973, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
Electric Lighting
Electric Car Running
Electric Wiring
Practical Telephony
Telegraph Expert
MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Mechanical Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice
Gas Engines
CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MINE FOREMAN OR ENGR.
Metallurgist or Prospector
STATIONARY ENGINEER
Marine Engineer
ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
PLUMBING AND HEATING
Sheet Metal Worker
CHEMICAL ENGINEER
SALESMANSHIP
ADVERTISING MAN
Window Trimmer
Show Card Writer
Outdoor Sign Painter
RAILROADER
ILLUSTRATOR
DESIGNER
BOOKKEEPER
Stenographer and Typist
Cert. Pub. Accountant
Railway Accountant
Commercial Law
Tax for Management
GOOD ENGLISH
Teacher
Common School Subjects
CIVIL SERVICE
Railway Mail Clerk
Textile Overseer or Supt.
Navigator
Agriculture
Poultry Raising
Automobiles
Spanish
German
French
Italian

Name _____
Occupation & Employer _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

RIDE A RANGER



bicycle and *know* you have the best. It's a wonderful thing to prove before accepting. Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous "Ranger" line.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. NO EXPENSE to you if, after trial, you decide to keep it.

LOW FACTORY COST, great Improvements and values *never before equalled.*

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our *complete line of* 1917 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts at lower prices than you ever believed possible. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. A postal brings everything.

Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. P-55, Chicago

YOU CAN HAVE THIS

Typewriter

We will ship the 42 key standard typewriter, for your own, to use for 10 days. Show it to your friends and let them see wherein it excels other $100 typewriters, and if not entirely satisfactory after that time return it and we will refund your money. It is modern in every particular, and a Woodstock at that. By our co-operative plan simply say "Ship Typewriter."

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 410, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE.
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Peach & Apple Trees To Planter at Wholesale Prices.
In large or small lots shipped by freight, express or parcel post. Pear, Plum, Cherry, Small Fruits, Strawberry Vines, Nuts etc. Genuine Delicious Apples. Catalog Free.
TENN NURSERY CO., Box 90, Cleveland, Tenn.

The Man at the Top

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE station agent at Hicks Mills used to impress me much as I imagined King George did a Colonial who approached him with a petition under his arm.

Hicks Mills had twenty-two houses and the depot. There were two irregular trains a day, besides an occasional freight; so the agent could not have been habitually exhausted by overwork. Yet it was very difficult to transact business with him, even on a cash basis. And as for getting free information on such irrelevant subjects as whether you had any freight stored in the station, or the probable hour of arrival of Number Three—why, that was a hazardous undertaking.

As a youth I have often stood at the ticket window with my money in my hand and my heart in my mouth for long stretches of time, watching the brown birthmark on the left side of that operator's neck, while he sat in the chair on his fourteenth and fifteenth vertebræ, his back indifferently turned to a boresome world. When he finally did, with great reluctance, twist himself from the chair and approach the window, he always stood looking languidly at the ticket stamp on the right of the window, as though under no circumstance would he demean himself by looking at me; and on his lips was that insolent curl which you see on a lawyer's when he asks the witness whether he has ever been in jail.

If I ever got up enough courage to ask him a question he ignored it—as any gentleman should an insult; if I repeated the question he showed symptoms of violence.

One summer my father gave me the peaches on two of the best trees in the orchard. There were about ten bushels and I conceived the idea of shipping them to a small city fifty miles up the road. We had never shipped any fruit; neither had our neighbors; and I did not know how to go about it. The only thing to do was to go to Hicks Mills and inquire of the railroad agent.

For minutes I stood at the window, waiting as usual for Brown Ellis to turn his face to the public. Finally I made a timid noise on the window ledge with my pocketknife and he looked wearily over his left shoulder.

"I want to ship some peaches," I gulped.

"Well, ship 'em!" said Brown.

"How'll I fix them?" I asked anxiously.

He stared at me blightingly a full minute.

"How in hell do I know? Do I look like a hayseed?"

Another Kind of Railroad Man

A few months ago I stopped in front of a fruit store, looking at a box of extra-fine peaches. A keen, busy, forceful man stopped beside me.

"Ozark peaches," he remarked.

"I wonder," I asked, "how many cars the Koshkonong District will ship this month?"

He told me—and told me more. He explained in a few minutes the preparation the railroad was making for the handling of the fruit. He described the new coöperative organization of the growers for gathering, shipping and marketing peaches. As I manifested an interest in the matter he held out his hand and remarked:

"I'm the general manager of that railroad system. The next time you are in Springfield come to my office and I will give you all the data you want."

Two weeks later, while in that city, I remarked to a friend who was showing me the town:

"Stop at the Railroad Building. I want to go up and see the general manager."

"General manager!" He looked as though he thought it was a hoax; but when he saw I meant it he remarked dubiously: "I suppose you know that his time is worth about five hundred dollars an hour."

"Oh, well," I said, "I am not paying for it."

I was sent in to the general manager almost immediately, and we talked for an hour about railroads and peaches and poetry; for he would not let me go until he had read two or three recent poems that had caught his fancy. And even then he got up and went out down the street, bareheaded, to the railroad tracks, a hundred

ACORN RANGES

MUFFINS!

Who likes brown muffins?

Who likes to make brown muffins?

Who likes the girl who likes to make brown muffins?

Back of all the really good things in a life that's worth the telling, must be those who sense the artistry of doing each thing well. It's the *genuine pride of doing*, not the snobbish pride of show, that makes the happy housewife make the muffins brown just so!

Recipe for muffins: A cook with lots of pride; flour, butter, etc., any ordinary cook would use, but each ingredient made by people who like to do things well; put in the fine, hot oven of a *good* range made by people with a genuine pride of doing.

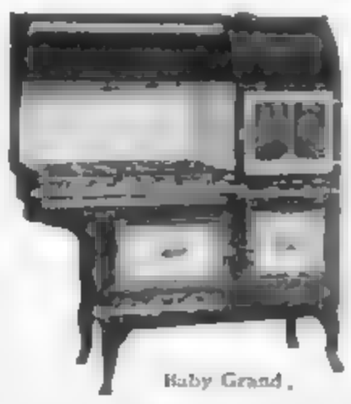
We want the younger ladies of America to know Acorn Ranges as so many of their elders know them. We have made Acorn Ranges for 87 years, and are proud of having made them better and better as the years have gone by.

ACORN RANGES

Gas, Coal, Combinations and Electric

Always Improving

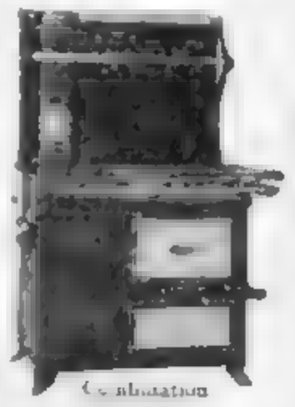
The chief purpose of a kitchen: A Good Place for a Good Range



Baby Grand

Go to your dealer's or the Gas Company display rooms and see the Acorn Baby Grand—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners—very compact.

If gas is available, but you have to use coal part of the time, the Acorn Combination Range for both coal and gas certainly will save you space, time and fuel. In another model a lever does it all. Lever up, gas stove; lever down, coal stove. No heavy oven bottom to remove.



Combination

If gas is not available, let your hardware or furniture dealer show you an Acorn Coal Range designed to cut down coal bills and save many a step with a heavy coal-hod. Special designs for each kind of coal.

The Acorn Electric Range, a joy and pride to the housewife who is so situated that electricity is the fuel she ought to use. So thoroughly attractive it would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself. The charm of the chafing dish and the utility of a range combined.

RATHBONE, SARD & COMPANY

Main Office, Albany, N. Y. Factories, Albany, N. Y., and Aurora, Ill.
Branches in Detroit and Chicago

We have made Acorn Stoves and Ranges for 87 years

When you buy a truck or tractor,
you cannot be expected to dissect the power-plant. The character of the manufacturer is your only insurance of quality. There are many substantial reasons why you can place unbounded confidence in the integrity and worthiness of
Waukesha
Four-Cylinder Motors
for
Trucks and Tractors
"Demand a Waukesha Motor in the Truck or Tractor You Buy"
Write for bulletin "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying" and list of Trucks and Tractors that are Waukesha Motored. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.
WAUKESHA MOTOR CO.
206 FACTORY STREET
WAUKESHA, WIS.
World's Largest Builders of Truck and Tractor Motors Exclusively

yards below, to show me the operation of a new switching device.

"Hello, George! How does she work?" the general manager said to the fellow in charge.

"Fine!" replied the switchman enthusiastically.

"By the way," I asked as we stood discussing switches and accidents, "how long have you been in the railroad business?"

"Seventeen years—and all that time with this road."

"You must have begun about the same time that Brown Ellis became agent at Hicks Mills."

"Yes, I knew Ellis," he replied. "He was still the operator at Hicks Mills when I became chief dispatcher of that division; but we had to fire him."

"What is he doing now?" I inquired.

"The last I heard of him," answered the general manager, "he was janitor in a livery stable."

If you want to get to the bottom of a thing go to the man at the top. He not only knows it but is willing to tell it.

There are several ways to try to magnify one's job, but only one way to do it. There are thousands of little men like Brown Ellis at Hicks Mills, who, given a small position, puff up with insolence and try to make themselves seem big by making other people feel little.

There are whole shoals of clerks and doorkeepers and flunkies who, when vested with a little authority, imagine they are increasing their importance when they overwork that authority.

But all these fail; practically none of them go forward—and most of them drop out entirely. There is only one way to increase the importance of any job, and that is by increasing its usefulness.

The post of agent at a cinder station—a job that pays sixty dollars a month—does not impress one as important, no matter how boredly superior the operator may appear. But I know a ticket agent at a small station who can, without looking at a time-table, plan your trip over any road to almost any spot in America; tell you the best connection, the most interesting scenery, the most comfortable hotels, at just what hour you will arrive in any given town and at what minute you will get a train out; where you are allowed to stop over and exactly how to do it. He may make mistakes, but I have never discovered one. He stands at the window or the telephone and lays the transportation system of the country at your service.

Now that man's job seems important to me. He is doing a difficult thing, and doing it well; and it is a thing worth doing. He is magnifying his job, and one day he will be given a job that is already magnified. Of course that man is courteous and approachable, and invariably gives information or renders assistance to travelers as though it was a pleasure to him—as it really is.

Surliness is either an effort to make others suffer for one's own bad digestion or blunders, or else it is assumed from a foolish notion that it gives an air of decisiveness and importance.

Two Kinds of Answers

We all dislike effusiveness and have come to look upon it as the tintinnabulations of a thin mind. Palaver—a spatter of inane irrelevant remarks used solely in a selfish effort to cultivate one—is always nauseating. And in their proneness to go to extremes many essentially friendly people go to the opposite extreme and cultivate an unnecessary brusqueness.

Real friendliness consists in rendering efficient service pleasantly. No matter in what capacity a man works, or how busily, it is up to him to do what his job requires—and a little more—and be pleasant about it. That does not mean smiling necessarily—some really happy people cannot smile. It does not mean that one must be chatty and discuss the weather as he makes change; but it does mean that he should render the service with an air and an accent of willingness, so that the receiver shall not feel that he is an interloper and his business an imposition.

If you had asked the agent at Hicks Mills "Is there a westbound train at four o'clock?" he would have answered "Naw!" If, when the present general manager was agent at Sarvis Point, you had asked him the same question, he would have replied: "No; but there is one at five-fifteen."

See the difference? One word more, a rising or falling inflection, a look direct into the face, a gesture of the hand, may make the difference between a grouchy, disagreeable service and a willing, efficient one.

The man at the top is usually the friendliest man on the job.

One morning last winter in New York I spoke to a friend about getting a check cashed.

"Why," he said, astonished, "you don't expect to cash an out-of-town check in New York? And you a stranger!"

"I never have been in a city where I could not cash a check if I needed to badly enough."

"You can't do it in New York," he asseverated. "It is impossible! It simply isn't done."

I laid a wager with him and returned that night with the currency.

"How did you work it?" he demanded curiously.

A Bet Easily Won

"I did not take it to the paying teller," I replied. "The paying teller of a New York bank would not cash a Government check unless the Secretary of the Treasury was present, with the whole Cabinet to identify him. I went to one of the big banks and, having learned the name of the president, walked straight back and asked for him by name—not by position. I introduced myself to him, shook hands, and told him I was from the West. After we had chatted ten minutes, discussing Western crops, commerce and banking interests, I mentioned that I had a check I wished to cash. He O. K.'d it without a moment's hesitance, shook hands at parting, and told me to be sure to drop in whenever I was in town."

The man at the top is the least suspicious man in the institution. Suspicion is the cloud in the mind of a man who does not know. The smaller a man's horizon, the more often will it be clouded with suspicion. The gatekeeper regards every man who speaks to him as a deadhead. He would suspect the owner of half a continent of trying to work him for a pass as quickly as he would a paste-diamond four-flusher. But the man at the top does not need to be suspicious, for he knows the difference.

In dealing with those exalted personages who stand in outer offices with icy swords, to guard the head of the institution from interruption, I learned quite by accident never to ask for "the president," "the manager," or "the secretary."

I was in a strange city and wanted to go through a big sugar refinery. All the way along the line I was told "No," most emphatically. But I persisted until I got to the office and asked whether the manager was in. The clerk looked at me dubiously and shook his head. Now I was sure the manager was in. But when his chief clerk assures you that he is not, there is nothing to be done about it unless you are overly athletic. I went back to town dampened, but not discouraged.

When a fellow has started in he hates to be kept out. In town I inquired whether there was any pressure that might be brought to bear which would squeeze me in. And incidentally someone mentioned the name of the manager—Mr. Harter.

I went back to the plant that afternoon and walked straight through the gate and across the grounds, as though all the orders of the Allies for sugar rested in my inside vest pocket. I approached the clerk in the manager's office authoritatively and asked briskly: "Is Mr. Harter back from lunch?" I went in to the manager at once; and, as he discovered that a friend of mine had befriended his son somewhere in Cuba, he made an exception to the rule and sent me through the plant.

Since then, when I have business with the head of an institution—and I never go unless I have business, preferably mental business, for they love to discuss problems—I invariably ask for Mr. Calder, or Mr. Barton, or whoever happens to be in an official position at that time.

The man at the top is direct and likes directness. He gives extra consideration to the man who, really meaning business, comes straight to him with it.

It was a small city and I was overlooking no chance for information on a subject in which I was interested. Some random individual downtown told me that the

(Concluded on Page 61)

At Last! A Nation's Need is Supplied—

DISCARD your old fashioned overalls, men! Slip on a suit of **Lee Union-Alls!** You'll never wear anything else to work in. Such an improvement! Such convenience! Such service! It's the work garment men in all walks of life have been waiting for. The mechanic, the motorist, the farmer, the laborer, the man who does odd jobs about the home and works in his garden—to every one of these, **Lee Union-Alls** are a revelation of comfort, convenience and serviceability. You'll forget there was ever such a word as "overall." Work clothing will mean **Union-Alls** to you first, last and all the time. Cost no more, either, than old fashioned, inconvenient, binding two-piece garments.

Lee Union-Alls are all in one piece (like your union underwear), which means there is no belt to bind, no double thickness at the waist, no jacket tails to get in the way. The suit slips on easily and quickly and can be worn conveniently and comfortably over clothing or next to your underwear. It is already the fastest selling work garment ever manufactured. You'll know why the minute you put on a suit.

Lee Union-Alls are made to endure the hardest wear—every strain point reinforced—all seams triple stitched; every button hole machine stitched; eight convenient pockets. **Lee Union-Alls** are made of Khaki, blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white drill.

Lee Union-Alls for children are made "just like Dad's," a complete one-piece suit, that pays its cost many times in the saving of clothing, washing bills, stockings, etc.

Lee Union-Alls are at first class dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order direct to any of our factories, enclosing post office money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. Take no substitute. There is none "just as good."

MEN'S:
34 to 50 chest, $3.00

YOUTHS':
12 to 17 years,
$2.25

BOYS':
7 to 11 years
$1.[illegible]

CHILD'S:
2 to 6 years, $1.50

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG.

DEALERS: If you wish to know more about this popular garment and the tremendous sales being made, write today.

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Co.

FACTORIES AND BRANCHES AT
Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., Salina, Kans.
Waterbury, Conn., South Bend, Ind.

What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "re-creating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's "Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the 'Recreator' blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise" "A Song of India" by Rimsky Korsakow, and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does re-create and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural-tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The unison between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.

Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

The NEW EDISON makes your home the world's greatest stage

There is a licensed dealer in your vicinity. Watch for his announcement. May we send you the brochure "MUSIC'S RE-CREATION"?

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 2352, ORANGE, N. J.

(Concluded from Page 58)

best-posted man in the community was Prof. Harold Buckholder, B. S., A. M., Ph.D., at the Big Bend College.

I found Doctor Buckholder was assistant professor of English; and later I discovered he had won his Ph.D. by a very exhaustive thesis on Shakspere's Use of the Past Participle in King Lear. I had some trouble in gaining admittance to the professor's office and he received me on probation. I did not wear a Phi Beta Kappa key and had forwarded to him no letter of introduction vouching for my honorable discharge from some approved institution for the perpetuation of precise information in regard to past participles. And when, in pursuit of information, I mentioned the subject I was investigating, the professor's aloof, probationary air grew distinctly alien.

"I am not particularly interested," he remarked, "in so-called popular subjects."

Those Who Live in Pockets

Immediately, of course, I gave up any thought of getting valuable information from him. His was the type of mind that gets sidetracked and lives out its life at the end of the spur of some remote intellectual system. He lived in a pocket. While burrowing for the roots of verbs he had become permanently buried.

One evening some months later, in New Orleans, I met at a club a big, frank, interesting-looking man, with a clear eye and warm personality. He had a most comprehensive view of all sorts of movements and things; was interested in crops, in railroads, in labor, ways of living, in politics, in roads and cities. During the conversation he incidentally gave me some concise and interesting information about China and the Chinese problem of government.

Two things impressed me most strongly about this man: the direct way in which his mind worked—his unerring elimination of the unessential; and the clear, simple way in which he expressed his ideas.

"I did not understand your name when I was introduced to you," I confessed at leave-taking.

He smiled and repeated it. And not until then had I known that I had been visiting with the president of one of our leading universities.

Not alone in scholarship is the man who is really at the top—the man of the greatest simplicity. In all professions there are men whose minds get caught by some little byplay of intellectual activity and camp there for the rest of their lives, losing touch with all the bigger and more vital interests.

Such minds, be they legal or medical, literary or scholastic, follow long and tortuous ways of reasoning and perpetually keep their mental storehouses so cluttered with extraneous information that their feet stumble over it, so that they never can get to the door in time to answer the knock of a new idea.

Great scientists, real geniuses, big workers in every field, are almost invariably men of direct mental processes. They think straight because they cut across lots and go direct to the subject. They use, as a rule, the simplest language, the clearest phrasing, the most common and understandable words. They are modest, open-minded, approachable. They do not have any fixed standard of what is valuable and what is worthless, for they know that what was trivial yesterday is often of momentous significance to-day. Ignorant people, common people, all sorts of folks, are of interest to them. Everyday problems are big problems. The germ of a fever is of far more importance than a past participle, and the starving of a people is a greater crime than the splitting of an infinitive.

There is an impression among some men that the only way they can protect themselves from interruption is by exclusiveness. It is not true. A man cannot hide from bores. He cannot burrow deep enough, or shelter behind closed doors thick enough, or have a line of stony-faced sentinels close enough, to escape from that long-winded gentleman who wishes to prove to him that his uncle was the first man who ever ate codfish on Sandy Hook.

The newly elected governor of a Middle West state when he went to the Executive Mansion found his office arranged in the following order: first, an office boy; next, a stenographer; third, an assistant secretary; fourth, the governor's secretary; and last, in the secluded, almost padded remoteness, the office of the executive himself. This governor said to the office boy: "Jim, you have my seat; you go back to the far end." And, calling his secretary to the next post, he reversed the whole order. He was not only the most popular governor the state ever had but transacted more business.

The man with a quick mind and a simple, straightforward approach can discover a caller's business and have it transacted before the ordinary office force could get a card to him. Certainly not every man could follow the governor's example. There are times and affairs which require absolute privacy, and that privacy must be protected; but, other things being equal, the bigger a man the less protection he needs, and the harder a man is to approach the less worth seeing he is.

The peasants of every country have a story of how their favorite king once appeared before some lowly door, disguised as a shepherd or hunter, and, seeing the bread about to burn or a board needing nails, did a simple homely act. All the king's greatness as a warrior and all his glory as a courtier have become their own because the king for that moment became one of them.

Often one hears the same story on a railroad—how the president of the whole system stopped and helped a section man push a hand car. Or the humblest voter will thrill as he recites how a man stepped off at the Junction and chatted with him—"Just as plain as shucks!" And he afterward discovered that he was a cabinet member, or a famous senator, or the President.

Now it is not condescension in a real king, or in a great man of any sort, to do a homely thing or to meet in a simple way his plainest fellow being. A great man never condescends. He does not need to, for he is already on a level with all his fellow men.

The Simplicity of Greatness

Greatness is not in elevation, but in perception. The top of the mountain and the highest rung of the ladder are very good figures of speech; but great men—successful men of every sort—do not live up there. They stay on a common footing with the great mass of mankind. They have a common bond with them—only they see and feel more. They feel and understand as other men do—but more penetratingly, more clearly. They know the value of ordinary things in a way ordinary men do not.

And it is this simplicity, this open-minded interest in everything from the bottom up, which has furnished the inspiration for their success. They have been able to see and use all sorts of material; and, understanding men, have been able to organize and use them too.

Of course there are exceptions—seemingly; very proud, haughty, overbearing men at the heads of great institutions and enterprises. There are a few of that sort—a very few. And most of them have become soured self-worshipers since arriving—not before; else they would not have arrived.

It is noteworthy that the great men we have loved—statesmen, artists, scientists, writers—have had, for the most part, almost a child's simplicity and modesty. They know their worth—some of them were even egotistic in one way or another; but in their spirits they were very modest and very accessible.

Getting to the top is a hard, painful job. Getting anywhere is. A man needs every help he can get. He needs, above all, the active sympathetic interest of those round him. He needs a clear vision to help him miss some of the false steps. He needs an abundance of warm enthusiasm and a lasting appreciation of things that count.

All these make it necessary for him to have a sort of universal understanding and sympathy, which will give him directness and simplicity. He is never fenced in by tortuous manners; nor is his view obscured by circumlocution of phrases. He meets men and ideas and circumstances face to face—smiles if they are friendly and sets his jaw if they are not. But, whether friend or foe, he makes no assumption of arrogant superiority. It is merely a matter of man to man.

His work, his environment, his health, may modify the customs and habits of the man at the top; but eight times out of ten at heart he is the simplest, friendliest, most approachable, most open-minded, most direct man in the whole concern.

For this is the manner of man who gets to the top.

Smart Serge SUIT $15
Made to your measure
Pure Silk Lined

The BELL Tailors of NEW YORK

We sell direct by mail. We have no agents.

Style Book and 72 Samples FREE

AS an introductory demonstration of our value-giving, the Bell Tailors of New York, for $15, will make you a smart serge suit of American Woolen Company's *6055 pure, all-wool worsted serge;—guaranteed fast color.

We will line it with Skinner's guaranteed pure dye silk. In fact, we will use the best standard materials in every step of its making. We will guarantee it to be a perfect-fitting, splendidly-tailored, smartly-styled suit that will compare favorably with any you have ever had for even a third more price than we ask.

This is but one of the Seventy-two exceptional values we offer in our catalog of smart, New York made-to-measure clothes.

All Wool Serge Suit, Silk-Lined, $15 Made-to-Measure —By Mail

Colors: Black or Blue
Lined with Skinner's Pure Dye Silk.
Sewed throughout with silk.
Hand-made button holes
Coat front re-enforced with real hair cloth and canvas
Hand-tailored throughout
Made in any style you want
Guaranteed to fit perfectly or your money refunded.

Send for New Style Book and 72 Samples—FREE

BELL Tailors of New York are the largest direct mail order tailoring concern in the world—37 years making clothes for smart dressers of America.

Our only salesman is our catalog, which we send with samples and complete outfit with which you can take your own measure. We have no agents or out-of-town representatives of any kind. We deal direct with the consumer by mail, eliminating all in between costs and expenses, and giving you the benefit of the money we save by having you wait on yourself.

Money-Back Guarantee

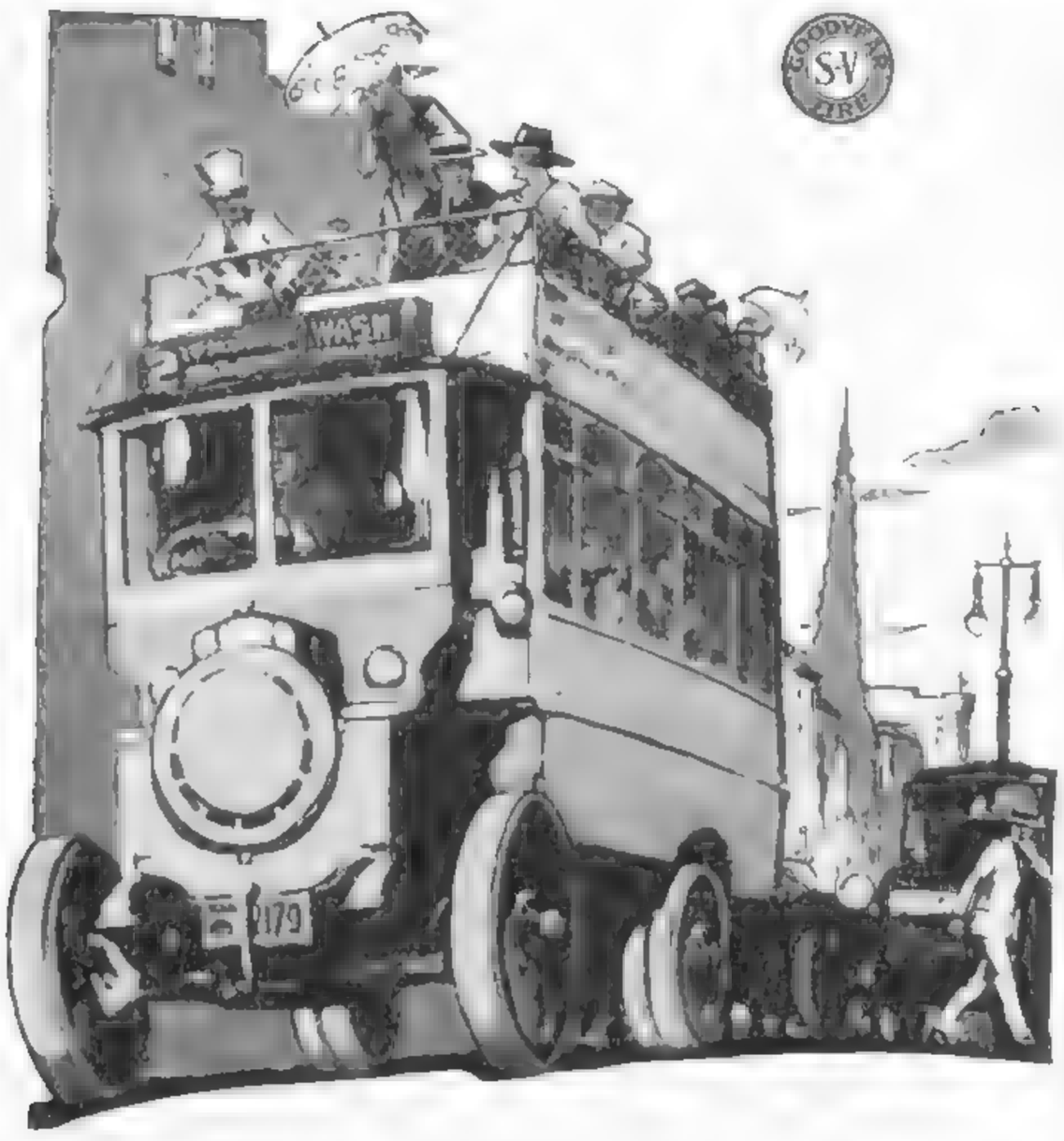
We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us and to satisfy you in every respect. You are the sole judge, and if you are not entirely satisfied with the clothes we make you, we will cheerfully refund every cent of your money.

Let us send you our new Style Book and 72 cloth samples. It places you under no obligation to buy, but it will show you how to get the smartest New York, made-to-measure clothes at a worth-while saving. Write to-night.

BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
Dept. N, 119–125 Walker St., New York

Send this Coupon

Bell Tailors of New York, Dept. N, 119-125 Walker St., New York
Please send your FREE New York Style Book and samples without obligation to—



Forty Thousand Miles on a Fifth Avenue Bus

IN the eleven months ending October 31, 1916, the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, New York, had placed in service 259 Goodyear S-V Pressed-On Truck Tires.

On this date Mr. G. A. Green, Chief Engineer of the Company, looked up the records of these tires and sent to Goodyear the most remarkable tabulation of truck tire performance the world has ever seen.

Of the 259 tires, eleven had been retired from duty. In Mr. Green's words these tires had "failed." But before "failing" they had delivered an average mileage of more than 17,000—the lowest nearly 10,000 and the highest more than 28,000.

Two hundred and forty-eight were still running.

Three of them had gone between 35,000 and 40,000 miles. Two months later, on December 31, one of these three had gone 49,324 miles. And still going.

Thirteen had covered between 30,000 and 35,000 miles. And still going.

Fourteen had gone between 25,000 and 30,000 miles. And still going.

But the work of S-V for the coach company, though spectacular because of the number of tires employed, is merely an index to what this wonderful tire is doing in varied service, all over America.

If *your* trucks are not equipped with S-V's probably you are not getting all that you ought to get, in efficient tire service—at a low cost

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON

UNCLE SAM IN FAIRVIEW

Continued from Page 15

strain of chickens, introduced by Mrs. Wilberforce Fogg. They figure on making the two-hundred-egg hen a back number by developing whole flocks of two-hundred-and-fifty-egg hens, thereby adding to the national wealth a figure one and a whole hatful of noughts. We find these things very fascinating, and lots better things to gossip about than others that might be mentioned.

All this showed me the value of the county agent. Our neighborhood was all right as a neighborhood; but it was not large enough for the coöperation and the organization we needed. For instance, when the Federal Farm-Loan Act was passed it was not in the Fairview Settlement that the first National Farm-Loan Association was formed for the purpose of getting the benefit on the farm of the building-and-loan association idea, which has done so much in the cities, but over on Beaver Creek—quite out of our bailiwick.

Freeman Clay found out that several farmers over there needed loans on long time for slow-fruiting improvements; and though he didn't appear in their organization he did figure out for them that by borrowing money for thirty-six years, with the privilege of paying off in whole or in part after five years, they could earn more than twice the interest charge and not be worried about the mortgage ever falling due. They have the right to call their own loans at any time after five years, and nobody else on earth has that power over them. In other words, for the first time in the history of the American farmer the borrower rather than the lender is to have the say about time and terms.

The Beaver Creek people are admitting a Fairview borrower to their association occasionally. The Reverend Frank Wiggins was the first of us to go in, so as to get the money to finance a silo and a lounging barn for his cows—he is abandoning the stanchion system, though I think he is wrong in that.

The money obtained through the government system costs five per cent. One per cent more—making six per cent a year—will amortize, or "kill off," the mortgage in thirty-six years. Frank figures that even on a fifteen-acre farm he can easily make the silo pay him ten per cent on the investment by keeping the silage made in seasons of excessive crops for bad seasons when feed is scarce through drought or something of the sort.

"There is never a time," says he, "three years together, when a silo will not pay for itself in whole or in great part by giving the dairyman feed when otherwise he would have to buy dear or sacrifice a part of his herd. It doesn't pay, perhaps, to fill a silo in September and begin emptying it in October; but give me silage in August every year when the pastures are short, or the silage of wet 1912 kept over for dry 1914, and I'll show you profits on the silo that will make both interest and amortization look small."

Cheap Working Capital

This is pretty sensible talk for a preacher; and I was gratified to see Frank developing sound business sense along with his visionary ideas. I discovered, however, that he probably got it from the county agent, Freeman Clay, who was preaching all over the county the fact that the new Federal Farm-Loan Act is making it necessary for the farmers to figure interest on investments instead of first costs.

"Don't ask me what this will cost," he used to say to the farmers we visited, "when you can get the money on your own time at low rates of interest whenever you want it. Ask yourself what interest it will pay on the investment. If it costs you two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and pays you four hundred dollars, you can add one hundred and fifty dollars a year to your labor income by borrowing.

"Instead of a mortgage being a disgrace under such circumstances, it is a discredit not to have one."

He pointed out to me the fact that the small borrower now has an equal chance with the big one. Now it has been for a long time a fact in the Corn Belt that the farmer who doesn't need a loan of at least four or five thousand dollars isn't of much consequence to the loan companies; though for the big loans we certainly have already had good credit at rather low rates. Personally I never felt that it was good business to encumber my farm for two or three thousand dollars, and I never needed all my farm would stand in the way of a loan; but lots of men who could borrow ten thousand if they had to could use a quarter of that as working capital at a profit.

I began figuring on the thing; and Freeman and I worked the problem out in this way: I might take, say, twenty-five hundred dollars in a Federal farm loan and use it in developing my feeding operations.

I could, for instance, get the money cheaper in that way for buying lambs to put in my cornfields after harvest to clean up the pigeon grass that naturally comes in, and to eat the lower foliage of the corn and the rape I might sow between the rows, and make fifty cents or a dollar a head by the operation. It's good farming to do it too. Or I might take advantage of the market to buy any other stock—when it is cheap—as steers or heifers or sheep, as my feed made it possible. That much money ought to pay for itself, and a little besides, as I'm fixed.

"But," said I, "as I turned these deals the money would come in and would be idle at times, and all the while I'd be paying interest on it. That's an objection."

"You ought to figure to keep it busy," said he; "that's a part of the business of a business farmer. There ought to be a textbook published on the use of money under the Federal Farm-Loan Act. It's going to be the most important part of the farmer's business from now on. As for your periods of idle money, why not invest it when it must be idle in Federal Farm-Loan bonds, and cut down your loss of interest to one per cent or half of one per cent? You ought to be able to stand that for the sake of having a supply of working capital."

A Plea for the Small Farm

I am so much impressed with the idea that I believe I'll join the Beaver Creek National Farm-Loan Association, and indulge in the luxury of keeping two or three thousand extra dollars working for me all the time. That's how the new law will help the farmers with big investments in their farms. If I don't like the scheme I'll pay off after five years. I feel perfectly sure I can make money by the transaction; and I surely can't lose much.

This sort of business farming is coming to be a great part of the county agent's work in the Corn Belt. To be sure, he still looks after the A B C of farming—in cow-testing associations, boys' and girls' clubs, canning clubs, pig clubs, acre-yield contests, seed-corn campaigns, calf fairs, colt fairs, egg circles, beef rings, and county short courses for the young people; but in a community like Fairview, already well socialized by such people as our school force and the Wigginses, he has to rise to a higher plane. He reached this, too, in another movement he inaugurated. That was the contest of Extensive versus Intensive Farming.

Frank Wiggins is an enthusiastic exponent of the small farm.

"I tell you," said he to Freeman Clay and some more of us one day, "Doctor Spillman's investigators in the Department of Agriculture may show that, as farming is now done—here, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere—the big farm pays the better labor income; but what they say isn't the last word. My little fifteen-acre patch of glebeland is nearer the last word."

"You don't make the labor income off it," said Freeman Clay, "that Mr. Dunham and Mr. Bohn or any of the other big farmers make on their operations."

"True," said Frank; "but see who does their work and see who does mine. My work is done by a self-respecting citizen of the community, who has a happy wife doing good things in the community, and a couple of healthy babies. Who does Mr. Bohn's work or Mr. Sharpe's?"

"Hobos," said Jeff.

Abel Bohn nodded. So did I.

"You big farmers," said Frank, "make your labor incomes out of men who drift out in the farming season, and in the winter spend their time in lodging houses for down-and-outers in St. Louis and Chicago; and eke out the time before the spring elections by selling their votes in

(Continued on Page 65

Should You Be Permitted To Know The Size Of Your Shoes

WE were just saying in this page recently that your average shoe-store doesn't permit you to know the *origin* of your shoes.

It likes private labels — its own name stamped in the shoes.

Further than that, it doesn't think you are to be trusted with the correct *size* of your shoe.

You may think you know the size you have on. Look in the lining where the size-stamp is supposed to be, and unless you wear Regal Shoes, you will probably find something like this: 2X4V7Y2.

Why all these secret signs and symbols?

They belong to the Dark Ages of merchandising—before the days of fixed prices, uniform profits, and standard merchandise of known value.

One great source of dissatisfaction and foot trouble is that shoes are *not properly fitted.*

The shoe-dealer objects to plain size-marks that anybody can read. If he is out of your exact size he wants to substitute another size from his stock.

We plainly mark the size in Regal Shoes to prevent this very thing. We want every man or woman to find comfort in Regal Shoes. We particularly do not want a wrong size to go on anyone's foot.

Daylight methods—all the cards on the table, frankness, publicity—are here to stay.

People prefer to buy goods they *know all about.* The movement toward *standard merchandise* in all lines was never so pronounced as it is today. Poor merchandise doesn't seek publicity—it evades it.

To the man who has found a shoe he likes, in a last that fits him—if it is an honest shoe by a reputable maker: if he can always go back and get that shoe, find the style right, the quality uniform, the price fair—we say to that man, stick to what you have! We do not ask you to change!

Much as we would appreciate your trade and well as we might serve you, we do not grudge any good maker the custom he has won.

What we *do* say is that the number of such shoe-wearers is smaller than it has any business to be.

Shoe-quality—shoe-service in general is a variable quantity.

Beginning away back with the "take off" of the hide, there are things you can't *see* that affect the quality of your shoes.

There is too much tendency to keep you in the dark.

In nearly every community there is at least one alert shoe-dealer who is not in sympathy with this backward policy. He follows it because it is the practice in the trade.

There may be at this moment in your town a wide-awake shoe-man who could build up a great business on shoes of *known merit*—authentic styles, plainly-marked sizes, and *values* he does not have to excuse or explain.

Is there any reason why he could not make as great a success of Regal Shoes as is being made elsewhere?

Regal Shoes are a known factor. They are *proving themselves* every day with men and women in the great Metropolitan Fashion Centers, and in the hands of special Regal representatives in a thousand towns and cities throughout the country.

Cities and folks do not differ greatly as to what they like best in a shoe-store.

For one thing, they like to know that there is an *institution* back of their shoes.

With us it is just a question of finding, in each community, the right kind of shoe-man.

Perhaps you know who he is, in your town, right now!

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Rugged Honesty

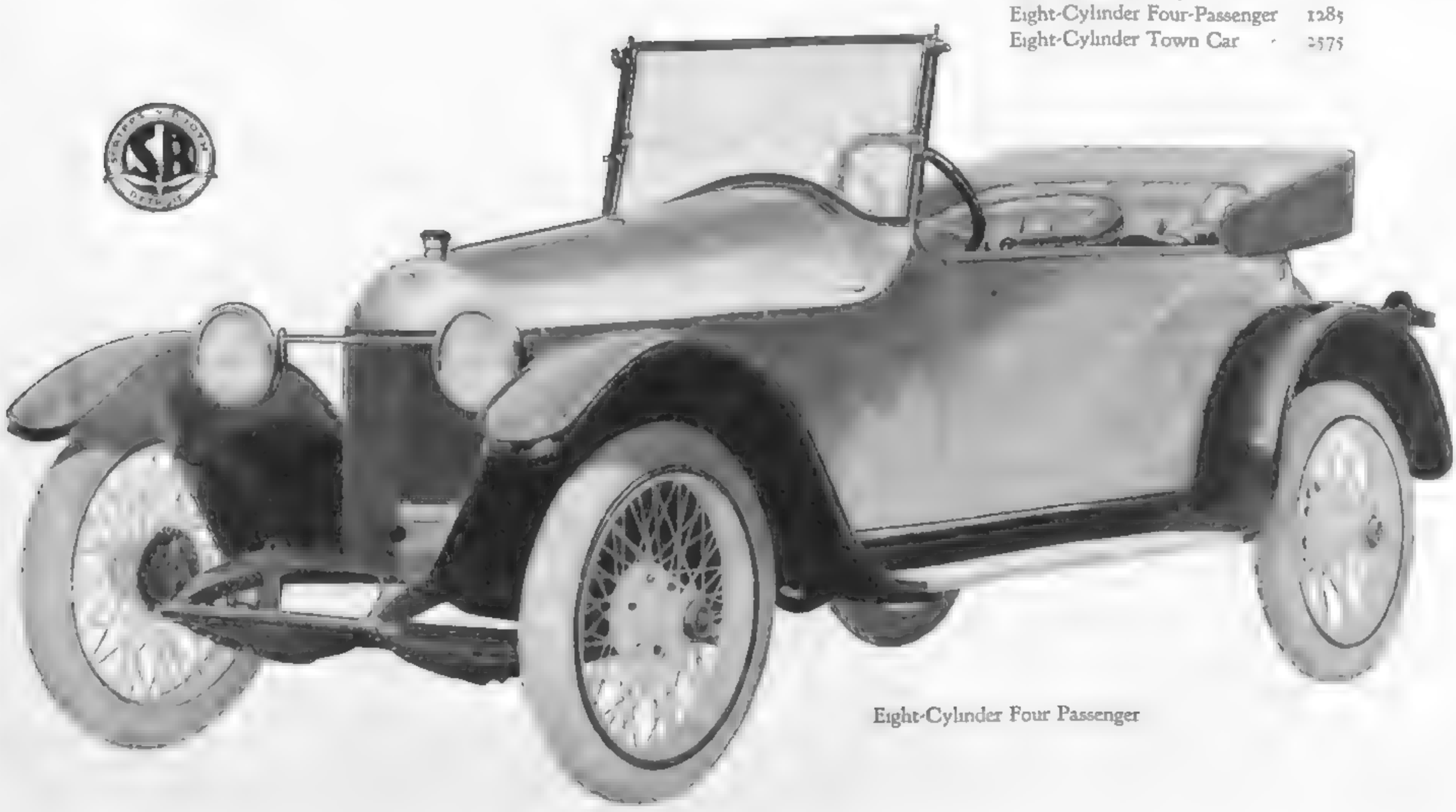
of construction is the real source of Scripps-Booth popularity. It is like a lean, light-footed thoroughbred, with sinews of steel and muscles of whip cord. It is built to do heroic things and does them. Beneath the surface-beauty of

Scripps-Booth

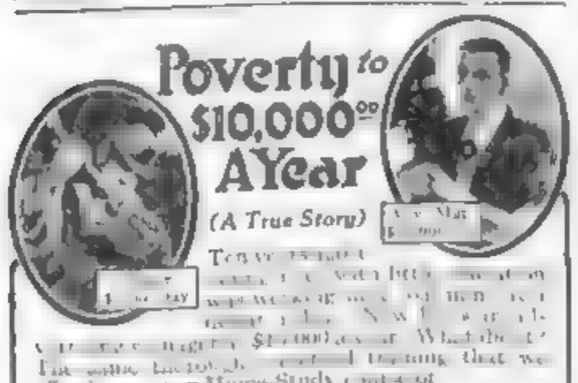
are hidden homely qualities which spring from an honest purpose. It has road-steadiness without weight, strength without bulk. Its mechanism is in perfect balance. Its performance is consistent, responsive and enduring even under abuse. Add to the economy of the cheap light car, extraordinary riding ease. Subtract from the costly heavy car its clumsiness and expense. The net result is Scripps-Booth luxury.

Scripps-Booth Corporation
Detroit, Mich

Four-Cylinder Roadster	$935
Four-Cylinder Coupé	1450
Eight-Cylinder Four-Passenger	1285
Eight-Cylinder Town Car	2575



Eight-Cylinder Four Passenger


Poverty to $10,000.00 A Year
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ten instructors
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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 62)

Chi for beer and a warm place by the radiator. They are the Huns and Vandals who will tear down our Greater Rome. With my little labor income I live like a king; and I'm a good citizen. Yours is not clean money, my friends—mine is!"

There was a long pause, during which I waited for some one readier-witted than I am to show Frank the foolishness of this visionary stuff. Finally Freeman Clay spoke up.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that it might be instructive if we made a comparison of the results, even in labor income, between the small farm, well tilled, and the large farm. What the Department and the state stations have published, you know, shows only average results. Average results in Mexico or Argentina would damn the farm of a thousand acres as against the ranch of from twenty thousand to a million. The question is: What do both show in profits under the best conditions?"

"In profits?" said Frank. "And in men, women and children?"

"Yes," said Freeman Clay; "and in social values. Of course they come in, but not for the economist."

"So much the worse," said Frank, "for the economist. What is Uncle Abner's bank roll worth if it means a man or two every winter rotting in a Chicago saloon?"

"Suppose," said Freeman, "we run a contest, beginning March first, between a dozen small farms and a dozen large ones."

"I'm in!" said the preacher.

"And you'll be in," said I, "with fifteen acres of the richest land out of doors; because you flimflammed me out of a marsh and wheedled Abel, here, into letting you pump the water across the road on him! Do you call that fair?"

"I do!" exclaimed Frank. "I'm making billions of blades grow, Uncle Abner, where you and Brother Bohn, by your mulishness, made cat-tails and wild parsnips grow, and never would have done any better."

"That," said Abel, "is true, Brother Dunham."

Barto's Labor Income

Well, we had the contest. I went in; and so did Abel and Jeff Sharpe and Wilson Beebe and enough more farmers to make a dozen. Frank's farm was the baby of the small holders, and the others ran from forty acres up to eighty—all small farms for this part of the country. I never took so much pains with my farming since I broke the prairie in the seventies.

Freeman Clay, impartial as a judge, went from farm to farm, big and little alike, and talked things over with us. There was a good deal of excitement at our County Farm Bureau meetings, and a lot of mental money changed heads on the outcome. The state experts got interested. The results are embodied in the first bulletin published by our County Farm Bureau, written by Freeman Clay.

Jeff Sharpe's income was, by all odds, the largest; but I was beaten by Peter Barto, with his little dinky forty-eight-acre farm and his ten-cow dairy. We eliminated truck farms and orchards, because we wanted the race to be run by real farmers mounted on real farms, and there is no doubt that Pete's is such a one. Here's his record for the year, giving him more than two hundred dollars more than I made on my operations:

Income	
Milk checks	$1500
Hogs	300
Beef	100
Poultry and poultry products	100
Calves sold for veal	63
Seed grain sold	150
Stock sold	450
Sundries	40
	$2705
Expenses	
Feed	$400
Labor	40
Silo filling and threshing	25
Seed purchased	25
Taxes	26
Insurance	6
Sundries	100
	$622
Interest on investment—$8000 at six per cent	480
Depreciation	300
Total expenses	$1402
Income	$2705
Total expenses	1402
Labor income	$1303

CASSCO

ENGINE DRIVEN

TIRE PUMP

This engine-driven tire pump will save your energy and your time and will save you $30 or $40 a year on your tire bill.

It saves time because it inflates your tires faster than any other pump—*in one-tenth the time of hand-pumping.*

It saves energy because you won't have to do back-breaking work with a hand-pump. Pumping by hand is a dirty, disagreeable job that ruins your clothes and your temper.

It saves money on your tires because it keeps them properly inflated all the time. *Under-inflation causes 80% of all tire trouble.* Keep your tires pumped to standard pressure and you will double your tire mileage.

99.2% factory built—not assembled

The Cassco Pump is *not assembled;* it is actually *built.* 99.2% of the pump is manufactured in the West Side Foundry Co. shops at Troy, N. Y. Only hose, gauge and two small stampings are purchased. We save more than 25% because we do not have to pay profits on various parts to several manufacturers. You get the benefit of these savings.

Designed by expert engineers

The Cassco Pump was designed by expert mechanical engineers. It is simple and scientific in design. It takes up little space It is easy to install. A motorist can attach it himself. Once in place, it is always ready for service. With one easy motion of your hand you can mesh or unmesh the gears. It requires no attention except occasional oiling. Its few, strongly made parts are never out of order.

Dry air—no oil spray

The air from the Cassco Pump is dry and clean. The Cassco design of piston and cylinder prevents oil spray. Oil ruins tires. The Cassco Pump will inflate a 34 x 4 tire to 80 pounds pressure in 1½ minutes. Smaller tires take proportionately less time. The Cassco Pump has given satisfaction to every user.

Save your time, energy and tires—put a Cassco Pump on *your* car today. Your dealer will supply you.

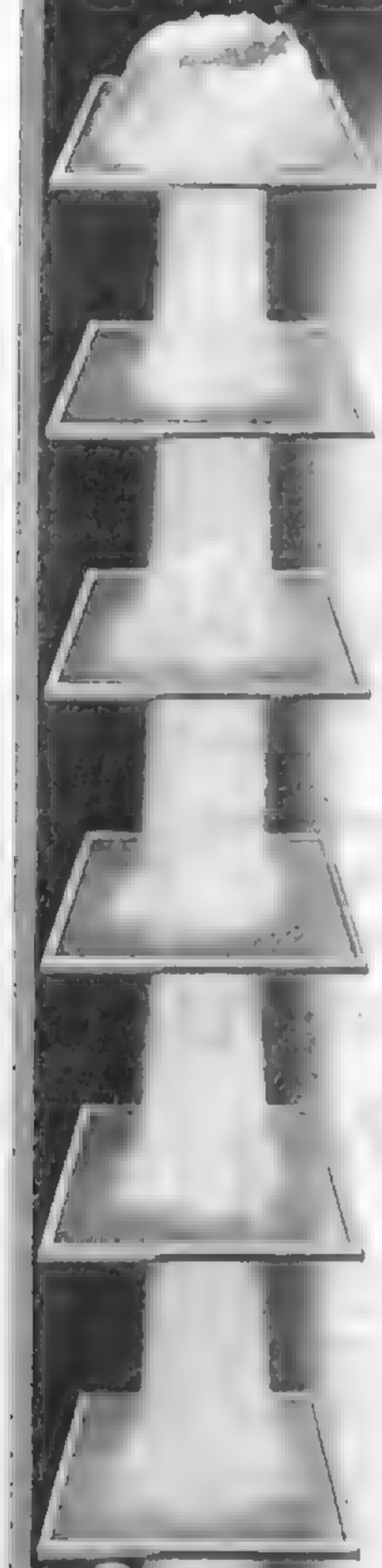
Manufacturers

The West Side Foundry Co.
Troy, New York

Sales Dept.

Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc.
585 Fuller Bldg., Madison Ave. and 40th St., New York

Flour Facts



Every particle of Pillsbury's Best flour is purified by being sifted through beautiful, white, silk bolting-cloth, costing $5 per yard, so fine and closely woven as to make such a process seem almost impossible.

Grinding and sifting; regrinding and sifting again and again through finer and finer, soft, silk cloths insures the purity and uniformity of this purest flour.

Few people know of this wonderfully delicate process employed to avoid impurities in Pillsbury's Best flour.

This is a fact worth remembering—

Because Pillsbury's Best

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Now this makes Peter Barto easily the real winner of the contest, though other large farms besides the Sharpe place brought in more labor income than did Pete's. Pete had a good income when it is considered that all the produce the family consumed for their living is left out of the account; and when it is further taken into the reckoning that the average labor income of the American farmer is from two hundred to four hundred dollars after allowing him interest on his investment at five per cent instead of six, as was done in our contest.

You see, Pete's folks had $1783 to spend that year when their interest on investment was added to their labor income—and they had this after they had got a good part of their living off the little farm. Note, too, that Pete's folks did practically all their own work; but don't think that the Bartos lived below American standards. They have running water in the house, a fine bathroom, furnace heating and a gasoline lighting system; and Pete's car cost more than mine. They use it, too, in a sensible way; and as liberally as people can who do their own work.

They have a milking machine for their cows, and every up-to-date thing that ought to distinguish well-to-do American farming. Their farming is not fancy, but staple farming. The basis of it is ten cows; not pure-breds, but grades, that bring in from $102.30 a year—the record that year of the poorest—to $208.23 a year, which was earned by his best, a prize-winning milker.

Barto was not, like Frank Wiggins, blessed with a farm of exceptional richness. It was badly run down when he bought it, fifteen years or so ago. He labored under a mortgage, too, for years, and paid it off from his earnings. He made his original start on a small farm and his whole proposition is a small-farm success. On the farm he keeps the ten cows, a team of horses and some young stock, besides the poultry and the automobile. His success has been made with cows, tile drains, clover and barnyard manure.

This demonstration was made by Freeman Clay, I feel sure, for the purpose of showing the Department of Agriculture that there is something yet to be said as between extensive farming and intensive farming.

Frank Wiggins, whose record was pretty good, was exultant. He preached a sermon the next Sunday on the text "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding," in which he showed, to his own satisfaction at least, that Freeman Clay is tilling his own particular field—to wit, this county—mighty well; and that the fellows who speak for the big farm, just because the big farm pays best as it is farmed on the average, are the men void of understanding.

Farm Missionaries

Not that I think this is just. I believe that one of these days the Department will come out with a study of the small farm which will tell us something about what they call successful departures from the norm toward more intensive farming; in fact, a few years ago they did this very thing, but have since discredited the Bulletins on Small Farms with matter that seems opposed to their lessons.

Not that I have become a believer in intensive farming of the sort preached by the Little Landers—who, it seems to me, are just plain crazy; but there is a middle ground between the pocket-handkerchief farming of Japan and the all-outdoors kind which the experts now seem to favor. The big farm is morally wrong, so long as there are people who want farms and can't get them.

I think I must have made plain by this time the function of Uncle Sam in Fairview. It is to show us that, no matter how well organized a neighborhood may be, the county agent is needed. Uncle Sam, through the county agent, possesses the power to spread the good things of our Fairviews over whole counties, states, and finally over the whole nation, north, south, east and west; and to build up Fairviews where they are not. To put a missionary of good farming in every county in every region in the United States is an epochal thing.

Unless this is done, however, the Smith-Lever Act will fail to do its duty. It is rather sad to see that the poorest regions in every state are the last to get this help—so that it still fails to reach the people who need it most. It might have been better, for instance, to have set Freeman Clay working in one of the twenty-three counties of Southern Illinois which, because they cannot pay their portions of the agents' salaries, have no county agents than to have had him sent to our county, where we were doing pretty well without him. Any educational law that succeeds where education is general and fails where it is needed is not altogether a perfect law.

So this will be about all from your Uncle Abner Dunham on the Fairview Idea. It is the greatest idea in the world. It relates to the improvement of the biggest business of all Big Business—farming. This is a business that has been all hands and no head. The Fairview Idea will give it head. It shows that the country church may be not only as good a church as that of the city, but a better one, we think, than any city can possibly produce. It shows that the rural school may be and ought to be a better school than any city school can possibly be. It shows that country life—poor and sordid as it usually is—may be richer and fuller than city life at its best.

Reforming Standpat Farmers

The Fairview Idea has the power to transmute a standpat farming reactionary into an agricultural progressive, with something of the apostolic in his heart. And why not? For ages society has taken bread from the farmer's hand and given him back a stone; from him it has received fishes and paid for them in serpents.

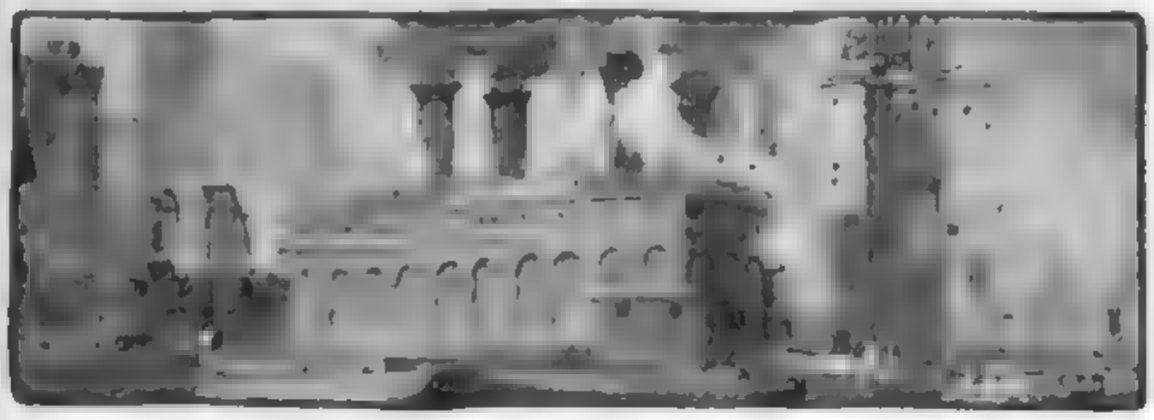
For many of us older people not much may be done; but think of the unending generations of little girls and boys coming on and on out of the fruitful womb of time to tread the furrows of America, to the end that a world may be fed and clothed! And to receive for these things—what? The sordid things, the false things and the useless things which have been given to them in the past? Or that vital enlightenment of which my New England ancestors must dimly have dreamed when they set up free institutions and free schools?

For the farm boys and girls of the future there must be justice and opportunity, according to the measure of the ages in which they are to live—opportunity to know, to live, and to seek the truth.

Some disquieting truth we have encountered in Fairview; but all truth is good. Even though we hook the Midgard Snake, still must we go on fishing in the ocean of human knowledge.

Whatever of change is necessary for the working out of justice as between Man and the Land is beyond me to say; but I feel sure that such changes as are essential can be made only by that farming people who really live and think, and by their living and thinking are brought to the envisagement of their own tremendous problems—the basic problems of the world; because they are the questions growing out of the relations of Man to the Planet out of which he comes, on which he lives and into which he dissolves.

The Fairview Idea, carried to its logical development, will give such a life to the farmers of the future. Where Truth leads is none of our business. It is ours to follow her unquestioningly, making sure first of one fact only—Is she really Truth?



The Tire that doesn't need its guarantee

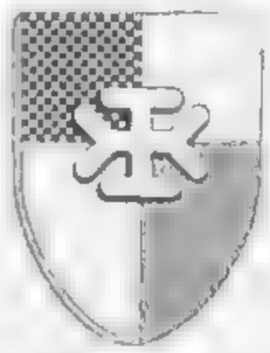
When we conceived the idea of The General Tire, we had one great, big thought before us—

that tire users are no longer to be satisfied with adjustments for *under*-mileage; what they want is a tire that won't keep the manufacturer everlastingly in debt to them for more miles than the tire was ever built to deliver.

So we designed a tire to put tire buying and selling on a *sound* commercial basis. We figured your standpoint and resolved to make you buy the second General Tire because you liked the first one and not in order to make good the mileage the first one failed to deliver. We figured the distributor's and dealer's standpoint and resolved to save them the constant expense, shortened profits and worry that come with adjustments.

We figured from our own standpoint and proved by calculation that adjustments and replacements cost the manufacturer more money than putting the right stuff into the tire in the first place. Our figures showed us that we could better afford to build a tire for 6,500 miles and guarantee it for 5,000 miles than to build, guarantee and sell a tire on a 3,500-mile basis.

That former is just exactly what we've done in The General Tire. Design, fabric, rubber, tread, construction, treatment, cure—every one and all of these things selected and done to make a strong, lively and long-lived tire.



Double Protection by Guarantee and Quality

The service must be 5,000 miles or more—never less. The actual mileage is greater than the guarantee. The General distributors and dealers are anxious to protect your interests, because our liberal guarantee and unstinted quality protect theirs.

Guaranteed for 5,000 miles so you will have the knowledge that you are protected—but a guarantee you'll not be called upon to use. Owners everywhere are piling up 8,000, 10,000 and more miles.

Sold at a moderate—a very moderate price.

We've proved our whole theory by building a sound and solid national success in a year's time. We've proved it by the fact that the new General Tire dealers and distributors who have taken hold of the tire have done it not through wonderful salesmanship on our part, but because of the enthusiastic recommendation of other distributors to whom we have referred them. They all say "it stands up"—they couldn't and wouldn't say this if users hadn't found that it does stand up.

This is the kind of tire you want—viewed from every angle of economy of time, money and trouble.

The General costs less per guaranteed mile. Look up the General Dealer in your city—ask him to tell you honestly what he thinks of the tire. Then ask the price and be surprised.

THE GENERAL TIRE

Built in Akron

The General Tire and Rubber Co.

A Power Miracle

The Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car

It effects a complete transformation in automobile performance. Among other things, it adds 35% extra power. No such result has been accomplished by a car selling for anywhere near our price. Get our treatise for your own instruction. Motoring now is a different kind of traveling.

A new silky kind of continuous power thrills you in the Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car. In this $795 automobile you now get silent performance without vibration that is scarcely believable in a car at this price; it gives constant-torque smoothness—the ideal of power engineers.

A Silken-Powered Car

You travel 60 miles an hour with no more sensation of speed than at 15 miles an hour. From a standing start you pick up to 40 miles an hour in 20 SECONDS. You lull down to a creeping pace—AT 3 MILES AN HOUR IN HIGH GEAR.

Drivers who take the wheel of this new Crow-Elkhart find that the power has amazing smoothness. The power-flow seems the same from 15 to 30 miles, from 40 to 50 miles, and from 50 to 60 miles an hour. You can always relax in this car. There is no nerve tension.

That tremendous volume of silky energy carries you with the lazy ease of a giant—everywhere.

Climaxes Success of Famous 9-Year Chassis

This famous chassis is today the basis of the silk-like power created by the counterbalanced crankshaft construction in the motor. It is a scientific combination of advancements developed by Martin E. Crow. Engineer Crow had developed what was probably the first "L" head motor—now the accepted standard. Successively he had introduced large bearings—crankshafts and camshafts—valve cover plates—helical cut gears—large size valves—detachable cylinder head—piston oil ports preventing smoking.

Crow-Elkhart cars today are full of new ideas. Crow-Elkhart features: 114-inch wheelbase; light weight, 2040 pounds (touring); chrome nickel steel gears in rear axle; full floating rear axle; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; heavy steel dome fenders.

In addition we offer you choice of ten colors and three upholstery options. Such Custom Service at $795 is unprecedented.

Write for the Complete Announcement

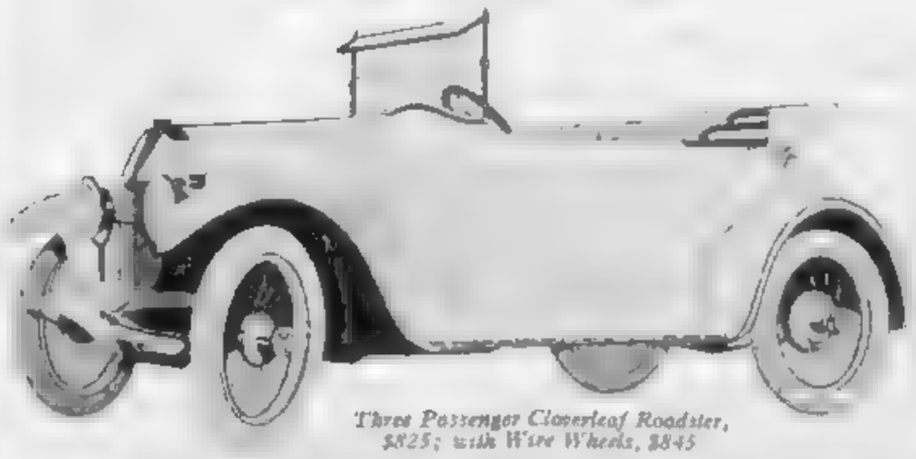
Your judgment of motor cars must now be revised to meet this new standard.

Therefore, write for Treatise on the New Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car. Inform yourself as to how motor power has been so completely transformed—why it is so "silky smooth." Know the secret of this motor miracle. For the Treatise, address

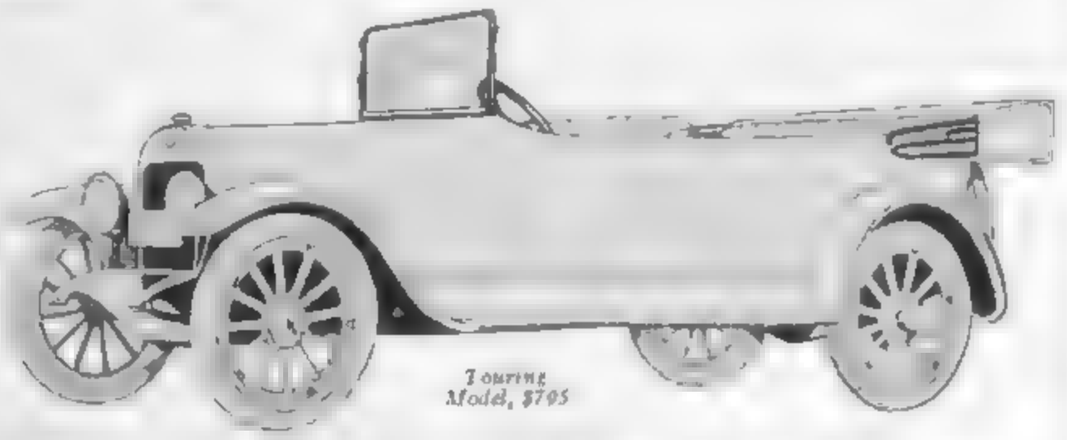
CROW-ELKHART MOTOR COMPANY, Dept. 12, ELKHART, INDIANA

CANADIAN CROW MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, Mt. Bridges, Ont.

DEALERS: A special announcement of unusual importance is ready to send you. It describes the biggest territorial opportunity in years!



Three Passenger Cloverleaf Roadster, $825; with Wire Wheels, $845



Touring Model, $795

Crow-Elkhart $795 TOURING CAR

What Do We Mean By "Safety-Sealed"?

No holes in the wall of a Parker, preventing any escape of ink to soil hands, spoil clothes or ruin dainty dresses or purses. Can be carried flat, upside down—any position—it cannot leak—it's SAFETY-SEALED

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED non-self-filler.

Fills each in 2 seconds—press the concealed SAFETY-SEALED button.

All sizes at nearest Parker dealer—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
N. Y. RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—No holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to ruin clothes or linen

Cheerful Bran Days

Find out what bran does by its laxative effect.

Learn how it keeps one fit. What it adds to life's enjoyment.

For one week start each day with Pettijohn's. Give the bran flakes a chance.

Then you will know why doctors urge bran food. And why millions of homes have adopted it.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

(1494)

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THE CUSTOMARY TWO WEEKS

(Continued from Page 5)

all is. With Mr. Harry Burnhart taking so little interest in things it makes it hard for any manager."

It cut Extell to the nerves to hear a word in extenuation of the man who had just discharged him. He went into a state of sullkiness, and to dispense gloom he blurted out:

"You seem to be a good deal interested in Vibert, Muriel!"

She reddened, but forgave him the words and the inference.

"I am interested in you—in us," she replied. "You won't stay in Milledgeville, will you, George?"

"Why not?" he snapped suspiciously.

"Why, because—because there's nothing here to keep you. There's only the paper mill. Surely you're going out into the world now, dear, to win! You ——"

"Listen, Muriel!" he broke in angrily. "I'm going to get even with Vibert some day! If it takes me as long as I live I'm going to get that man! I hate him as I never hated anything or anybody!"

"You will do something; you will make yourself big and strong and successful for your own sake—and for mine?" she replied, leaning toward him and putting her hands on his shoulders. "What do we care for him?"

"I'll advertise for a job in the trade journal next week!" he flashed. The girl looked at him in the eyes.

"As an advertising man?" she asked softly.

"Yes. Why not?" Something in her voice gave him a horrible suspicion. "You don't think as Vibert does?" he cried.

She was silent because she didn't dare to speak, but he rattled on:

"You do think as he does! Why didn't you say so? Afraid to hurt my feelings, I suppose! A lot Vibert knows about advertising! That's another proof that you're under his thumb, Muriel. I suppose you sit there, looking up at him ——"

"George!" she cried, springing up. "Don't—don't—please—we must go home! I—I know you are all wrought up. I know you don't mean what you say. But we must go—at once! We mustn't spoil everything. There are some things—some things that leave a scar that never heals, George! Come!"

They paddled back to the canoe house with hardly another word.

Extell inserted a rather colorless advertisement in a trade paper, as he said he would. He got one reply, and that came to nothing. A few weeks later he tried a New York daily newspaper. This elicited one response also; but after a brief correspondence he was told that, though they would keep him in mind, they had chosen a man with longer experience. The young fellow had the notion of packing up and going West, as Mr. Burnhart had hinted. Somehow he couldn't get started. He had been born in Milledgeville, and he had taken root.

For the first few weeks he felt a delicious sense of freedom. He made himself believe that he was overjoyed to see his old companions plodding to work when he could stay at home. Then he began to get restless. He began to hang round the Mansion House, planning, when he wasn't gossiping, how he should some day get even with Vibert.

Worse, Extell began to buttonhole his old associates on their way to and from work, and to talk loudly against Vibert. Some of the other employees, hating the manager just as cordially, baited him, drew him out, encouraged his venom, because they enjoyed hearing the tirades. He began to tell them how they could bother the manager.

Vibert heard all about this. One day he said to Muriel Clemm, just as they started some dictation:

"Your friend Extell is becoming a common nuisance, Miss Clemm."

The girl nearly fainted. The sneer tore into her heart because she knew it was the truth. She rallied and replied pointedly:

"I am ready to take dictation, Mr. Vibert."

On her birthday Muriel Clemm was amazed to find a leather-bound set of Shakspere on her desk when she came in. There was no inscription, but Vibert's engraved card was in the first volume. She did not

Electricity's Latest Gift

A complete Sewing Machine no larger than a Typewriter

The electric iron, washing machine and vacuum cleaner were great improvements on the old ways of doing things. Now comes this wonderfully compact electric sewing machine that you can carry in one hand—a full-size, high-grade machine without the unhandiness and unsightliness of the ordinary foot-power machine. No more need you tire yourself out pedaling. The

Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine

gives you one or a thousand stitches—for all day long, if you wish. The motor does the work. You simply regulate the speed by a light pressure of your foot on the control pedal. The price is less than you would pay for most any of the well-known makes of foot-power machines. Guaranteed 10 years.

Costs Only $35

($37 West of the Rockies)

If your lighting company, electric dealer or department store cannot show you this wonderful machine, send coupon to nearest office.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco
Houses in all Principal Cities

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY Inc.

Gentlemen

Please send me Booklet No. 504-Q, describing your portable electric sewing machine.

Name

Address

Comptometer Section, Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis.

Centralizing the Figure Work of Accounting

How They Cut the Expense of Cost Finding in the Jeffery Car Plant

By bringing all Cost Calculations, figuring of Payroll, Bills of Material, and the Proving of Incoming Invoices together into a central Comptometer Section, the Nash Motors Co. of Kenosha, Wisconsin, struck a body blow at the High Cost of Accounting.

In these days of shifting values, casual Cost Estimates are dangerous. Safety lies in a Cost Finding System comprehensive and flexible enough to get the facts—and keep them up-to-date. That is what they have in this office.

But as Mr. McCandless, Head of the Statistical Department, observed:

> "Valuable as our Cost System is, it would be economically impractical if we had to handle the calculations mentally. It would cost too much—more than double what it does now. There's the Payroll, too—instead of having it worked up in the various Shop Departments by higher priced help, it is all turned in to the Comptometers for extending and footing at a marked reduction in cost—to say nothing of how much more accurate the machine figures are."

This fairly illustrates what centralized Comptometer Service is doing for Accounting in a host of offices representing practically all lines of business.

Its benefits are not confined to the large concern—it is just as practical in the one-machine office as where a whole battery is employed.

Figure work of any kind—Proving Postings; Adding Trial Balance; Calculating Costs; Figuring Payroll, Bills, Estimates, Inventory—all can be turned over to the Comptometer with a sure saving of labor and expense and a comforting assurance of accuracy.

Invite a Comptometer man to show you what the centering of all figure work on the Controlled-key Comptometer would mean in your case. That service is at your command without obligation.

Copy of "Better Methods of Accounting" sent free on request.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. Comptometer **1723 N. Paulina St. Chicago**

Adding and Calculating Machine

BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
WINTERGREENS
Persons of good taste say they taste good.
Beech-Nut Wintergreens
5¢
Tasteful confections that melt on your tongue — They add zest to your novel.
Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

want to accept the gift, yet she didn't know how to refuse. Finally she thanked the manager, and for the first time since she had worked in the office he showed a real human gleam in his eye as he replied:

"Not at all, Miss Clemm. Your work has been splendid this past year. You don't know how much you help me in my work. I hoped you would accept the little gift in the spirit it was given."

That same day she went home feeling sure that there would be some trifle from George Extell, as in five birthdays past, that she could accept in a far different spirit. But this time Extell had forgotten.

Extell called upon Muriel one night, and almost immediately started on the usual string. He began to tell her, with a great deal of relish, how Arthur Goodwin, one of the clerks in the credit department, had clashed with Vibert and threatened to punch him. The girl stopped him short. Her lips came together with a new firmness, and something altogether new spoke to him from her eyes.

"I don't want to hear it, George!" she exclaimed. "I want to hear nothing more about Mr. Vibert."

He glared at the girl, stupefied.

"You don't know what it means to me to say this, George," she went on with a little shudder of her lower lip. "I must say it. I shall not see you any more, George—while you remain here in Milledgeville. It does you harm and it will drive me mad. I have tried and tried—and you won't let me help you. They are laughing at you—everybody; the people in the office talk shamefully about you behind your back. I thought you were going away from here to fight your way to something fine. I know it is in you; I believe in you; I shall—I shall believe in you. But you must go away. I—forgive me, forgive me if I hurt you; I am hurting myself more. Yes, come once more—the day before you go away—once more."

"You don't want to see me?" he gasped pitiably.

"I want to see you succeed. I want to see you do something well. Anything, George—but well. Good night!"

Extell literally staggered as he went down the steps. The air choked him. He began to walk. There was no moon, and when he got beyond the lighted section of the village he stumbled along; but he did ten miles of fast hiking before he got back to his room. The film fell from his eyes as he walked. Some stoppage of his brain gave way, and he began to see things in their true perspective. And for the first time since Vibert had turned him loose he saw Muriel Clemm, not as a woman to approach for petting but as a woman to fight for, to strive for, to be worthy of.

With a frantic and clumsy-handed joy he lighted the lamp in his room and began to pack.

At seven o'clock, feeling fresh in spite of his sleepless night, Extell was ready. He called a truckman for his trunk, locked his suit case, and swinging it in his hand with a buoyant grip and stride, he went over to the Clemm house and got there just as Muriel was rising from the breakfast table.

Like lightning she caught the welcome news. He didn't tell her; he didn't need to. She bounded toward him with a sunrise of joy radiating from her beautiful face.

"Where?" she whispered.

"Chicago."

"This morning?"

"Yes, I'll catch the eight twenty-nine for Springhaven and get the Southwestern Express."

Muriel Clemm seized her hand bag from the mantel of the sitting room and opened it with thumby fingers.

"Here!" she said. "Take this envelope, George. I wrote it—the week you left the office. I knew the time would come to give it to you. See, it is sealed. I want you to put it away where it will be always safe, and I want you to open it the day you know you have made good. Will you promise me—you will, won't you? 'Not to be opened'—see, I have written on the envelope!—'not to be opened till George Extell knows that he has conquered!' Don't think I mean that you must make a lot of money! It isn't that at all! You know what I mean—the day you feel that you have won."

"Good-by, Muriel," he said gently. "I love you!"

II

THE sales manager of the South Trent Tool Company looked up at the young man who had just been admitted to the office. He held a card between a thumb and forefinger, and scanned the new face for surface indications. But in that swift, businesslike assay there was no sign of suspicion or preconceived judgment. Instead, the sales manager looked at George Extell, as he looked at all the candidates for jobs, with the hopefulness and interest of a man who is constantly saying to himself "This may be the man we want!"

Extell felt it. And when the sales manager, instead of uttering a cold "What can I do for you?"—which is the deadliest gas ever emitted upon enthusiasm—said "How d'ye do, Mr. Extell; pull up a chair!" the stranger felt a powerful desire to leap forward and grip the other man's hand.

"You are with the Eclipse people," went on the sales manager, glancing at the card again.

"I was," corrected Extell. "I'm not now. I am here looking for a job."

"I haven't anything to do with the advertising department——" the sales manager was saying, when Extell interrupted.

"I'm not looking for that kind of a job," he explained. "I want to sell." Mr. Wetterson nodded.

"Good!" he said. "That's more in my line. How did you happen to leave the Eclipse people, Mr. Extell?"

The visitor's face almost matched the dark red varnish on the walls; but he replied with the promptness of a man who wants an ugly task over and done with:

"I was fired."

Extell half expected to hear the words, "Sorry; good day!" as a result of his painful veracity. Indeed, Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows elevated somewhat, but he added simply:

"Do you mind telling me just how it happened, Mr. Extell? I assure you of absolute confidence. It might not be important anyway. Very good men have been fired. Er—I was fired myself once. Good thing too!"

"I was fired for incompetence," replied Extell gravely.

Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows reacted unconsciously. He smiled slightly and suggested:

"That is, Mr. Extell, the man who fired you told you that?"

"No, sir; I was incompetent. I didn't realize it at the time. I see it now. I couldn't have been anything else."

It wasn't the unusual method of approach that held Wetterson's attention. He was justly suspicious of unusual methods of approach. He knew perfectly well that the unusual had become the usual, that too many men were now aware of the effectiveness of surprise, in getting their wares before him. Only a week before an insurance solicitor put his elbow through the frosted glass of his door—and sold him a five thousand dollar policy on the strength of the introduction that his apologies secured. He had had prospective salesmen deliver orations on selling efficiency that held him spellbound—until they got on the pay roll; and he had had them speak of themselves with the humility of Trappists and prove just as productive. But there was something else about Extell—something even besides his clean, healthy exterior and priceless youth—something of just plain, old-fashioned, trite honesty unadorned. Wetterson said.

"Have you ever sold tools?"

"No, sir."

"What makes you think you can?"

It was a challenge, and a fair challenge. Extell hesitated just a moment. Then he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, I've got to sell goods. I know I can. I'm on my toes. I don't think about anything else. There are some things I can't explain, but those things will make me sell."

Wetterson smiled, but not deprecatingly. He wasn't impressed by Extell's words; he was impressed by his manner. Such words he had heard before a hundred times. The manner was somehow refreshingly new.

"Naturally you want to stick to tools," he said. "That's right too. You know something about them. By the way, Mr. Extell, tell me something very frankly, will you? What is your opinion of the Eclipse mechanical tools?"

The truth fairly spurted from Extell's lips. With the fervor of a devotee he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, the Eclipse tools are as fine as anything produced in the world. They are made absolutely on honor. I was with them five years nearly, and I never

(Continued on Page 73)

"Send this to the Pink List"

You often receive a booklet, a letter, a circular or a newspaper item that is of interest to your business associates. Do they see it—promptly?

They do, if you use a special form like the one shown here. You say to your stenographer, "Send this booklet to the pink list" (if the forms are pink). Every man on that list sees the booklet and then it comes back to you.

The value of these little "pink list" slips is not so much that they make it easier to route worth-while information about your office. The point is that without some such device you simply don't send your associates a lot of things you would like them to see. You can have other slips of different colors for different lists of men.

Perhaps you will have to try out this little convenience to find out what a genuine help it is.

That is not difficult. Any printer can supply these slips at a small cost.

Too many firms make a job of buying printing, when it is really an easy matter.

Tell your printer you want to standardize all your office forms on Hammermill Bond, and he will do the rest. He knows Hammermill Bond, knows where he can get it and how much it will cost.

Begin to use Hammermill Bond, in bond, ripple or linen finish, in white or in any of the 12 colors, for all your office requirements, and buying printing becomes an easy and economical operation in which you and your printer work in accord.

We have prepared special sample portfolios of Hammermill Bond, a portfolio for each general class of business—hotels, banks, insurance companies, retail stores, professional men and so on. Let us send you, free, the portfolio that applies to your particular business.

Printers have found complete sets of these portfolios very useful in soliciting business, because they offer suggestions to the customer. Any printer may have the complete set.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

KISSELKAR
EVERY INCH A CAR

Adding Six Months To the Motorist's Calendar

WITH the coming of Spring you will, of course, want a wide-open, ROOF-LESS car—just as in winter you want it quickly changed into an EXCLUSIVE closed coach—***adding six months to your motoring calendar.***

You possess ***both*** in the ALL-YEAR Car—the ***highest developed convertible car—practical*** for ***every*** day in ***every*** month—***complete*** for ***all*** purposes—***distinctive*** for ***any*** occasion. The ALL-YEAR Top is ***built in***—not on. It is ***entirely removable.***

See your KisselKar Dealer. Send for ALL-YEAR Car Booklet.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Hartford, Wisconsin

Kissel's Original Idea that Changed the Motoring Habits of a Nation.

The ALL-YEAR Car

(Continued from Page 70)

knew of an inferior article going out of the factory intentionally, and not often by accident. If you could see the rigid inspection and the loving care and the expert work done by a lot of men that have been there for years ——"

Extell stopped, confused. The belief in the Eclipse line, which he had been unwittingly imbibing for several years, had come naturally to the surface. Then he had a sinking sensation. It suddenly dawned on him that he was a candidate for the job of selling a rival line. He started to hedge weakly, by beginning: "Of course, though, I know that South Trent tools ——"

"Wait a minute, Extell! Don't spoil it! Don't spoil it, man! You've come through with straight stuff. Good! A man who can talk like that for the Eclipse line can talk just as well for South Trent. And I'll tell you right now, Extell, I subscribe to every word you've just said. There isn't a man in this office that would deny it, and the fact that the Eclipse people are our biggest rivals makes no difference. Extell, I'm going to take a chance on you. If you make good, I'll be tickled to death. When do you want to start?"

"Right now, Mr. Wetterson."

"You'll go into the factory for three months," said the sales manager with a grin. "You'll get eight dollars a week for those three months. Can you live on that?"

Extell couldn't repress the chagrin that showed on his face. His vision had been that of having mileage issued to him forthwith. But he replied:

"I've got enough money to see me through that time. You needn't pay me anything for those three months ——"

"Sh-h-h!" laughed Wetterson. "Don't talk like that, Extell. The whole office will be borrowing money of you if they hear about it! Come in to-morrow morning and report to me. Miss Willis, take this note to the factory superintendent, please. . . . Good-by, Extell!"

George Extell went back to his room, which he had thriftily taken at a rope-fire-escape hotel, and nervously penned a brief note to Muriel Clemm:

"*Dear little Girl:* This is just to let you know that I am going into the South Trent plant to-morrow morning, for three months' factory experience before they put me on the road. The sales manager is a fine chap named Wetterson. He treated me like a white man. Some difference between him and that reptile in the dark room. Muriel, as sure as I live I am going to get even with V. I am going to win, I can feel it in every nerve. I am going to make them all sit up." . . .

The young fellow folded up the paper, put it in the envelope, sealed it, and then sat over it a long time with his eyes fixed on the corner room in the Eclipse office, a thousand miles away. He could re-create in his mind's eye every detail of the dark room, from the tilted line of old-fashioned box letter files, to the stack of trade journals on the top of the one-section bookcase. He could see those beloved fingers, supple and strong, dancing over the typewriter keys, unpursued by the eyes; the marvelously clean and correct letters issuing from the top of the typewriter; the clear contralto answering questions with scarcely a pause in the writing. He felt homesick.

She was there with him, with Vibert. He was giving her orders; his unworthy eyes were gazing at her; his mind thinking about her. Extell suddenly pounded his fist on the table with such vehemence that he barely saved the ink bottle from going to the carpet. The words, "You can have the customary two weeks," rattled in his ears; he felt the blood rush into his head. "I won't keep an incompetent and I won't keep a drone! You can have the customary two weeks! That's all!"

"Incompetent or not, I'll make him eat those words some day!" cried Extell. "I'll show him!"

Three days after he entered the factory Extell got a reply from Muriel Clemm. Part of it ran:

. . . "Your letter, George, made me so glad, so glad to hear that you had actually made a start on the road to something big. Of course the eight dollars a week is merely a nominal figure; you mustn't feel a bit hurt about that, will you? I have heard several of our travelers say that the office force of the South Trent are very nice, and that they are fine people to work for. . . .

Yes, George, your letter made me so glad and yet it hurt me a little too. Do you know how? Oh, my dear boy, won't you please, *please* put Mr. Vibert out of your head forever? Can't you consider it as something that never happened? It is only that I am so afraid that this feeling of revenge will hurt you in your work. And that somehow it may grow and grow and finally eat into your very being. What do you care for him?" . . .

"She may be right," said Extell after reading Muriel's letter, "but she doesn't understand how deep that feeling goes. However, I won't mention him to her again. But, by heavens, I'll get him some day sure!"

Extell was one of those men who seem born never to entertain a grudge against anyone alive; and who, having once decidedly found a hatred, follow it with blind, amateur fury. He went into the South Trent factory with his teeth clenched. He clenched them so hard that the keen-eyed Wetterson, meeting him one day, slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Extell, don't plug too hard. Don't wear yourself out. You'll need energy later. Smile a little, old man, once in a while."

Another time: "Extell, you're a kind of mystery. What's behind that grim deathness of yours anyway? Well, never mind; whatever it is, it looks as if it might put you over. But try to smile, Extell!"

Extell shouldn't have found it hard to smile in those surroundings. The Eclipse environment had—excepting Vibert—been polite, virtuous, but cold. Here there was warmth, a radiation of good fellowship that seemed to come down from the top of the organization, to accumulate hearty interest as it was fanned through all the departments. The newcomer felt it from the first day, when the big Swedish-American factory superintendent, Dahl, took him into his enormous paws. He got a breath of it from Erb, the advertising man, who came to him in the factory one day with a proof in his hand, and said:

"I say, Extell, you were advertising man over there. Look at this, will you, and tell me what you think of it?"

The request brought color to Extell's cheeks. He wondered, with a sort of shame, whether he would have been similarly capable of asking advice when he was in Milledgeville.

So in the latter part of 1912 George Extell was, for the first time in his life, honestly striving, keeping everlastingly at it, spending three evenings out of seven in reading, studying, planning. He had a tremendous driving force behind him. He did not inquire of himself exactly how this driving force was made up. He thought it was due to his solemn oath to get even with Vibert in some way as yet obscure. Whenever he thought of his old manager his muscles tightened and his nerves strained.

In October Wetterson stopped Extell in the hall one morning just as he was punching in. He took the young fellow into his room and sat him down.

"Extell," he said, "you go on the road Monday. The rest of the week you can spend with our Mr. Preston, who is correspondent for your territory, and with our topnotch man in the Southern New England district, who is in the office just now. I'll introduce you to him this morning.

"I want to say just a few words, Extell. I'm giving you a hard territory with a lot of hurdles in it. The man who has had it is getting through. He has done little with it, and I don't hold him altogether responsible. Really I'd like to start you off on something more promising; but there isn't another vacancy. You're going to find the going hard, and at times you're going to get as blue as this typewriter ribbon. I know how it is, and you may as well know. I think you've got sense enough so you won't be hurt by hearing this in advance.

"Extell, you've seen our line. I tell you, South Trent tools can't be beaten in this world for mechanical perfection. You've caught our atmosphere, here in the office, and you can see that we deal square—absolutely on the level. I want every one of my men to go out and talk our tools from an honest belief in them. I want them to feel that, all things considered, they are the best in the wide world. But if I should ever hear that you walked into a place and knocked our rivals, Extell—even by innuendo—well, son, I'd take the first train and wring your neck! Good luck to you!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

They Wouldn't Even Buy Shoes for Her!

There was an envious stepmother, and a beautiful princess, and seven dwarfs, and the most gallant knight that ever was. And they make a beautiful story—a story with the very spirit of fairyland. Of course, it is a Paramount picture. Marguerite Clark appears exclusively in Paramount Pictures. She is the spirit of everlasting youth, so eagerly welcomed by so many thousands of men and women and children when her lovely face and tiny figure flash out on the screen!

Marguerite Clark
in "Snow White"

LOOK FOR MARGUERITE CLARK in these Paramount Pictures—"The Fortunes of Fifi," by Mollie Elliot Seawell; and in "Cinders," "Miss George Washington," "Little Lady Eileen," "Mice and Men," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Molly Make-Believe"—and many others. And see these other Paramount Pictures—"Oliver Twist," "Great Expectations," "The Slave Market." These and "Snow White" are some of the

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures are produced by four companies—Famous Players—Lasky—Morosco—Pallas. If you see one of these names you know it is a Paramount Picture.

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Our patented, high speed, rotary sleeve valve engine drives the generator with such smoothness that there is no flicker in the lights or unsteadiness of the current. Thus all necessity for storage batteries is done away with and the renewal of batteries and battery upkeep cost is entirely eliminated. The engine and generator being direct connected, no belts, gears, chains or sprockets are needed.

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DAYTON, OHIO

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"I feel all gone," she whispered. "Something has taken the starch out of me."

She drank, then motioned the girl to take away from the bed the copper warming pan, in which a handful of coals still glowed red.

"Shift the rolls," she said then, shrill as a parrot.

These rolls were rolls of sand bound in red cloth, like huge window bags, one on each side of her. They seemed to be all that kept her tortured body together in the bed. The girl shifted them.

"Hear the wind," said the old lady between her teeth. "It comes against this old rattletrap like a judgment—like a judgment, young man."

The girl left the room with the empty glass, and Mercy turned on me a glittering eye.

"Come straight from the shoulder and no shillyshallying," she said to me. "Prevarication kills me quicker than anything in the world. I won't hear to it. A track was seen in the sand, you said?"

"I saw it with my own eyes this afternoon."

Fear stood in her black eye.

"With your own eye. And no foot that could have made it, I suppose? You saw nothing that you could have put your hand on?"

"There is no reason to start," I said soothingly. "I have good reason to believe that no ghost made it."

"No ghost, I'll be bound," said the old lady faintly. "Better a thousand times if it was a ghost. No, it was no ghost of Amos."

I leaned forward eagerly:

"Then you yourself know who it was?"

"And suppose I do?" shrilled old Mercy. "What does all my knowledge avail me, now that I come to the judgment seat? What was all my nursing him and waiting on him by inches, the great spleeny man? I worked my fingers to the bone, I slaved like a dog, and what was my reward? To embalm him, if you please! That was his will and pleasure—that was what he could find it in his heart to leave me as a legacy. I've heard him say, young man, that women like to be martyred. That was the theory he went on; and so he went and consorted as he chose, and left me to pickle him and bring him home here away from the clutch of foreign hells."

She muttered unintelligible words, then said clearly: "He's well preserved—I had the embalming of him myself. It's a trade like any other, and I learnt it young. 'Bring your tools, Mercy,' he said to me. 'If you must come, bring your devil's chemicals. I shan't be easy unless I'm under those sand dunes. Some day they'll pile over the tomb and hold the secrets of the Craigensides safe.'"

She paused for breath; then went on:

"He was afraid of his little idol, though he wouldn't admit it. Oh, don't tell me they're only wood and stone, these foreign gods! They are wicked contraptions, I don't care if they are carved by hand of man."

Her blue fist was knotted in the sheet.

"I've never known one peaceful hour since the day he brought the thing aboard."

"Where was that then?" I inquired.

"That was in the China seas, young man."

Then she lost the thread of things again. When next she spoke intelligibly, she said:

"Hark! Do you hear the wind over the dunes? So I heard it when I was a child, but it changes its tune. Ah, the air is sweet. Raise the window higher. Let the wind come in on my face. I'm burning up! No, shut it again. Shut it down. Hogs hate wind; but no more than humans, when the soul is blown along too. I felt it snatch at me. Ah, well, I'm going with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . ."

Her words became an unmeaning drabble of sound. They ceased. I leaned closer, thinking she had gone already. She still breathed. Through the closed window I glimpsed the ceaseless glitter of the outrushing tide, on which the moon had cast sharp silver spurs. With the ebb?

But the ebb was not yet consummated. The old lady gave vent to that shuddering sigh which, as she said herself, was of such a character that with each repetition it withdrew a drop of blood from the heart.

"Works, that's what it is, plain works," she mumbled. . . . . "For shame! Oh, if there's one thing more than another that just about kills me, it's ingratitude. I can do and do for you and bear and bear with you and slave and work like a dog and wear my fingers to the bone, and not one single, solitary thing will you do for me in return."

She grew wrathful, rose up between her sand rolls and beat the quilt feebly.

"I will not bear with that demon lurking there. . . . Hear the man. . . . Unreasonable. . . . To save myself . . . from the clutches . . . All my life, fair weather and foul . . . without a murmur of complaint . . . and now . . . unreasonable. . . . Look there at the thing he has set to watch over me in my misery; its eyes follow me in my turnings and tossings. Oh dear, it's awful to face, cast up red hot out of hell. . . . There, there . . . the ship shudders. . . . What's that sharp noise forward? . . . Take the deck, man . . . we shall go down with all our sins if we are not precious careful."

All at once this fit was over; the old lady looked at me with sane eyes, and murmured:

"'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'"

Immediately she relapsed into her harangue:

"I counsel you to drop it where the ocean's deepest. Why should you fear cold stone? Ha, why indeed? You are too bold by half. Bend it toward you, as he says. . . . No, no."

These words came as a wild screech.

An extraordinary light had come into the old lady's black eyes. She rose half up in bed, beating the quilt feebly; and then the most terrible delusion of those who die was all about her.

"My feet take hold on hell!" she shrieked.

I affirm to you that it was possible to see the flames consuming her; she shriveled before my eyes like an ant laid on the coals, and with a shiver I reflected that indeed her feet were gone already. She writhed between the two great sand rolls, and the agony of all historic fiends was comprehensible to me thenceforward. Her cane with the albatross beak appeared from under the quilt, its jaws gaping side by side with hers, as if in a queer, headless sympathy.

I was conscious of the sane appointments of that little chamber—the great four-poster bed, the chintz-covered wood box, the frayed samplers on the walls, the leaky bellows by the chimney place, the low-seated horsehair chair. These things gave the place a look worn and habitual. Yet under my eyes lay a soul suffering the torments of the damned, to whom all this had become remote and chimerical, whose ear had no receptivity unless for the dreaming voice of the tide, which ebbed, ebbed, soliciting her spirit into that dark ocean with its immeasurable voice, that mystery beyond solution.

Mercy Cobb fell back, and the light of reason stood in her eye again. I looked furtively at the lump of clay at the foot of the bed. Could she see it also? Alas, poor lady, thus flies are smeared! Death knows nothing of fastidiousness

"There you are again," she whispered.

I stooped and adjusted the rolls. The sand itself had absorbed the burning heat of her shriveled body.

"Hark! Is that the gulls beating about the house?"

It was only the tide with its many urgent voices.

"But still they'll wheel and wheel—they're never satisfied. . . . Lost souls. . . . There's the wind again, trampling on the roof. . . . Many the time I've thought it would shudder this house in to the sea. But no, it is founded on a rock. . . . Listen again! Isn't that they, coming against the wind?"

Her eyes blazed; a sort of madness seized her.

"Yes, yes! Here's the one that was hanged. Just God, the hangman's noose is at my neck! Ah, I have done no wrong, but there it is, seven fat turns of the rope round a standing part. It comes nearer. Drive off the bird. . . . Now, hold off. . . . God's mercy, I confess . . . give me time."

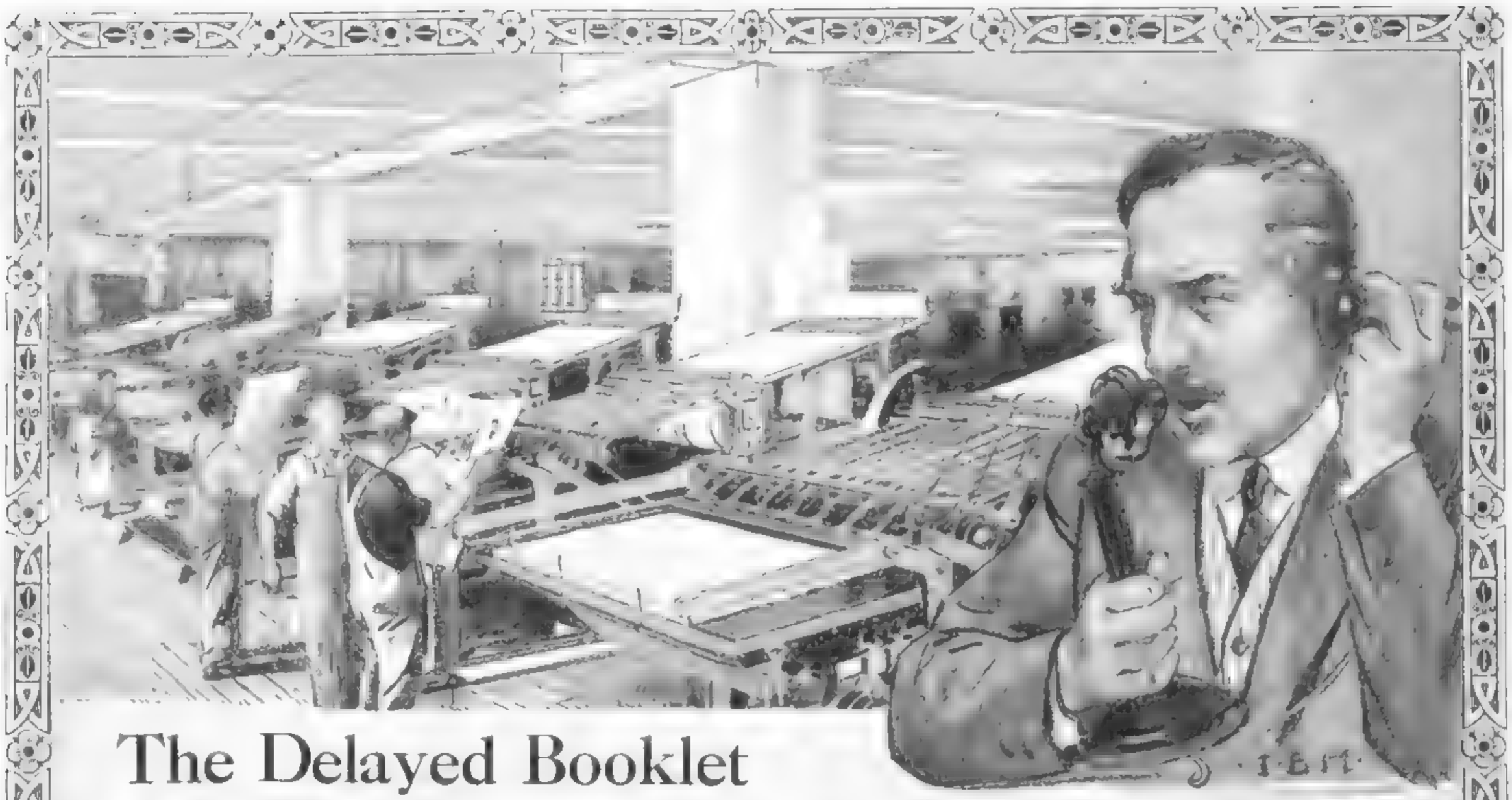
"Confess," I whispered. "And to what?"

But a saner light had come into her eye.

"Young man, I charge you, upon your conscience, bring me the god . . . the little jade . . . here to my bedside. In half an hour it may be too late. Oh, to be plunged at my latest hour into the furnace of adversity, as I am! It is more than I should bear!"

Her fingers were actually at my wrist. Wild terror gave that skeleton hand invincible strength.

(Continued on Page 77)



The Delayed Booklet And The Perfect Excuse

When the telephone rang that morning I was apprehensive of trouble. There was something ominous in the tone of the bell.

It was my printer on the wire.

He had finished his make-ready and started his presses on my new booklet—and the coating of the paper had "picked."

Inquiry (I am afraid I said, "What do you mean 'picked'?") developed that the coating of the paper stuck to the halftone cuts and pulled off.

"Can't you fix it?"—the old, familiar wail went over the wire, unnecessarily loud, for I was in a hurry for that booklet.

No, the paper was not up to standard. The entire order would have to be thrown out and a new run of paper secured.

Next day the printer told me something about printing papers.

It seems that not only the "picking" of cuts, but binding troubles, blotched engravings, some booklets actually weighing more than others, with consequent variations in the way individual pages are printed, folders and circulars that break in the mail, blistered pages, shrunken wrinkled sheets—all these deviltries are due to lack of standardization in the making of paper.

A standardized paper is one that invariably gives uniform results under the same press-room conditions.

Good printing depends upon a perfect co-ordination of three factors: the press, the paper and the cuts.

Just as the speed of a press is standard; just as the number of separations to an inch in a halftone cut is standardized—so must there be a definite weight, thickness, color, surface and body to the paper that is to run on those presses and which is to record impressions from those cuts.

Variations in paper mean variations in printing. Definite standards in paper mean definite standards in printing.

If you want fine printing, you must work with standard papers.

S. D. Warren & Company were the first to realize the importance of standardized printing papers and the first to set about producing them. Their announcement of Warren's Standard Printing Papers gave better printing to America by establishing a basic standard for the kind of paper to be used in the printing you contemplate.

The 1917 Warren Suggestion Book shows you all of Warren's Standard Papers, and suggests when to use them.

It shows you when to use the lustreless, ivory-like CAMEO that gives to halftones the depth and softness of platinum photographs, and the glowing WARREN'S LUSTRO, the highest refinement of surface in glossy, coated papers.

It shows you how WARREN'S SILKOTE brings out the fine detail of illustrations of either commercial or artistic subjects. You see the remarkable effects obtainable on the dignified, clear-printing CUMBERLAND COATED. WARREN'S PRINTONE for large editions, a good-looking, perfect-folding paper, "better than super, cheaper than coated," is also shown and the best uses described.

Write on your business letterhead for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book, seventy-two pages that are a real, constructive help to any buyer of printing. It and supplementary booklets are free. If you buy printing they will be useful (we almost say indispensable) to you. They are text-books on paper for those who use it.

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THE · FRANKLIN · CAR

WHAT IS SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT

PROGRESS is a fight, not so much against ignorance and stupidity, as against the tendency of the *human mind* to run in *grooves.*

The great mass of motorists has never been able to look ahead in automobile construction. It reasons *backward* from what it sees close at hand.

It takes as long to get a wrong idea out of its head as to get a right one into it.

. . .

At first, all fine automobiles were ponderous, heavy cars, complicated and expensive. It took the weight to justify the price.

Besides, that was the way men mostly thought about the automobile—a sort of Pullman-car feeling.

So the heavy car was what the average motorist saw close at hand. And reasoning backward, he built up a fine assortment of *fallacies:* such as, the heavy car was easier to ride in, that it kept the road better, that it made the owner more impressive, that there was virtue in the big wheel base.

Actual motor car *experience* shows up and *disproves* these *fallacies.*

Now the heavy car is going out of fashion.

If you doubt this you can prove it for yourself by going into any fine car salesroom. The automobile salesmen are very eager to tell you that their new models are considerably lighter than last year, if that happens to be the case. But they say nothing about weight if their new car is heavier or the same weight as their former model.

But the average motorist cannot entirely free his mind from the old grooves.

He still looks for an eyeful of cumbersome car and mechanism. He still lingers over the big wheel base.

. . .

For fifteen long years the motor world has fought each advanced principle in Franklin Car construction—and then finally come around to it!

Among fine automobiles the Franklin was the *first scientific* light car, and for fifteen years it has been the consistent exponent of *Scientific Light Weight.*

You may have noticed lately how many cars are making their appeal to the public on light weight.

Now, as an *enlightened motorist*—not one of the unthinking mass—you want to *discriminate* between a car that has had some of its weight chopped off to meet public demand and the one motor car in America that is today as it always has been—a *consistently* Scientific-Light-Weight car.

The Franklin construction calls for the finest materials that can be put into a car. The choice of material is a special Department of Science in itself. The use of these materials is another—saving weight ounce by ounce all over the car.

. . .

The car that has *Scientific Light Weight* to offer you (not merely lightness) can show actual *results* in *facts* and *figures*—in gasoline mileage—in tire mileage.

It can demonstrate to you a new *comfort* and *reliability,* smooth-rolling quality, flexibility, easy control, a resiliency, that saves not alone the expense but the *annoyance* of tire trouble.

In our next announcement we shall take up some actual results of Scientific Light Weight as proven by the Franklin Car.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs.	$3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

"I mistrust it will drag me with it into hell," she cried aloud. "The wrong hell. Yes, yes, 'There's hells and hells,' so Amos said. . . . 'I don't mind roasting in a good Christian hell, as a Christian should. . . . No, that's very good . . . that's like a sailor' . . . so he said. 'But now . . . I tell you, Mercy . . . it'll be rogue's business falling into a hell for strangers. I'm bad; I've been from rum and molasses to champagne and back again in my time . . . but I don't like this Asiatic hell. . . . Put me under the dunes, woman . . . the dunes.'"

Her voice had become hoarse and domineering. It was as if the voice of Amos Craigenside himself issued from those withered lips, and in that moment I could no longer mistake the noise outside. It was a sound of gulls wrangling over the roof of the house. The coincidence was chilling, I confess it.

"Bring the god," breathed Mercy, "holding it very carefully . . . so . . . in both hands."

"Where shall I find it?"

"There . . . there . . . behind you. . . . Do you not see its fearful eye staring at me through the wall? Oh, God forgive me for my many sins! Day and night it stares upon me in my agony. . . . Ah . . . there it turns . . . the eye turns in the head. Save me from it!"

We were suddenly interrupted by a single stealthy sound, which, in fact, seemed to proceed from the wall behind me. I could not then have said in what this sound consisted, and I cannot now begin to describe to you the overwhelming sentiment of horror and white terror which ran all through me in that instant.

I stood frozen in my tracks, and suddenly old Mercy Cobb sat up in bed to stare past me with such a light in her eye as I hope never to see again in this life.

"They come already," she said in a fearful whisper, and fell back, and in that very moment was stone dead.

She had gone with the ebb!

I trust I may never be called upon to turn round again in quite those circumstances. My body seemed to move as if foreign to my will. But turn I did, and immediately the strange noise was explained. One of the framed samplers had been deposited on the floor; a square opening had appeared in the wall, and a human face hung in this opening.

Conceive my amazement when I found myself looking into the eyes of the undoubted living counterpart, eye for eye, feature for feature, down to the last detail of dress, of the scarlet puppet which Mr. James Smith had plunged into the river through the floor of his dressing room.

"Stand where you are!" I called. "You are not dead, it seems. You were not thrown into the river after all."

"Not thrown—no—I jumped," said the fellow grimly. "I threw myself in."

"Aha," said a voice over my shoulder. "In which case there is neither crime nor criminal, and we have wasted our time with you."

Hawley was standing behind me.

"There is the greatest criminal in the world," said the man slowly. "Let me out of this. There may be no time to lose."

He put his hand into the blouse of his uniform and drew forth with cautious fingers the missing jade.

"Be calm, my beauty!" he said in a resonant voice. "You are at last in the hands of the police."

x

WE HAD first to get our man out of his hiding place. But that hole in the wall was not a thing of such monstrous omen as it had seemed to my terror-stricken eye.

"There is a door at my back," he said, withdrawing his head into the recesses of that mystifying aperture. "Under the attic stairs."

We found a low door, concealed by a tapestry and held fast by a wooden button. Hawley pushed it in. At once our velvet-clad manikin stepped out into the yellow light, blinking and holding the god gingerly in both hands.

Hawley thrust past him into his musty prison and lit a match. The place was buttressed with beams big enough for the massive knees of a ship. Rising from the middle of the floor we saw a heavy squared timber, equipped with clustered chains, which terminated in iron wristlets.

"A slave room!" cried Hawley, taking up in his fist a mass of these iron parts.

"She had many," murmured our quarry.

"A slave room—in this Northern state?" I protested.

"My dear sir, this is a Queen Anne house, and its Queen Anne owner would certainly have held slaves, even in this Northern state."

"Wait, did you hear a step outside?" said the man—or mechanism—recoiling with a ghastly face, but still holding the god rigidly erect.

We stood listening with all our ears; but there was no sound. The girl below, we later learned, frightened by the sound of strange voices, had fled the house.

"I hear nothing," said Hawley. "And now, sir, will you be good enough to explain to us how it comes that you haunt an old lady's last hours in this disgraceful fashion? Upon my word, by the look of things it is fair to presume that you have been the death of her."

"'Turn and turn about,' said the man in scarlet. "She has taken ten years off my life in times past. But it was her own conscience that killed her, and the memory of—this."

He tapped the pug-nosed god affectionately on the end of its most characteristic feature.

"I may say," he continued, "that she had in a measure got into the habit of bowing down to sticks and stones. She is now dead. God rest her! I say it from my heart, though I have reason and to spare to be bitter against her. She had a hard row to hoe at the last. This thing had had its unholy eye on her all along, for all she was a Methodist. The truth is, she is responsible for its having been—transplanted. The East and the West are here weirdly mixed up. No, if you value your life, sir, do not touch this thing until I have verified once and for all the suspicion I have of it."

Again his jaw hung slack, and again he listened, as if to the low breathing of some far-off menace.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe there is no time to lose."

He seized my arm, urging me toward the door.

"As I live, there's deviltry in the air, and of a kind I am familiar enough with by now, in all conscience," he said. "Come with me, if you please, to the other house."

"We expect an explanation in due time," said Hawley.

"In due time you shall have it. I suppose we may leave her alone upstairs. She no longer needs an attendant."

But at the very door we met Doctor Starr, dangling in his fist a small pine box in which he had intended to pack that lump of clay.

"You will have to bring a larger box than that," said Hawley gently in passing out. "Your patient is dead."

"It is the best that God could do for her," said the doctor quietly.

"That is mortal truth, I can swear to it," said our man, "after the time I have put in in that closet of hers."

As we leaped the wall which bounded the Craigenside terraces he told us that he was a sailor, by name Jim Garnett.

"You will not have heard of me," he added. "I went away when a boy, and I've never been back; but I was born on this sand spit for all that, and my feet can still feel it out for me."

He put back a restraining hand as we crept into the shadow of the house.

All was dark and still. In another moment we were between the central pillars of that wide-flagged porch. A cool stir of air came from the river; and then we received into our nostrils that strange suggestion of spice from the huge musty hall which had first drawn my attention to its Oriental flavor. Starshine struck a sparkle from that robust mermaid of brass affixed as a knocker to the center of the panel; and immediately I saw that the door itself stood ajar.

The scarlet figure at my side reached out a hand and brought down the knocker three times. The portentous dwelling of the Craigensides gave out no answer and no stir of life. It seemed absolutely empty, and there was not a sound except a slow dropping of water in some hollow place which gave out a minute echo. From where we stood we could see through darkness a faint spur of light on the silvered knob of the door which opened into the front parlor; but beyond this, nothing.

My friend therefore opened the door wider, and said in a distressed way:

"I believe they have gone already. Is it possible ——"

He twisted his head sharply and made sure that the ship was still lying at her anchorage. The moon had gone behind a cloud,

EVERY year an increasing number of people, who have had experiences like the above, come to the same belated conclusion.

The average building put up today should last for one or two generations. But too often the pipe which goes into it is purchased on price only, and begins to give trouble within a decade, followed by replacement at a heavy cost before the building has reached its middle age. The best way to forestall such trouble is to insist when the plans are being drawn, on

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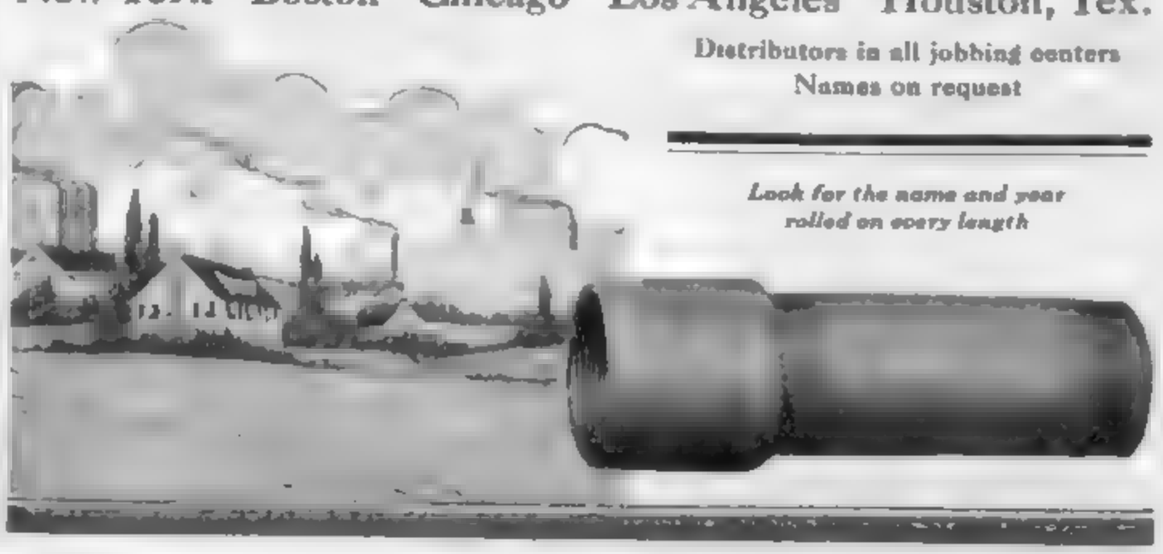

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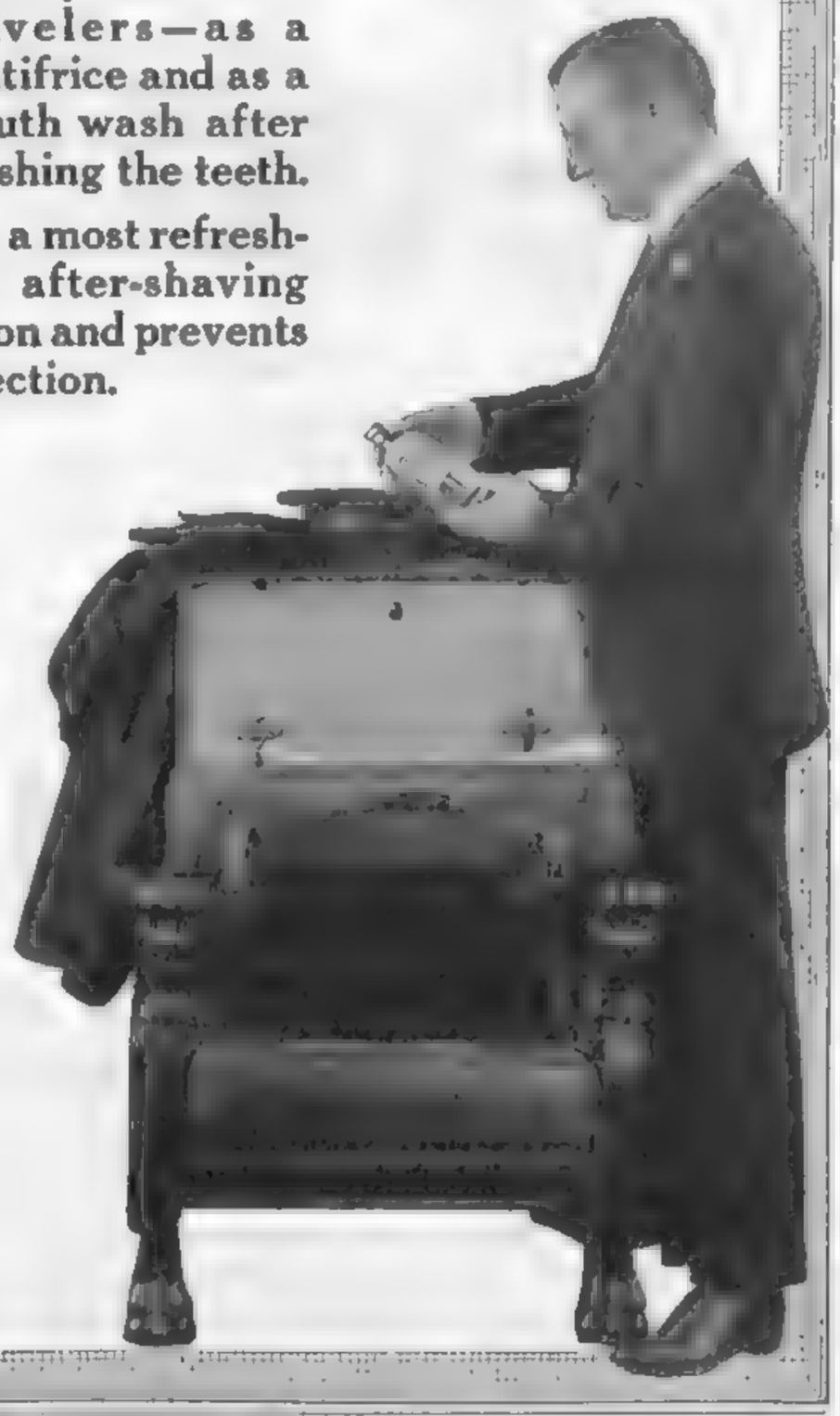

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but the Asphodel's riding light was plainly visible, and something like the ghostly shadow of the ship itself extended on the dark surface of the water.

"The Asphodel," he murmured; "pale flower of Hades and the dead. Well named, choice flower of hell! Do you know it is true that a ship takes the complexion of her company? The very shrouds and shadows may take on that tinge of the murderous and treasonable. I tell you, when I look at that ship, lying there—the very ship that I saw lost in the fires of sunset—gone like morning mist or like a chip on the tide, I feel as if a cold wind had passed through my heart."

"The ship then enters in?"

"You may say that. I suppose as a ship is hung up, rib by rib, bolt by bolt, yard by yard, so she goes. The song of the mallets that drove the oakum into the seams of the Asphodel was a dirge, however. Have you a match? No matter; there comes the moon again."

He opened the lid of the tall clock and replaced the god on its shelf. The eyes, appearing as two venomous sparks of green fire, favored us with a horrid scrutiny.

Jim Garnett loomed close in his bizarre costume. Suddenly his fingers banded themselves like steel about my upper arm, and he hissed:

"Did you hear that noise? Something between a wail and a whistle?"

I had heard it certainly, and for a second had indulged a spasm of fright. But the cause of it had instantly occurred to me.

"They are setting off the fireworks," I said. "That was the stick of a stray rocket falling hereabouts."

I stepped to the door, and in that moment the sky was rent by the splay colors of a triple bomb. Great golden fingers hung for an instant high over that dark house, reaching down as if to whirl it away in the clutch of that mad phantasmagoria which linked it with the vengeance of unknown gods.

Jim Garnett sank his fingers in my shoulder.

"They are coming—from the wateraside," he whispered. "Now you shall see a curious thing. Look! I leave the lid of the clock open. The moon will shine into the face of the thing in another second. Come this way, into the double parlors."

We fell back into the musty darkness of those huge rooms; and in another moment Craigenside appeared on the porch, and the girl behind him. "You see, there is nothing," she was saying softly.

"I felt the tug of the thing, I tell you," he insisted in a weary voice, "as much as if some cursed anaconda had got me round the middle. It caught me here. I was as numb as an oyster for a second, then I felt something like a warm wave dart up from my heels, do you understand, and then—— Merciful God, the thing is back!"

We saw him, with his arms hanging limp, stop and stare. He crept toward the coffin, whispering "There is something devilish in this reappearance."

The tall clock was now plainly discernible in its corner, and Craigenside fixed a terror-stricken eye on its infernal occupant.

"Fancy or no fancy, I am a doomed man," he said thickly.

"No, no," said the girl. "If we keep a strict watch, what harm can come to us?"

"Watch?" cried the captain fiercely. "What is there to watch? You know this religion as well as I do. Every act of a man's life follows him, and climbs his back like his shadow—his shadow—his shadow ——"

He went on with his mad muttering. He stole toward the masked horror in the corner, reached out an arm, drew it back.

"The sins of the fathers," he whispered. "Was it my fault? I felt in my bones that no good would come of that hell's opening. But he would have it, and so all of us must pay the shot."

The girl tried to pluck him back, making at the same time a movement to shut the door of the clock.

"Let be," said Ruel. "Time and Eternity! Time and Eternity! So it goes with the house of Craigenside—divided against itself. Hah! Tick, tick, tick, so you go—the sand running in the glass"

Then, in a flash, followed a dreadful series of events. Craigenside, swaying in his tracks, drew one hand across his brow.

"He is coming," he muttered. "He is here already. The summons ——"

He fell to his knees, and his hands clawed at the rug. The ropy shadows of the invisible retribution seemed to be knotted at his throat already

It was precisely then that we heard a roaring on the roof of the house, and saw the night sky taking a red tinge. That rocket whose whistling we had heard had fallen through the skylight into the attic and set fire to the heap of dusty rubbish there. The house was open from top to bottom, and with the draft thus afforded the flames had a fatal hold in a twinkling.

It may have been this threat of ruin that drew Mr. James Smith out of his hiding place. At all events, he came. We saw his black figure pause on the threshold, that terrible pale eye of his fastened on the god. He had come far and schemed a great deal to possess it; but after all he was doomed to disappointment. He stood with folded arms, the lump on his forehead glowing scarlet. I think we were all affected by glancing rays of his strange mesmeric power. A sleepy veil seemed to hang between our eyes and that impending horror. That extraordinary yellow mortal was terrifying in his economy of movement. It was as if the soul within had stationed itself a thousand miles away. That stillness in the body was like a projection in the flesh of the terrible steadfastness of purpose held within. The man seemed to live by one thought, and to await the revolution of the wheel of things to bring uppermost his opportunity.

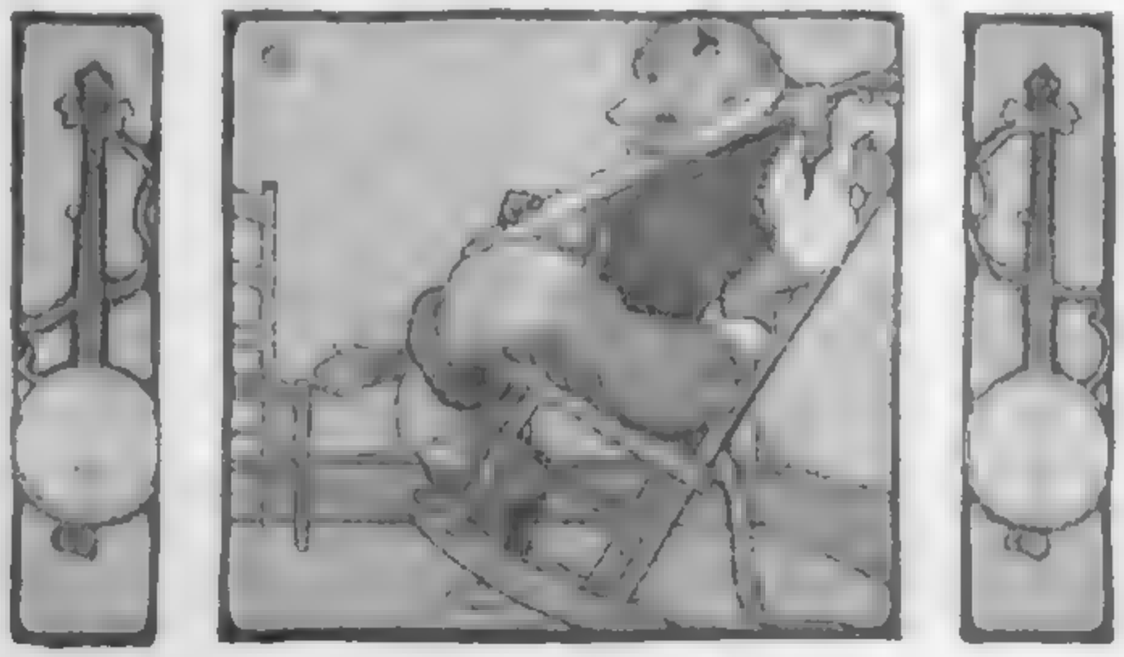
Jane Craigenside was first to rouse herself. With a cry between disgust and fear she stepped back, and with a convulsive movement of her arm flung into that ghastly black box a heavy dagger—sheath and all—which she had ripped from the draperies behind her. All her valiant soul went into the throw.

The god fell to the floor. But in that same instant Craigenside thrust his body forward spasmodically in an effort to save the idol from destruction. He overbalanced, and his head brought up with a jarring impact a foot or so below the pendulum. The enormous coffin, which must have been poised very nicely on the warped flooring, suddenly hung out over him, became a descending shadow, then with a horrid crash shut the master of Craigenside from view with his neck broken.

The prophecy of old Jared was so far fulfilled, that the coffin he had built, as if that vindictive spirit had informed it, claimed its own. Jim Garnett stood holding the body of the unconscious girl across his arm; and the head of the little god, snapped off short, spun to the feet of the priest, its eyes still emitting that baleful light with its suggestion of green fire.

Mr. James Smith snatched it up and vanished through the open doorway.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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New Pathé Records for March

MURATORE, DIDUR, SLEZAK, three giants in the world of music, make this month's Pathé list one of the most interesting we have ever offered. Added to these are the beautiful voices of Eleonora de Cisneros, and the young American coloratura soprano, Grace Hoffman, and the favorite Irish tenor, Thomas Egan, artists who are making thousands of strong friends among Pathe enthusiasts

LUCIEN MURATORE, Tenor, Chicago Opera

Comme, O Zuccaro (Ferraro, Carrera, and Fonzo) Neapolitan Song	64008	
O Surdato 'Nnamorato (Fourzo) Neapolitan Song Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	29 C M (about 12 in.) $4.00	

ADAMO DIDUR, Leading Basso, Metropolitan Opera

The Barber of Seville (Rossini) "La Calumnia" (Slander's Whisper) Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	82004	
Chanson de Mephistopheles (Moussorgsky) Sung in Russian, Orchestra Acc.	35 C M (about 12 in.) $3.00	

LEO SLEZAK, World-Famous Wagnerian Tenor

Lohengrin (Wagner) "Abschied"	[illegible]	
Lohengrin (Wagner) "Graal's Erzahlung" Sung in German, Orchestra Acc	29 C M (about 12 in.) $3.00	

ELEONORA DE CISNEROS, Mezzo-Soprano

Kashmiri Song, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden)	52013	
Till I Wake, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden) Sung in English, Orchestra Acc.	29 C M (about 12 in.) $1.50	

GRACE HOFFMAN, Coloratura Soprano

Mignon (Thomas) "Je Suis Titania" (I am Titania)	76004	
Dinorah (Meyerbeer) "Shadow Song" Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.	35 C M (about 14 in.) $2.00	

THOMAS EGAN, Popular Irish Tenor

Macushla (Rowe-MacMurrough)	52020	
Molly Bawn (Lover) Pathe Salon Orchestra Acc.	29 C M (about 12 in.) $1.50	
Roisin Dubh (Dark Rosaleen)	25001	
Le Fainne Geal an Lae (Dawning of The Day) Sung in Gaelic. Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) $1.00	

JACQUES THIBAUD'S NEW VIOLIN RECORDS

IN addition to the new Thibaud selections recently announced, we take pride in presenting the following beautiful St. Saëns number, played as only this great artist can play.

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 1.	60047	
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 2. Violin solo, Orchestra Acc.	29 C M (about 12 in.) $2.00	
(As Announced on February List)	60046	
Melody in F, Op. 3, No. 1 (Rubinstein), Piano Acc.	29 C M (about 12 in.)	
Piccolino (Guiraud), Orchestra Acc.	$2.00	

INTERESTING INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

SOLOS on the zither by selections by the foremost group of Hawaiian musicians, and two rousing marches by famous military bands this month admirably maintain the Pathe reputation for musical novelty

D'Alpenröserl'n (Alpine Roses) Zither Solo, **Otto Slezak**	35015	
Am Grundsee (Anon) Zither Solo, **Otto Slezak**	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c	
Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula (Wendling and Young) Fox Trot	20101	
Southern Blues (Old Hawaiian Medley) **Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe**	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
Till the Boys Come Home (Hume) Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards	35099	
Victory March (Avkoff) Pathé Military Band	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c	

POPULAR HITS OF THE MONTH

Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Egan and Whiting) Duet, **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, **Louis J. Winsch,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc	20103	
It's Not Your Nationality (Johnson and McCarthy) **Roy Randall,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
Put On Your Slippers and Fill Up Your Pipe (Moran, Wheeler and Von Tilzer) **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20135	
Pray for the Lights to Go Out (Skidmore and Tunnah) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
My Lonely Lola Lo (Murphy, Lance and Solman) **Sterling Trio,** Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	20130	
My Hawaiian Maid (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
Flora Bella, from "Flora Bella" (Carroll and Schwarzwald) **Elida Morris,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20081	
You're the Girl, from "Flora Bella" (Schertzinger and Schwarzwald) **Rosella Martin,** Soprano, **Gordon MacHughes,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
Miss Samantha Johnson's Wedding Day (Toney Jackson) **Collins and Harlan,** Orchestra Acc.	20131	
I've Got 'Em (Jackson and Frost) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
Everybody Hula (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc	20134	
Dear Old Honolulu (Sonny Cunha) **Marie Narelle,** Soprano, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

Poor Butterfly (Raymond Hubbell) Fox Trot, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	20132	
Topsy (Hugh Frey) One- or Two-Step, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	27 C M. (about 10½ in.) 75c	
The Garden of Romance, from "Miss Springtime" (Kalman) Waltz, American Republic Band	20109	
Out of the Cradle (Gilbert and Friedland) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
My Skating Girl, from "The Big Show," N. Y. Hippodrome (Raymond Hubbell) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	20108	
My Castle in the Air, from "Miss Springtime" (Jerome Kern) Fox Trot, American Republic Band	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c	
The Witching Hour (Grant) Fox Trot, Van Eps-Banta Dance Orchestra	35100	
Rugged Thoughts (Von der Mehden) One- or Two-Step, Pathé Dance Orchestra	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c	

A FEW OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF FAMOUS PATHÉ STAR ARTISTS

(Photos by Mishkin, Apeda and Victor Georg)

MACAROONS

(Concluded from Page 17)

"Oh, no," came the unexpected reply. "I'm winding my watch."

Billy laughed.

"When you've finished winding it," he asked, "are you going to let me in?"

"No, Mr. Manners," she replied. "I have finished."

"Why not?" Billy argued. "We were getting on splendidly. Why did you run away?"

"I thought I ought to," she explained in one of her sudden bursts of confidence. "You see, I ought not to have gone—and then I ought never to have thrown that macaroon at you; and it was very bold of me. But I thought it would please you; and I kept it from this afternoon because—because I expect I'm not grown up quite, and I pretended that would please you too. And please don't ask me any more questions. Aren't you going away soon?"

"No; I'm going to stay until you open the door," he said. "You might as well; and I'm catching cold."

He began walking up and down, whistling to himself. Always he watched the door. He did this for a very long time. He was determined to see her, and look into her eyes, and hear her utter simplicities, and tell her—well, he would know what to tell her when the time came. Billy's heart was set on this girl who spoke what was in her mind and knew no guile.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" said the small voice suddenly.

Billy was at the door in one leap.

"Yes!" he said eagerly. "Are you going to let me in?"

"Oh, no," she said blandly. "I was eating some goodies. Would you like one?"

"Yes, indeed," Billy replied.

A slender little hand came through the crack and he pounced on it.

"Now I've got you!" he announced exultantly. "And I won't let go until you open the door."

"Oh! Ouch! Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed. "Look out! You're scrunching it."

"I'm not, either," he said. "I'm just holding it."

"Oh, not my hand, Mr. Manners," she explained; "it's really quite comfortable. The macaroon, I mean."

Billy loosened her fingers and a little shower of crumbs fell at his feet.

"You've scrunched it, haven't you?" she asked. "That was the last one! I brought two away with me this afternoon. I think I meant to keep them; but I used one, and now you've scrunched the other; so there aren't any macaroons left. Hadn't you better go away? And will you sweep up the crumbs before you go?"

"No, no!" he said. He took her hand in both of his and knelt before the crack. "Listen! I want to tell you something. You said this afternoon that no one took any notice of you because you weren't interesting enough. Well, I think you're the most interesting girl I've ever known; and I think you're the loveliest girl too. And I want you to ——"

"Why, Mr. Manners! What are you doing?"

Steps on the porch and the voice of Pepita interrupted Billy's discourse. He sat back on his heels and looked at Pepita over his shoulder, without letting go of the little hand.

"I—I believe I'm proposing to someone," he announced.

"You! Who? Where?" asked Pepita. Thank goodness, she was alone!

"Behind the door," said Billy. "I—I don't believe I know her name. Say, what are you doing here, Miss Farragut?"

"What am I doing here?" Pepita repeated. "Why, I live here! This is my house. Really, Mr. Manners ——"

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Billy. "Then you're just the person! Do you think you could get this door open?"

The little hand was tugging and straining at his now; but he held on grimly.

"If you'll move away from the door perhaps I can," said Pepita very coldly; she was not in sympathy with proposals that were not addressed to her.

"Oh, but I can't, you see," Billy explained. "If I let go she'll run away again."

"Don't you really know who it is?" Pepita asked.

"No," laughed Billy. "Funny, isn't it? Do you?"

"I believe I do," Pepita replied; and reaching over his shoulder she slipped her hand inside the crack and opened the safety catch.

The door swung open and Billy found himself kneeling on the doorstep, face to face with the runaway girl.

"Yes; I thought so," said Pepita. "Mr. Manners, permit me to present my little sister Suzan."

"Your little sister!" exclaimed Billy. "Your little sister Suzan! Why, that's perfectly fine, isn't it?"

Pepita ignored him. She turned to her sister.

"Don't you think you'd better get up off the floor?" she remarked. "And then perhaps you'll tell me what you've been doing."

Suzan did not budge.

"Don't be angry with her," said Billy. "It's all my fault. She couldn't go to the dance, you know, because she tickled her brother's feet at prayers yesterday; and she just went to peep through the windows. And I saw her there, and we've—we've just been talking."

"Mr. Manners, what are you trying to tell me?" asked Pepita. "We have no brother. I thought Suzan was at the dance. By the way, haven't you been cutting a good many this evening?"

"You have no brother!" exclaimed Billy. "Why, she told me ——"

"Goodness knows what she told you!" said Pepita. "She's a perfect little terror! You didn't like me, Mr. Manners, because you thought I posed; but you let her make a monkey of you!"

"Then—then it's not true!" Billy stammered. "You were just stringing me—you didn't really care ——"

"Mr. Manners, do get up," begged Pepita, "and let me close the front door. There'll be some people here for supper at any minute."

Billy stood up, but he did not let go of the little hand. He stared very hard at Suzan; and as he did so he was thinking very rapidly.

"Oh, shut up, sis!" said the little voice. "You don't have to give the whole show away just because you're jealous. I was just having a little fun." Did she falter just the least bit over the word? Billy was not sure, but he held onto the hand all the tighter. "Mr. Manners," she went on, "I expect you won't want to see me again. Please go away now." She looked at him rather mournfully; and then suddenly she began to laugh. "Have a macaroon before you go?" And she produced a large plate of them from behind her back.

Pepita was growing impatient. All this fuss over that child!

"Hadn't you better call it off, both of you?" she said. "Suzan ought to be spanked; and you —— Oh, mercy! Here are the others!"

Sounds of feet on the porch, and laughter, and the door opened to admit a crowd of supper guests from the dance.

They greeted him with loud outcries: "Why, if there isn't Mr. Manners!"—"Do you know you cut my dance?"—"Rehearsing something?" This last from Buck.

Billy arched his eyebrows. Then he looked at Suzan, and in her downcast eyes he seemed to find what he wanted. He was still holding her hand in both of his, while with her free one she extended the plate of macaroons to the entering company.

Billy turned and faced them.

"I'm terribly s-sorry!" he said. "I'll apologize to you all later. You see, the fact is I've been awfully busy. Miss Suzan Farragut has done me the honor to consent to be my wife!" And before them all he drew her to him and kissed her.

Doubled, tripled, quadrupled outcries! How perfectly romantic! But why in the name of sense had he chosen Suzan when he might have had Pepita?

What on earth was he doing? thought Pepita herself; and she forgot to pose at all for perhaps the first time in her life.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" whispered a small voice in his ear—a voice with a tremble of laughter in it. "What a whopping fib!"

"One good fib deserves another!" he laughed back at her. "Do I have to go now if I take a macaroon?"

"No; I expect you'll stay now," she replied. "Take a lot!"

They always have a big bowl of macaroons on the sideboard in Billy's home now.

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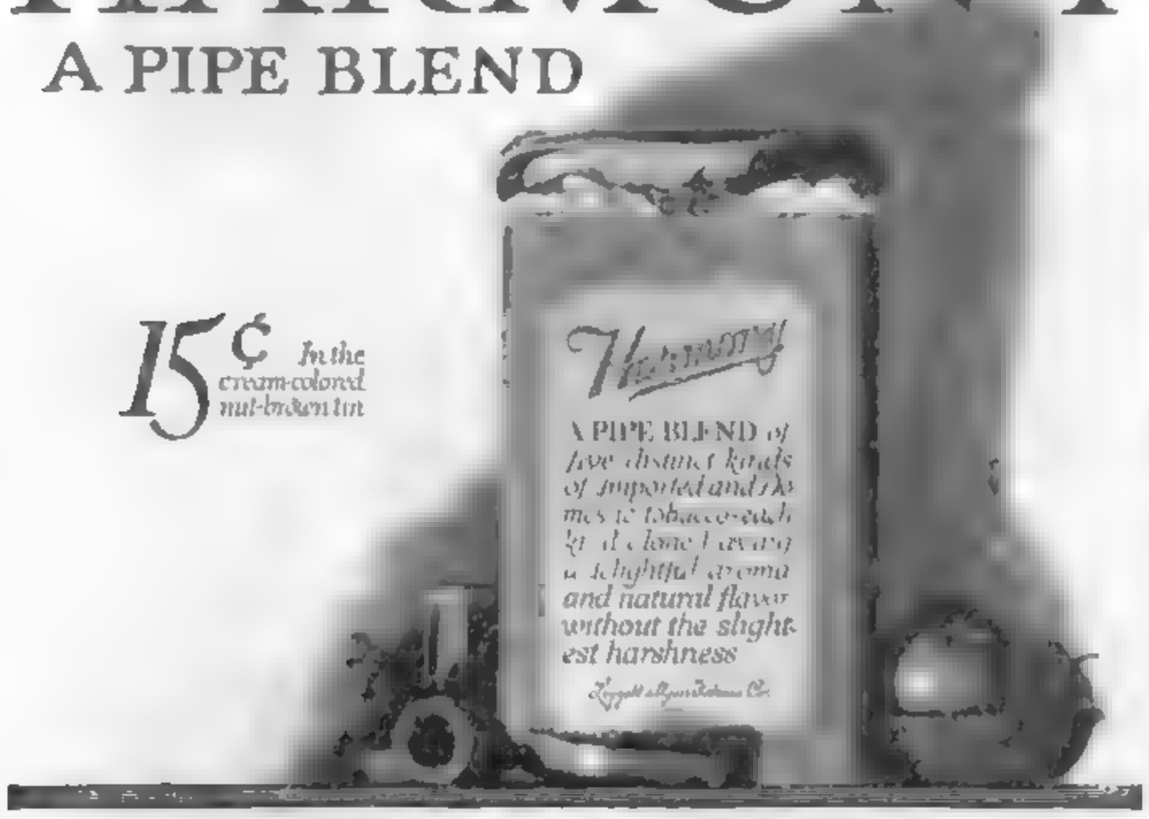
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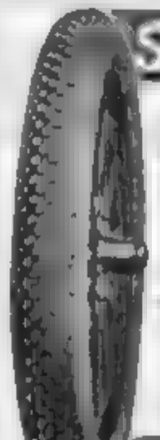

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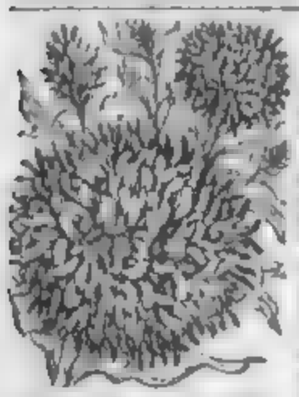

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FOG

(Continued from Page 13)

Mechanically, half in a daze, Billy wheeled Ninespot to the extreme outside of the track, into the position indicated by his number. Tears of helpless rage stood in his eyes; a lump in his throat threatened to choke him. His need was so great, his chance at best so pitifully small; and now he knew that even this slender thing was to be taken from him—Ace of Spades was "trying." Barring a miracle, Ace of Spades would win.

It seemed that some of the other horses were also out to win, or at least to steal an advantage in the break; and Mr. Francis X. Sheehan, Official Starter, took hold of the railing of his perch and used all the language permissible on such occasions, and some which is supposed to be under the ban.

Four times he saw the shifting, plunging line shaping itself for a fair start, and each time some eager jockey attempted to anticipate the rise of the barrier by a wild sudden dash—after which there were many wild dashes furnished by the exasperated Mr. Sheehan. In each case the culprit, perceiving his error, managed to duck under the narrow strip of elastic webbing without breaking it—something to be thankful for, though one would never have guessed this by listening to Sheehan's blistering comments.

From his position on the outer rail Billy Randolph was also keeping his eye on the field. What faint hope remained in him was centered on a good start—a good one for Ninespot; a bad one for Ace of Spades.

A fifth time the field wavered into something resembling a line, and Sheehan bent forward. At least seven of the riders interpreted that crouching attitude as a preliminary to jerking the trigger and releasing the barrier; they hurled their mounts forward—snap! went the strip of webbing, and seven horses dashed down the back stretch and disappeared in the fog.

"No! No!" barked Sheehan with profane emphasis. "No, I said! Bring them beagles back here, till I fine every mother's son o' ye! Bring 'em back!"

And, with these words still on his lips, Mr. Sheehan was given something else to think about. One of the horses still at the post adroitly planted both heels in the midriff of the assistant starter, a gentleman whose name was Connolly.

"Are ye hur-rted, Con?" asked Sheehan anxiously.

"Course not!" gasped Connolly. "I'm layin' here—on th' ground—for fun! Gimme a hand; I'm near—bruk in two!"

Mr. Sheehan clambered down from his perch, grunting, for there was much of him and nearly all of it in one place; and, because Connolly was too sick to do anything but use his whip on the horse that had kicked him, Sheehan had to help with the mending of the barrier. He was still at this ticklish job when the fugitives began to return from their brief dash down the back stretch—and so busy that he forgot to fine the riders; forgot something else, too, as we shall see.

Now when the false break occurred the horse that led the way into the fog bank was Ninespot. When the other horses checked their speed Ninespot drifted by them, no more than a shadow on the upper rail. Billy heard the yell of the starter and sawed at the reins; Ninespot had the bit in his teeth and refused to slacken his stride. The heavy-headed chestnut was out in front alone; it suited him to run in that position and he had no desire for company and competition. He fought viciously for his head, and it was only after a struggle that Billy succeeded in bringing the big brute to a standstill. The half-mile post loomed close ahead, tall and white in the fog; Ninespot seemed to be regarding it with deep interest. He showed not the slightest inclination to retrace his steps.

"You hammer-headed fool!" said Billy. "Come on; we're goin' back!"

Ninespot thought otherwise; he shook his head, grunted, and refused to budge. Billy touched him lightly with the whip; Ninespot laid his ears back and kicked his heels in the air. Billy coaxed; Ninespot sulked. Billy threatened; Ninespot pointed his ears at the half-mile post and shrugged his shoulders. At last mind triumphed over matter, and conqueror and conquered started back through the fog—but very slowly. Ninespot had decided to obey, but he would take his own time about it.

"It's a wonder Sheehan hasn't sent Connolly after me," thought Billy; and then, out of the dripping wall, faint and far away, a hoarse rumbling sound reached his ears:

"No! No! You can't break that way, I tell you! Walk 'em up slow! Slow!"

Billy fairly bounced in the saddle; Ninespot stopped and pricked up his ears.

"Great King!" whispered the boy. "He hasn't missed us; Sheehan hasn't missed us! He's hnin' 'em up for another start!"

Plainly, here was a situation requiring thought—an astounding condition of affairs demanding analysis and action of some sort. Billy Randolph was thoroughly familiar with the ironclad racing rule, which—for good or ill—centers all responsibility upon a single individual. As soon as the horses pass the paddock gate and appear upon the track they are declared to be "in the hands of the starter"; and they remain in his hands until the barrier rises. During that period no accident to a horse, no error of judgment on the part of any human being can affect the bets as placed. They must stand for decision at the wire. The starter may leave an odds-on favorite flat-footed at the post or send away a long shot ten lengths ahead of the field; but from his action there is no appeal. While the horses are in his hands the Official Starter is rather more than an autocrat—he is the personification of turf law.

Sheehan had blundered in allowing a horse to slip through his fingers; and the blunder amounted to an advantage of at least a quarter of a mile in a seven-eighths race—a flying start for Arizona. As Billy peered into the fog wall one thought struck him with considerable force—he might steal the race, but no witnesses could rise against him.

Nobody could see him there in the fog; he was alone with his conscience and a very bad horse.

"If you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square."

Yes, his father had said that; but his father had also told him to think of his sister first.

"Hur!" said Billy aloud. "We ain't goin' to stay with it, are we, Ninespot? We're goin' to Arizona ——"

And then he heard the pflung-ng-ng of the barrier and the roar of the Official Starter:

"You're off! Take 'em away!"

Billy whirled Ninespot in his tracks and gave him his head.

"Let's be movin' or we'll get run over," said he.

The big chestnut seemed to sense the humor of the situation. He set a brisk pace, but Billy curbed him to half speed.

"Not quite so fast, ole boy. If we get down there too soon they might ask us where we've been. . . . Steady; that's it—steady!"

Ninespot loafed round the upper turn into the home stretch; and it was then that Billy began to watch the track behind him. As the chestnut passed the paddock gate a black shape appeared on the rail, ten lengths to the rear.

"Now you can run if you want to!" said Billy, drawing his whip. "You got a lot of speed left in you. Let's have it!"

When the grand stand loomed up, a giant shadow in the fog, Billy thoughtfully guided Ninespot well into the middle of the track.

"We'll not take any chances with them judges," said he. "They may not be expectin' us to come first; so we'll get over where they can't overlook us. . . . Oh, no hurry; no hurry—he's pumped out; an' here's one time when a Ninespot takes an Ace!"

Five lengths behind the easy-going chestnut came a laboring black horse, then a long gap, and finally the straggling field.

"That one, eh?" said the presiding judge, fingering his beard. "Well, I'm mighty glad of it. I used to know Tom Randolph. Fine old character! Straight as a die! Boy's just like him."

"Ye-es," said the associate judge; "but this chestnut horse won, pulled up, 'way ahead of Ace of Spades. I wish you'd tell me ——"

"Bad horses, my boy; bad horses," said the presiding judge. "Nobody knows what's going to happen in a dog race like this!"

As Ninespot slowed to a canter the black horse drew alongside.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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HUMIDORS

(Concluded from Page 82)

"Not wishin' to seem inquisitive," said Jockey Sanderson, "where was you when the barrier went up? I got away in front—I'll swear to that—an' I thought I had this race cinched till I was halfway down the stretch. What come off anyhow?"

"If I told you, you'd know," said Jockey Randolph.

"All right—if that's the way you feel about it. All right, Billy." Jockey Sanderson chuckled.

"What's that for?" asked Billy suspiciously.

"I'm thinkin' about the stable money—bet on Ace of Spades," said Sanderson. "It serves that big stiff right!"

▼

THE real jubilee took place in the front room of the Randolph cottage; but George the Greek, who was present, mourned in a corner and refused to be comforted.

"What I can't understand," said he, "is the short price we got on Ninespot. I went in there expectin' to get fifty at least, but the best in sight was fifteen."

"Oh, well," said Billy, "we're over five hundred to the good, all told; an' I think I've got a customer for the hoss—account of the fast time he made to-day."

George the Greek rolled an eloquent eye at his friend.

"It takes a stake horse to step seven-eighths any faster," said he. "But that price—now on form, on his record, on everything he oughta been fifty."

"We're satisfied, ain't we, Jen?" asked Billy. "Think we can get away to-morrow?"

"There ain't much here to pack," said the girl.

"Fifty, anyhow!" mooned the Greek, stepping out on the porch and closing the door behind him. "Darned if I can understand it!"

"Well, sis," said Billy, "we finally put one over on 'em, didn't we?"

"You haven't told me about the race," said the girl. "Did you get away in front?"

"You bet I did!" answered Billy. "He stayed in front all the way ——"

The door opened suddenly and George the Greek appeared.

"There's a crazy Chinaman out here, Billy; says he wants to see you."

"A Chinaman? . . . Oh, by golly, it's Lee Sing! I told him I'd pay him a dollar'n a half to-night —"

"No want 'um dolla hop!" protested the unseen visitor.

"What does he want, then?" asked Billy. "Tell him to come in an' we'll find out. He ain't a bad Chink, at that—well, by the limpin', lingerin' Lazarus! Where'd you get all the clothes, Lee?"

A vision of Oriental splendor teetered and swayed in the doorway, smiling an extremely loose but bland smile. The face was the face of Lee Sing and the hands were undoubtedly the hands of a laundryman; but all else was unrecognizable and gorgeous beyond description. A resplendent coat of plum-colored brocaded silk covered him from neck to ankles; its buttons were of gold and shaped like tiny acorns. His black silk trousers were very little in evidence, but they were there, nevertheless, and taped snugly about the ankles, as fashion prescribes; a flash of flesh-colored silk stockings; and then the shoes—marvelous creations, with inch-thick white soles, and uppers stiff with gold-thread embroidery. On his head Lee Sing wore a dapper bowl-shaped cap, topped with button and tassel, and he bore every evidence of having been barbered and perfumed within an inch of his life; bore other evidence, too, if all the truth must be told, for upon his breath was the faint but unmistakable odor of Chinese gin, reënforced by the more robust aroma of race-track brandy.

"How you likee—huh?" said Lee Sing, turning round slowly. "Plitty good?"

"Fine!" said Billy enthusiastically. "Great! But where did you steal 'em?"

"No steal 'um!" cackled Lee Sing. "Buy 'um! Nisha mawnin' me ketch 'um twen'y cent ni'spot—alla sem ni'spot two times ——"

"He made a killing in the lottery—hit nine of the winnin' numbers," interrupted George the Greek for Jennie's benefit. "A twenty-cent nine! No wonder he bought new clothes; I would, too!"

Lee Sing giggled happily and rocked back and forth on his curved white soles; pidgin English flowed from him in a steady stream:

"Ketch 'um losh money; buy 'um clothes—'nen I 'memba you tell 'um me hoss he win—Ni'spot he win—come out by laish tlack—pay 'um dolla, go insi'—bet 'um; bet 'um evlybody Ni'spot he win ——"

"Holy Moses!" breathed George the Greek. "And so that's why we didn't get a price! This crazy Chink played him down! Why, I'll bet he won a million dollars!"

"Wait a minute," said Billy, interrupting Lee Sing, who was still babbling cheerfully. "What was Ninespot's price—how much to one?"

"No sabby plice," said Lee Sing, shaking his head. "Bet 'um evlybody—no sabby how much—you look see!"

He walked over to the table and began producing bundles of currency and fistfuls of gold. His black silk trousers proved to be a veritable Golconda; the inside of his plum-colored coat yielded rich treasure. The three witnesses could only stare at the loot; they were dumb before such a flood of dollars.

Lee Sing dropped the last bundle of yellow-backed bills and stepped back with a tipsy flourish.

"So now me come you' place," said he to Billy. "You alla sem my podnah; ketch 'um hop!"

"There ain't any hop here!" said Billy sternly. "What does he think this is—an opium joint?"

"Not hop—half!" squealed George the Greek excitedly. "Don't you see? He says you're his partner an' he wants you to have half!"

"Aw, go on!" said Billy. "You're crazy!"

"Ask him!" cried George. "You slipped him a good thing an' he's declared you in with the bet—a Chink'll do it every time. Ask him!"

Billy looked at Lee Sing, who was beaming like a yellow moon.

"You—you want me to have any of that?" said the boy, pointing to the table.

Lee Sing bobbed his head rapidly.

"Me podnah—you podnah, alla sem. Me ketch 'um hop—you ketch 'um hop."

"Well, can you beat that?" gasped Billy Randolph. "He's got every instinct of a Christian!"

Lee Sing laughed as he began to stack the gold pieces.

"One time me Clistian—go Mission thlee time evly week; jusha now me not Clistian—me Chinaman!"

Billy Randolph and his sister stood in the doorway and watched their amazing visitor disappear in the fog.

They had not been able to detain him long. He had pressing engagements in Fish Alley.

"Pinch me, Jen, and see if I'm awake!" said Billy.

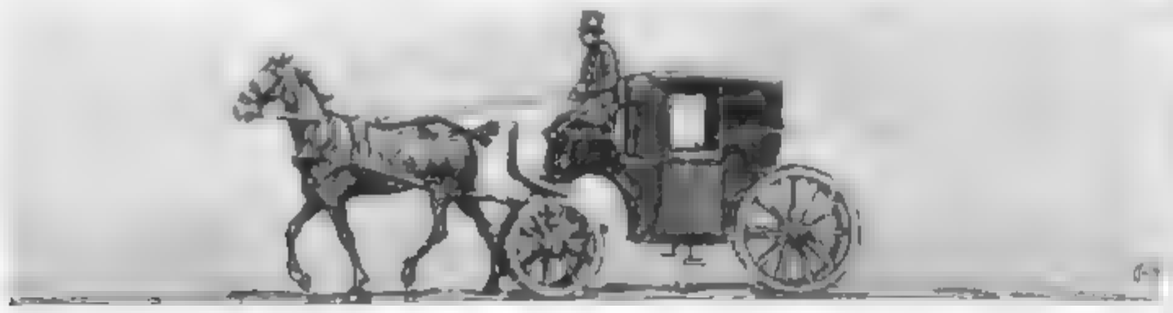
George the Greek needed no such demonstration. He was counting the money into neat piles. Out of the fog wall came a quavering Celestial falsetto, wandering aimlessly from key to key, growing fainter with increasing distance:

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

"Well," said Billy, "it'll be comin' to him, at that!"

"Come in out of that confounded fog!" called George the Greek. "What's the matter with you two lunatics anyway?"

"Don't call the fog any hard names," said Billy gently. "It done the Randolph Stable a mighty good turn to-day."



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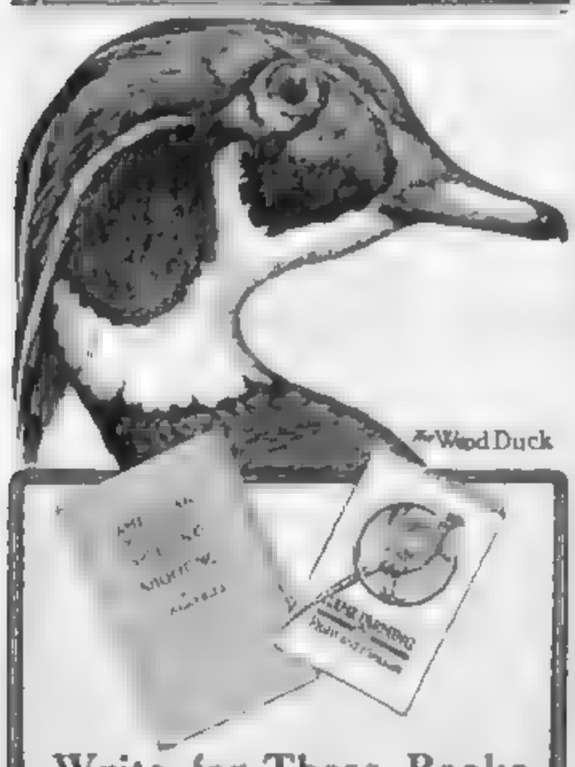

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HIGH FINANCE'S RECRUITS

(Concluded from Page 7)

town in New York, where his father kept a country store. He attended public school, and at eighteen went to work as a clerk in a country-town bank. Two years later he went down to the city, where he took a clerkship in a minor bank. At twenty-nine he was made assistant cashier, and six years later was elected to the cashiership of another minor bank. At thirty-nine he was made president. Then there was a bank merger, and he was made president of the consolidated institution.

All his life after public-school days has been passed in banks; so when he won his first important banking position he doubtless knew the technical side of banking thoroughly.

On the other hand, there is Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company. He was born at Hannibal, Missouri, where his father—who came to this country, like so many other liberal Germans, after the failure of the revolutionary movement there in 1848—was a teacher. He went to public school and began his business career as a clerk in a flour mill at Minneapolis. Round thirty he became a partner in the mill and eventually owner of it. He then turned to railroad construction, and so to railroad enterprise generally. When the Union Pacific Railroad was reorganized, Mr. Krech was appointed secretary of the reorganization committee. That brought him to New York, and in due time he engaged in banking. But he was a successful, influential man of middle age before he engaged in banking.

The Successful Type

Boys are taught a good deal of poppycock about the vital necessity of technical training. For an underling technical ability counts perhaps for ninety in a scale of a hundred; but for an overling it probably does not count for ten out of the hundred. This is particularly true of banking, which is a kind of composite of all businesses.

No doubt every big bank contains men who know the technical mechanism of the business much better than the president does. The late J. P. Morgan was commonly accounted America's foremost banker; but several times, when under cross-examination, he had to confess that he knew precious little about the details of his own business. As to various other businesses, in the transportation, manufacturing and trading lines, where he exerted a very great influence, his technical knowledge of their details would not have won him a junior clerkship in them. A candid bank president has confessed that, in selecting a vice president for his concern, he cares little whether the man knows anything in particular about banking.

Business ability in its higher manifestations is pretty much all out of the same piece of cloth. If a man has business ability in the abstract he will make a good banker. If a young man is ambitious to reach the first table many other things are much more important than technical knowledge. Those at the first table can always find plenty of people lower down who will know how to manage details. It may even be doubted whether careful preoccupation with details is a good augury of one's ever reaching the first table. That perhaps indicates another type of mind—the studious, cautious, particularizing, indwelling type; whereas the most successful type is apt to be expansive, adventurous, confident, generalizing.

Probably a college career is an advantage—not at all on account of its formal training and for the stuff in the textbooks and classrooms. So far as notable success in business goes—as distinguished from professional success—that stuff might just as well be anything else. But probably college tends to promote sociability, to strengthen one's facility in getting acquainted and making friends. That facility usually counts for a great deal in business success. The man who can meet people easily, cordially, agreeably, has an advantage. College may help him to that.

Of the twelve Morgan partners, you remember, eight are college men and four are not. But the heads of the house for two generations have been college men, and perhaps it leans somewhat more in that direction than high finance generally does; or perhaps the preponderance of college men on the Morgan roster is merely an accident.

Of the twelve big-bank presidents only two could be called college men; and only one of them, I believe, is a graduate of an institution of higher learning. In the case of the big-bank presidents there were more people to do the choosing than in the case of the Morgan partners; so this list is rather more representative of the way high finance does its choosing. On the basis of this list college education is evidently of slight importance.

Taking the twenty-four men—Morgan partners and big-bank presidents—only five were born outside that comparatively small territory which lies along the North Atlantic Seaboard. Nineteen were born in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Of course this does not indicate that those states are more prolific in financial genius; but the ambitious young man in those states is very apt to go to New York, and so to get himself into the orbit of high finance. If these men had happened to be born in the Mississippi Valley, most of them would no doubt now be cutting a figure in business in Kansas City, Minneapolis, and so on, instead of on the larger stage.

Of the twenty-four names on the list only one was of any particular significance in business before its present bearer made it so. The exception, of course, is J. P. Morgan. He inherited a great opportunity. What is even rarer than that, he proved equal to it; for the house doubtless does more business to-day than ever in his father's time, and, on the whole, probably has quite as great influence.

A Morgan came to this new country from Wales early in the seventeenth century and settled on the soil in Connecticut. For several generations his successors were undistinguished New England farmers. Soon after the Revolutionary War a James Morgan broke away from the farm and set up in business as keeper of a tavern on the post road at Hartford. Stagecoaches, of course, were the chief means of transportation in those days, and James Morgan gradually got control of a number of stage lines—dimly foreshadowing his celebrated grandson's operations in a more extensive means of transportation.

Then a big fire happened in New York—big, that is, for a place which we should now consider only a flourishing country town. For some inscrutable reason, Hartford has always been a home of fire insurance. One of the Hartford insurance companies was hard hit by this New York calamity. For a time its solvency seems to have been questioned. Evidently James Morgan thought it was sound, for he bought up, at a heavy discount, many claims against it. When the company finally paid out he had a very comfortable fortune.

Another Able Morgan

His son, Junius Spencer Morgan, inherited not only the fortune but the ability that had won it. He went into the dry-goods trade, with Levi P. Morton as a partner. The dry-goods trade at that time was one of the chief importing businesses; so it involved foreign connections and dealings in foreign exchange. Kuhn, Loeb & Company got into the international banking business by way of the dry-goods trade. Morgan set up a house in London, then in Paris, and long before his death left the dry-goods business to devote himself to banking.

He was—nominally, at least—head of the Morgan house up to his death in 1890; though by that time his son, the first John Pierpont, was very active in its affairs. It is an odd coincidence that J. S. Morgan died abroad—at Monte Carlo—while his son died at Rome. He left a fortune of ten million dollars and a great business. How the first J. P. made it a much greater business is well known. They are saying now that, judging by his performance to date, the present J. P. will keep it at the height his father attained.

But only once in a long while does a family develop four exceptionally able men in succession. Here and there in the roll of high finance you come across a name that was famous in the previous generation; but then, usually the name does not stand for leadership.

Mere money involves little in the way of leadership. There may be a popular impression that a man gets a big job in finance because he has made a lot of money; but mostly it is the other way round. The job comes first and the man makes a lot of money because he has a big job. A House of Morgan, or a big bank, does not take a man into its fold because it wants his capital. It can get all the capital it needs in an easier way. It takes in the man because it wants his personality; because it thinks his personal qualities of ability, energy, attractiveness, and so on, will strengthen its influence.

A great part of business is just dealing with men; essentially it is just salesmanship in some form or other. All business is making something and selling it, and there is a heavy emphasis on the selling end. The job of the president of the City Bank is finally to see that the bank is made right, and then to sell it, pretty much essentially as a grocer sells his soap and flour. By and large, the more people he knows and the more people like him, the better salesman he will be.

The Men Who are Chosen

This is why a good many Government officials—Secretaries of the Treasury and Comptrollers of the Currency—are given high positions in big banks; not because of their knowledge of banking and finance, but because they have been well advertised. Their names are well known; they have formed many acquaintances; and so they will presumably be good salesmen. Mr. Vanderlip came from the Treasury Department. Mr. Hepburn, chairman of the board of the Chase National, was Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Gage and Mr. Shaw, upon leaving the Treasury, were made presidents of New York banks. The other day Senator Burton, of Ohio, was elected president of a New York bank.

At one time three ex-Comptrollers of the Currency were presidents of important banks at Chicago. The theory was that, being well known, they were in a position to sell the bank efficiently. George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to President McKinley and President Roosevelt, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Secretary of the Treasury, was taken from the latter position and made president of the opulent concern that supplies New York City with gas.

If you should look over the men who hold big jobs in high finance you would find them a well-set-up lot physically, running decidedly to the broad-shouldered, deep-chested type, with a round neck that fills out its collar snugly, and a development at the back and base of the skull which indicates large vital motor power.

The candidate for an important job in high finance ought to be physically vigorous. He ought to have a lot of friends and be of the sort that makes friends readily. He had much better be a shade under forty than two shades over. He must have a good deal of confidence in himself and be sufficiently egotistic to assert himself without being offensive about it.

Of course he must have a considerable degree of sheer intellectual ability—that is, he must be able to think fast and straight, and to size up the important elements in a situation. The extent of his bank account and his technical training are immaterial, except that, as a matter of course, he must have had a good deal of practical experience of some sort, and have shown that he can deal successfully with practical affairs—which really means dealing successfully with men.

Then, if the candidate is going to get elected, he must come into contact with a man, or with men, who have the disposal of important financial jobs; and that is probably about nine parts sheer luck. No doubt, for every man who lands a big job in Wall Street there are a hundred men who have all the natural qualifications; but they did not happen to fall into the right orbit.

It seems probable, however, that the orbit is growing wider. Of the two latest Morgan partners, one was brought up in Minnesota, the other in Missouri. When Mr. Cochran left the Liberty Bank a new vice president was taken in; and this new vice president got his business experience mainly in Detroit.

The roster changes continually, both because men die or retire and because the business of the big institutions continually expands. Very rarely does a "son's" name get on it. It is a free field for talent—and luck.

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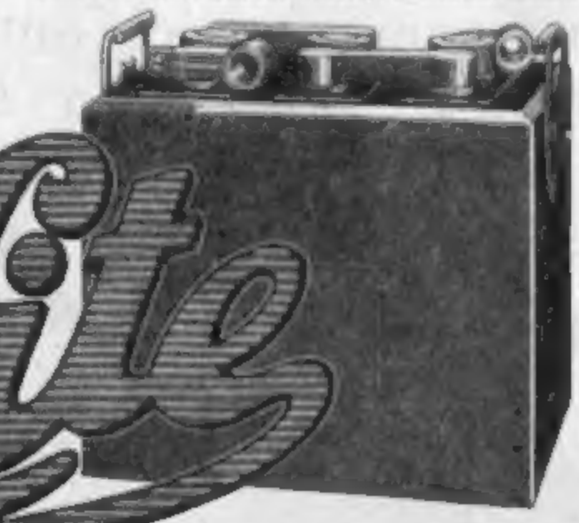

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